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EURIPIDES

TRAGEDIES
II

THE

TRAGEDIES

OF

EURIPIDES.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED OR REVISED,

WITH CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY,

OF CHRIST CHURCH.

VOL. II,

HERCULES FURENS, TROADES, ION, ANDROMACHE, SUPPLIANTS, HELEN, ELECTRA, CYCLOPS, RHESUS.

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HERCULES FURENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AMPHITRYO.
MEGARA.
LYCUS.
IRIS.
MADNESS.
MESSENGER.
HERCULES.
THESEUS.
CHORUS OF THEBAN
OLD MEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

HERCULES, on his return to Thebes, finds Lycus in possession of the throne, on the point of slaying his wife Megara, and his children. Having slain the tyrant, he is seized with madness at the instigation of Juno, and murders his wife and children, supposing them to be the relatives of his task-master, Eurystheus. On coming to his senses, he meditates suicide; but is comforted by the advice of Theseus, with whom he sets out to Athens, in order to obtain expiation.

HERCULES FURENS.

AMPHITRYO.

WHO among mortals knows not Amphitryo of Argos, the sharer of Jove's nuptial bed,[1] he whom once on a time Alcæus, the son of Perseus, begot, the father of Hercules? Who possessed this country of Thebes; where the earth-born crop of sown heroes sprung forth, of whose race Mars preserved a small number, who with children of their children people the city of Cadmus.[2] Hence (was) sprung Creon, son of Menæceus, the ruler of this land. And Creon becomes the father of this Megara, at whose nuptials[3] erst the whole Cadmean people shouted in tune with the flute, when the renowned Hercules conducted her into my house. But my son, having left Thebes, where I was settled, and this [my daughter] Megara, and his kindred, he chose to inhabit the Argive walls and Cyclopean city,[4] from which I take flight, having slain Electryon. But wishing to alleviate my woes, and to dwell in his own country, he offers, as a great recompense to Eurystheus for my return, to render the land safe from pests, whether being subdued by the goad of Juno, or under the influence of fate. And through the rest of his labors he toiled; and at last he went down to [the house of] Hades, through the mouth of Tænarus, to bring the triple-bodied

[1] Woodhull compares Plaut. Amphit. v. 1, 72, "Pol me haud pœnitet Scilicet boni dimidium mihi dividere cum Jove."

[2] Cf. 795, Σπαρτῶν—λόχος, ὃς γᾶν τέκνων τέκνοις μεταμείβει.

[3] Read ἧς with Reiske.

[4] An inverted form of expression, for "the Cyclopean walls of the city of Argos."

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seemed to be. But if you asked of Eubœan Dirphys,[17] who trained thee up, it would not praise thee; for there is not where, having done any good deed, thou couldst call thy country to witness. But you find fault with that all-wise invention, the equipment of archery. Listen now to my words, and be wise. A man in heavy armor is the slave of his weapons, and [joined] with those who are in rank, not being brave, himself is wont to perish through the cowardice of those close at hand; and having broken his spear, he has naught wherewith to ward off death from his person, having one defense alone. But as many as possess a hand skilled in archery, to them there is one excellent point; having discharged ten thousand arrows against others, a man can defend his body, so that he die not; but standing aloof, he wards off the enemy, wounding those who can see with unseen shafts; and he does not expose his own body to the enemy, but is on a good guard. Now this is wise in battle, to do the enemy most harm, but to preserve one's own person, not hurrying forth[18] at random.[19] These words, indeed, have a different bent to yours concerning the subject in hand; but wherefore dost thou wish to slay these children? What have they done to thee? In one thing I deem thee wise, if thou, thyself being base, dost fear the descendants of the best of men. But, nevertheless, this is grievous to us, if we must die for thy cowardice' sake,—a fate which it were meet for you to suffer at the hands of us, your betters, if Jove had a just mind toward us. If then thou thyself wouldst fain possess the sceptre of this land, let us depart out of the land as fugitives; but do nothing by violence, or thou wilt suffer violence when the deity shall chance to change the gale against thee. Alas! O land of Cadmus (for I will go against thee, uttering words of reproach). Is this your defense of Hercules and his children? who, coming singly to battle with all the Minyæ, caused Thebes to uplift the eye of freedom. Nor do I commend Greece, nor will I ever endure to keep silence, from finding most base toward my son [that Greece], which ought to bring for these young ones, fire, spears, arms, as a return for

[17] Abas was one of the ancient names of Eubœa.

[18] One would rather expect ὡρμημένους, as Mr. Burges remarks.

[19] Or, as Hermann interprets, "non consistentem extra stationem a bona fortuna oblatam."

the purification of the sea[20] and land, for the sake of which he toiled. But in these matters, children, neither the city of the Thebans nor Greece aids you; but ye look to me, a weak friend, who am nothing but the sound of a tongue. For the strength I once possessed has left me; and through old age my limbs are trembling and my strength failing. But were I a young man, and still in possession of bodily strength, I would, snatching a sword, have made this man's yellow locks bloody, so that through cowardice he would have fled beyond the Atlantic bounds[21] from my sword.

Chor. Is it not true that the good among mortals possess an occasion for discourse, though one may be slow to speak?

Lycus. Thou indeed dost speak against us with the words in which thou towerest up thyself; but I will requite thee evilly to return for thy words. Go, some [of ye] to Helicon, some to Parnassus' vale, and bid woodmen go and fell fagots of oak; and when they are borne into the city, having heaped wood around the altar, so as to surround it,[22] burn and consume the bodies of them all, that they may learn that it is not the dead who sways this land, but that it is I, at the present time. But you old men, being opposed to my will, shall not mourn only the children of Hercules, but also the fortunes of your house, when it shall suffer something, and ye shall remember that ye are the slaves of my sway.

Chor. O offspring of the earth, whom Mars once sowed, having denuded of its teeth the savage jaw of the dragon, will ye not uplift your staffs, the supports of your right hands, and make bloody the impious head of this man, who, not being a Cadmean, rules over these youths, the basest of aliens? But thou shalt never have mastery over me with impunity, nor shalt thou possess what I have toiled for, laboring much with my hands; but going thither from whence thou camest, act the tyrant; for, while I am living, thou ne'er shalt kill the children of Hercules; nor is he so long hidden beneath the earth, having left his children. For you indeed have been the ruin of this land; but he, having benefited it, obtains not what is worthy. And am I a busy-body, because I act well

[20] On the exploits of Hercules by sea cf. Musgrave.
[21] Cf. Hippol. 3, with Monk's note.
[22] In order to force the suppliants from the altar. See Barnes.

toward my deceased friends at a time where there is greatest need of friends? O right hand, how dost thou crave to seize the spear; but in thy weakness hast lost thy desire! For I would have stopped thee calling me slave, and I would have dwelt with renown in this land of Thebes, in which thou art rejoicing. But a city has not good thoughts, laboring under a sedition and evil counsels. For never otherwise would it have owned thee as its master.

Meg. Old men, I commend you; for 'tis meet that friends should entertain just indignation on behalf of their friends. But do not ye suffer aught wrathful with your masters on our account. But hear my opinion, Amphitryo, if I seem to thee to say any thing [wisely]. I love my children—for how should I not love those, whom I bore and toiled for?—And to die I deem a dreadful thing. Yet do I hold that mortal foolish, who strives against the stress of necessity. But since we needs must die, it behooves us to die, not wasted away by fire, furnishing laughter to our enemies, which to me is a greater evil than death; for we owe much honor to our house. Thou indeed a fair renown in warfare hath possessed; so that 'tis not to be endured that thou shouldst die under the imputation of cowardice; but my husband, even without witness, is of such fair renown, that he would not wish to save these children, having obtained a bad repute; for the noble ill bear to contend with baseness on behalf of their children,[23] and the example of my husband must not be rejected by me. But consider thy grounds of hope, as far as I can reckon. Thou thinkest thy son will return from below[24] the earth. And who of the dead has ever returned from Hades? But [perhaps thou hopest] that we may soften this man with entreaties. By no means; it behooves one to avoid a froward enemy; but to yield to the wise and well trained; for more easily, offering friendly words, will you meet with pity. And already it has occurred to me, whether we could obtain a commutation of the fate of these children to exile.[25] But this also is sad, to invest one's self with safety together with pitiable poverty; since they say that the faces of hosts present but for

[23] "*Probra ægre ferunt pro liberis propugnantes*, igitur quæ in liberos congeruntur." Matthiæ.

[24] γαίας ὑπερ. Dobr. Dind.

[25] Literally, "beg off exile."

one day a pleasant look for fugitive friends.[26] Endure with us death, which nevertheless awaits thee. I call upon thy nobleness, old man; for whosoever is eager to try to escape from misfortunes sent by the Gods, is in his eagerness foolish. For what must be, no one will ever make so that it must not be.

Chor. If any one had insulted thee while my arms were strong, he would easily have ceased. But now we are naught; and 'tis for thee henceforward to consider how thou wilt endure thy fortunes, Amphitryo.

Amph. Neither cowardice nor the desire of life hinders me from dying; but I wish to preserve the children for my son. But I seem vainly to desire impossible things. See, this neck is ready for the sword, to pierce, to slay, to hurl down from a rock. But grant us one favor, O king, we beseech thee. Kill me and this wretched woman before the children, that we may not behold (accursed sight!) the children breathing their last, and calling upon their mother, and their mother's father. But do the rest, as you have the will; for we have no defense, so as not to die.

Meg. And I beseech thee to add a favor to this favor, that you, being one, may render us both a double office. Do thou, having opened [the doors of] the house, permit me to put upon the children the ornaments of the dead, (for we are now shut out,) that they may obtain this at least from the house of their sire.

Lyc. These things shall be. I bid the domestics open the bolts. Going within, bedeck yourselves; I grudge not garments. But when ye have thrown the garments round your bodies, I will come to you, and give [you] to the nether world.

Meg. O children, follow the hapless step of your mother into your ancestral dwelling, where others possess our substance, though our name is still in existence.

Amph. O Jove, truly in vain have I possessed thee for a partner in my nuptials, and in vain indeed have I been called the father of thy son.[27] But thou wast certainly less a friend than thou didst seem. I, being a mortal, surpass in virtue thee, a mighty God. For I did not betray the children of

[26] See Matthiæ.

[27] The common reading is hopeless, and I have therefore translated Reiske's emendation, *παιδός σοὺ γονεύς ἐκληζόμην*, which Dindorf seems to approve.

Hercules. But thou knewest how to come stealthily to the nuptial bed, taking another man's wife with no one's permission; but knowest not how to preserve thy friends. Thou art some ignorant God, or not by nature wise.

Chor. Ælinon! sooth in joyous song[28] does Phœbus shout, striking quickly with golden quill the sweet-stringed lyre. But I would fain celebrate with praise him who has gone into the gloom of earth and the shades, whether I may style him son
354 of Jove or Amphitryo, as a reward for his labors. But the valor of noble toils is a glory to the dead. First, indeed, he freed the [Nemean] wood of Jove from the lion, and having thrown it athwart his shoulders, he covered his auburn locks with the terrible yawning jaws[29] of the tawny monster. And with his deadly arrows he wounded erst the mountain-ranging race of the wild centaurs, destroying them with his winged shafts. Peneius, with its beauteous eddies, was conscious of [his prowess],[30] and the wide unfruited fields of the plains, and the Pelian knolls, and the neighboring caves of Omolæ, from whence arming their hands with pine-trees, they subdued the land of the Thessalians in onslaughts with horse. And having slain the golden-horned dappled hind, that ravaged the fields, he made it a prize-offering to the Goddess of Œnoe[31] that delights in hunting. And he mounted the chariot of Diomede, and tamed his steeds with the bit, who, in their bloody mangers unbridled, gorged with jaws their gory food, at the table accursed by banquets of men's flesh. But he drove them across † to the bank †[32] beyond the silver

[28] Hermann appositely compares Athen. xiv. p. 619, e. *λίνος δὲ καὶ αἴλινος, οὐ μόνον ἐν πένθεσιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐπ' εὐτυχεῖ μολπᾷ, κατὰ τὸν Εὐριπίδην.* Perhaps by *ἐλαύνων* we should rather understand the rapid passing over the strings in arpeggio movements. So in Latin "percurrens" is used.

[29] Rather a bold phrase, signifying that the head hung from his shoulder, over which the skin was thrown. *πυρσοῦ* is used to qualify it, as it clearly refers to the color of the skin.

[30] This must mean that Peneius and its neighborhood was the scene of this victory. See Musgrave.

[31] Diana. See Hesych. s. v. *Οἰνωᾶτις Ἄρτεμις.*

[32] *ὄχθαν* is Matthiæ's correction for *ὄχθον*, but is totally inapplicable to the sense. Dindorf would read *μόχθον* with Musgrave, and change *ἐκπέρασεν* into *ἐξέπραξε* or *ἐξέπρασσε*. I have some doubts whether the old reading may not be retained, simply changing *ἀργυροῤῥύταν Ἔβρον* into the genitive, with Elmsley on Med. 631.

stream of Hebrus, toiling for the Mycenian tyrant, along Pelion's strand by the mouth of Anauros. And he put to death Cycnus, the murderer of his guests, the unsocial inhabitant of Amphanæa; and he went to the harmonious nymphs and the Hesperian retreat, in order to pluck with his hand the golden fruit from the apple-bearing boughs,[33] having slain the swarthy-backed dragon, who, wreathing his vast orbs around [the tree],[34] kept guard. And he entered the recesses of the ocean deep, forming a calm for mortals[35] with his oars, and beneath the midward seat of heaven he plied his hands, coming to the house of Atlas, and by his might he supported the starry-visaged dwelling of the Gods.[36] And through the waves of the Euxine he came to the equestrian host of the Amazons, around Mæotis of many streams, (assembling every troop of friends from Greece,) [in quest of] the gold-decked vestment of the robe of the warlike girl,[37] the deadly hunting after the belt [of Mars]. But Greece received the glorious spoils of the barbarian maid, and treasured them up at Mycenæ. And the murderous dog of Lerna, with its ten thousand heads, the hydra, he burned up, and plied on all sides with the darts with which he slew the triple-bodied herdsman of Erytheia.[38] And through the prospering honors of other courses he ran. He sailed into tearful Hades, as an end of his toils, where wretched he concludes his life, nor has he returned again. And his house is bereft of friends; the bark of Charon awaits the godless, unjust journey of his children from life, [a journey] from whence there is no return; and the house looks to the hand of you who are absent. But if I were young in strength, and brandished the spear in war, and [such were] my fellow-youths of the Cadmeians, I would have stood forth to the aid of thy children. But now I am destitute of happy youth. But [I must cease], for I perceive these persons bearing the garments of the dead, yea, the sons of once mighty Hercules, and his dear wife leading along her children

[33] *χρύσεον—μηλοφόρων.* Wakef. Dind.

[34] See Matthiæ.

[35] i. e. exploring the yet unvisited recesses of Gades.

[36] Cf. Ion, 1 sq.

[37] Hippolita, queen of the Amazons. There is much awkwardness in the next lines.

[38] Geryon.

at a slow pace,[39] and the aged sire of Hercules. Unhappy me! how unable am I to restrain any longer the aged fountain of tears from mine eyes!

MEG. Well then! who is the priest? who the butcher of these hapless [children]? or who is the destroyer of the life of wretched me? These victims are ready to be conducted to Hades. O children, we are led along, a yoke of dead not seemly, we together the old, the young, and mothers. O hapless fate both of myself and these children, whom, for the last time, I behold with mine eyes. I bore you, indeed, but I have trained you up as a scoff, and joy, and victim for enemies. Alas! in truth, my hopes [frustrated] have cast me far down from the expectation which I once entertained from the words of your father. For to thee,[40] indeed, your deceased father allotted Argos, and thou wast about to dwell in the house of Eurystheus, having sway over the fruitful Pelasgian land; and he threw around thine head the robe of the savage lion, wherewith himself was wont to be equipped. But thou wert (to be) the king of the chariot-loving Thebes, possessing the fields of my land for an inheritance, as thou hadst persuaded[41] him who begat thee. And in thy right hand he placed the mace of defense, the deceitful gift of Dædalus.[42] But to thee he promised to give Œchalia, which he once laid waste with his far-darting shafts. And you, being three in number, with threefold empire did your father tower up, entertaining high thoughts through his manliness. But I was selecting the choicest brides [for you], about to form alliances, both from the land of the Athenians, and Sparta, and Thebes; that, being fastened by cables from the stern,[43] ye might have a happy life. But these things are no more;

[39] Literally, "beneath her off-yoked feet." Hermann observes: "procedit Megara filiis eam utrinque circa medium corpus amplexantibus, et ita ab ea pendentibus, ut pedes ejus progredientes eos reluctantes una attrahere, sicut equi jugales, viderentur."

[40] The three sons of Hercules were Therimachus, Creontiades, and Deicoon, according to Apollodorus.

[41] "The child is supposed to say, *Pray, papa, make me king of Thebes.*" ELMSLEY.

[42] There is little satisfaction in the interpretations of this passage. I believe that allusion is made to some obsolete tradition.

[43] A metaphor from a vessel riding at anchor in safety.

for fortune changing has given to you in their stead the Fates as brides; but to me my tears are [in place of nuptial] lavements, unhappy in my thoughts! But this, your grandsire, celebrates your nuptial feast, deeming Hades, your father-in-law, a bitter alliance. Alas! which of you first, which last, shall I press to my breast? To which shall I join my lips? Whom shall I take hold of? How, like some brown-winged bee, might I collect the groans from all, and, joining them in one, emit one collected tear [for all]! O dearest Hercules, if any one of the dead can hear a voice in Hades, to thee I speak these words. Thy father and thy children are dying, and I perish, I, who was once called happy among mortals, on thy account. Aid me, come, and, though but a shade,[44] appear to me; for sufficient wilt thou be, if thou comest; for dastards are these, who slay thy children, compared with thee.[45]

Amph. Do thou, indeed, O woman, make propitious[46] the powers below. But I, stretching forth my hands to heaven, implore thee, O Jove, if thou wilt afford any aid to these children, to succor, since thou wilt soon be of no avail. And yet thou hast oft been called upon. I toil in vain; for there is necessity, as it seems, for me to die. But, O ye old men, the time of life [left you] is small; but pass this as pleasantly as you can, grieving not from day to night. For time, indeed, knows not how to preserve our hopes, but, having accomplished his own purpose, flies away. Behold me, who was an object of regard among mortals, doing things of renown; but fortune hath taken [all] from me, like a feather into the air, in a single day. But to whom great wealth and glory are firm, I know not. Farewell; for ye, old men, behold a friend now for the last time.

Meg. Alas! O old man, do I behold what is dearest to me? Or, what shall I say?

Amph. I know not, daughter; but want of speech possesses me likewise.

[44] See my note on Soph. Œd. Col. p. 87, n. 2, ed. Bohn.

[45] Dindorf condemns these lines as spurious, and with some reason. They are tame beyond endurance.

[46] Such surely must be the sense, but *εὐτρεπῆ*, or *εὐπρεπῆ*, are scarcely the words to express it. I think with Musgrave, that *εὐμενῆ* is the word wanted, or rather *πρευμενῆ*, which would more easily be corrupted into the common reading. Beck's index will supply examples.

MEG. Here is he who we heard was beneath the earth; unless, indeed, we behold some dream in the light of day. What do I say? What manner of dreams in my madness do I see? This is no other than thy son, old man. Hither, my children, hang from your father's garments; come, hasten, do not let go; since this man is for you naught inferior to savior Jove.

HERCULES. O hail, thou dwelling, and thou vestibule of my home, how willingly do I behold you, coming back into the light! Ha! what is this? I behold my children in front of the house with their heads decked with the habiliments of the dead, and, amidst a crowd of men, my wife, and father weeping for some calamity. Come, let me learn, coming nigher to these, what new event has befallen this house.

AMPH. O dearest of men, O thou that comest a light to thy sire, art thou come? Art thou saved, coming to thy friends at the very crisis?

HERC. What sayest thou? Into what tumult, father, are we come?

MEG. We are undone. But do thou, old man, forgive me, if I have first snatched up the words which it were meet that you should speak to this one; for womankind is somehow more pitiable than males, and my children are as dead, and I am perishing.

HERC. Apollo! with what preludes dost thou begin thy speech!

MEG. My brothers and my aged sire are dead.

HERC. How sayest thou? Having done what, or encountering what spear?

MEG. Lycus, the renowned, forsooth,[47] king of this land, has undone them.

HERC. Meeting them with arms, or when the land was in disorder?

MEG. Ay, by a revolt he holds the seven-gated Cadmus.

HERC. Why then did fear come upon thee and the old man?

MEG. He was about to slay thy father, and myself, and children.

[47] κλεινὸς must be ironical. Otherwise, we must read καινὸς with Elmsley. This is approved by Dindorf, whose note on vs. 38 deserves attention.

HERC. What sayest thou? Why fearing the orphan state of my children?

MEG. Lest they should ever avenge the death of Creon.

HERC. But why is there this adornment of robes befitting the dead?

MEG. We are clad just now in these vestments of death.

HERC. And were ye about to die by violence? O wretched me!

MEG. Destitute of friends; and we heard that thou wast dead.

HERC. But whence came this despondency upon you?

MEG. The heralds of Eurystheus brought these tidings.

HERC. And wherefore left ye my house and hearth?

MEG. Thy sire, indeed, was dragged by force from his strewn couch.

HERC. And had he [Lycus] no compunction in insulting the old man?

MEG. Compunction, forsooth, dwells far away from this Goddess![48]

HERC. But in my absence was I thus destitute of friends?

MEG. Ay, for who are friends to the unfortunate man?

HERC. And did they disregard the battles which I sustained against the Minyæ.

MEG. Friendless (as I may tell thee again) is misfortune.

HERC. Will ye not cast away these deathly fillets of your hair,[49] and look upon the light, seeing ye behold with your eyes a pleasing exchange for the darkness below? But I (for now there is work for my hand) will first go, and upturn the houses of the new tyrant, and having cut off his impious head, will cast it to be dragged by dogs; and as many of the Cadmeians as I have found base, having suffered well at my hands, with this victorious weapon will I subdue; but dispersing others with the winged shafts of my bow, I will fill all Ismenus with the gore of the dead, and the white stream of Dirce shall be stained with blood. For to whom should I rather bear aid than to my wife, and children, and aged sire?

[48] i. e. Βία, which is personified, but as a Titan, in Æschylus' Prometheus.

[49] Matthiæ rightly refers the two genitives to the single substantive περιβολάς. Musgrave took ῥίψετε κόμης as = ἀπὸ κόμης.

Farewell to my labors; for vainly did I accomplish them rather than these [nearer duties]. And it behooves me in their defense to die, since they [were about to perish] on their father's account; or how shall I call it noble to come to battle with the hydra and the lion at the mission of Eurystheus? and shall I not toil against the death of my children? shall I not be called Hercules, the renowned for victory, as before?

CHOR. It is just that parents should aid their children, and an aged sire, and the partner of their nuptials.

AMPH. 'Tis thine, O son, to be a friend to friends, and to hate enemies. But do not be too hasty.

HERC. But what of these matters is more hasty than is meet, O sire?

AMPH. The king has many allies, poor, but seeming rich by report, who have raised a sedition, and ruined the city, in order to plunder their neighbors, for through idleness their goods at home are spent and gone in extravagance. Thou must have been perceived as you entered the city; but since you have been perceived, beware, lest, having assembled together your enemies, you fall contrary to your opinion.

HERC. I care not if all the city saw me. But having beheld a certain bird in an ill-boding seat, I guessed some calamity had befallen the house, so that with forethought I entered the land by stealth.

AMPH. It was well done. Approach now, and salute the hearth with reverence, and grant to thine ancestral halls to behold thy face. For the king himself will come to drag away and murder thy wife and children, and to slay me also. But all will take place, if you remain here, and thou wilt gain by not stumbling. But[50] do not disturb thy city, my son, before you have set this aright.

HERC. I will do this, for you advise well; I will go within the house. And returning after a season from the sunless recesses of Hades and Cora beneath, I will not neglect first to salute the Gods within the roof.

AMPH. For didst thou, son, really go into the dwellings of Hades?

HERC. Ay, and I dragged the three-headed beast up into the light.

[50] πόλιν δὲ. LUD. DIND.

AMPH. Having overcome him in conflict, or by a gift from the Goddess?

HERC. In battle; but I was blest in having seen the orgies of the mystics.[51]

AMPH. Is the beast then in the house of Eurystheus?

HERC. The grove of Chthonia[52] and the city of Hermion possess him.

AMPH. And does not Eurystheus know that you are returned above the earth?

HERC. He knows it not, [for I did not tell him,][53] in order that I might first come and learn matters here.

AMPH. And how wast thou so long a time beneath the earth?

HERC. I tarried in order to bring back Theseus from Hades, sire.

AMPH. And where is he? Has he gone to the plain of his country land?

HERC. He has gone to Athens, gladly escaping from the nether world. But come, follow your father into the house, O children. Far fairer is your entrance than your departure. But be of good cheer, and do no longer let drop the stream from your eyes. And do thou too, O lady mine, collect your spirits, and cease from trembling, and let go my robes; for I am not winged, nor have I wish to escape from those dear to me. Ah! they will not quit their hold, but cling so much the faster to my garments. Were ye so near upon the edge [of death?] I will then take and lead these with my hands; like a ship will I tow these little boats. And sooth I disdain not the care of my children. All things among men [in this respect] are equal. Both the better class of mortals love their children, and they who are of no account. But in wealth they are different: [some] have, some not. But all the race [of mortals] is child-loving.

[51] Either the Eleusinian, in which Hercules was initiated before his descent to Hades, or the mysteries celebrated among the dead. See Musgrave.

[52] i. e. Ceres. This temple was near the chasm through which Hercules descended.

[53] "Before *ἵνα, ὡς*, etc. words are often omitted, which can be easily understood, as Ion, 950, *ὁ παῖς δὲ ποῦ 'στιν; ἵνα σὺ μηκέτ' ἡμᾶς ἄπαις*, quod quæro, *ne tu amplius prole careas.*" MATTHIÆ.

CHOR. Youth is dear to me, but age ever lies upon my head, a heavier burden than the rocks of Ætna, dimming mine eyelids with sable veil. Never for me may there be the wealth of an Asiatic empire, nor houses filled with gold, to take in preference to youth, that is fairest in wealth, and fairest too in poverty. But dull and deathly age I abhor;[54] and may it perish in the waves; and would that it might never visit the dwellings and cities of mortals, but let it ever be borne through the air on wings. But had the Gods possessed counsel and wisdom, as regards mankind, they would have bestowed a twofold youth, an evident mark of virtue, upon such as shared it; and after dying they would have returned again by a second course into the light of the sun; but baseness would have possessed a single term of life; and by this means it would have been possible to distinguish the bad and the good, equally well as the numbering of the stars amid the clouds is [a guide] to sailors. But now no certain distinction is given by the Gods to the good or bad; but revolving time increases wealth alone. I will not cease mingling the Graces with the Muses, a most pleasant union. Never may I live without music, and ever may I be among the crowns [of poets]. Still, indeed, do I, an aged bard, celebrate Mnemosyne, still do I sing[55] the renowned victory of Hercules, both with Bromius the giver of wine, and amid the music of the seven-stringed lyre and the Libyan pipe. I will not put a stop to the Muses, who made me to dance. The Delian girls, indeed, hymn a pæan, wreathing[56] around the gates the graceful dance in honor of the noble son of Latona. And pæans too, at thy house, [O Hercules,] will I, an aged bard, shout from my hoary cheeks, swan-like; for there is a good subject for song, "THE SON OF JOVE." For he, having surpassed much [in the virtues][57] of nobleness, has rendered the life of mortals tranquil, having destroyed the terrors of monsters.

[54] Cf. Shakspeare's

"Youth, I do adore thee,
Age, I do abhor thee."

[55] As the Attic future of *ἀείδω* is *ἀείσομαι*, I have taken Elmsley's *ἀείδω*, with Dindorf, instead of *ἀείσω*.

[56] For the construction cf. Iph. Aul. 1489, *ἑλίσσετ' Ἄρτεμιν*.

[57] Tyrwhitt supplies *ἀρεταῖς* to complete the verse and sense.

Lyc. Amphitryo, thou comest out from the house seasonably; for it is now a long time since ye were decked as to your body with garments and the adornments of the dead. But come, bid the children and wife of Hercules appear outside this dwelling, at which ye have undertaken to die self-called [to the act].

Amph. O king, thou persecutest me who have fared wretchedly, and scoffest with insolence at mine who are about to die, in which matters it were[58] meet, as though thou hast the power to have a haste with moderation. But since you press upon us the necessity of dying, we needs must acquiesce and do what seems to thee.

Lyc. Where then is Megara? Where are the children of Alcmena's son?

Amph. I think she is, to guess from what is at the doorway—

Lyc. What thing hast thou as evidence of this opinion?

Amph. —sitting as a suppliant at the low floor of the sacred hearth.

Lyc. Vainly, forsooth, beseeching [the Gods] to save her life.

Amph. And vainly does she call upon her deceased husband.

Lyc. He is not present, and will never come.

Amph. Never, unless, indeed, some God shall raise him up.

Lyc. Go to her, and lead her out from the house.

Amph. Doing so, I should be an accomplice in her murder.

Lyc. Since you have this scruple, we, who are free from fear, will cause the children to pass out with their mother. Hither follow, attendants, that joyfully we may recreate ourselves with rest[59] from toils.

Amph. Go then; but thou art wending the way that is fated, but the rest will, perhaps, be the care of another; and expect that, doing ill, thou wilt suffer ill. O ye old men, at a lucky hour the consummate villain steps along; but he will be inclosed in the sword-set ambush of nets, thinking to slay

[58] By simply reading *ἐχρῆν* for *ἃ χρῆν* we may get rid of a confused construction. George Burges.

[59] Matthiæ explains the construction thus: "idem est ac si dixisset *ὡς ἂν πόνων ἡμᾶς λύσαντες σχολὴν λάβωμεν*. vel *ὡς ἂν λύσωμεν πόνους, ὥστε σχολὴν εἶναι πόνων*, constructione simili ei, quæ infra est 1070."

others. But I will go, that I may see him fall a corse, for there is pleasure in a dying enemy, who pays the penalty for the deeds he has done.

CHOR. There is a change from troubles. He who was erst a mighty king, in turn descends to Hades. O justice, and the changing tide of the Gods. Thou art come at length, where dying thou wilt pay the penalty, having scoffed with wantonness at thy betters. My joy gives forth the gushing tears. In turn have come the events which the king of this land never, in his mind, expected to suffer. But, O old man, let us inspect matters within the house, whether some one is faring as I wish.

LYC. (*from within*) Ah me! ah me!

CHOR. This strain, pleasant for me to hear, has commenced in the house. Death is not far off. The king with groans cries out the prelude of slaughter.

LYC. (*from within*) O all thou land of Cadmus, through treachery I am destroyed.

CHOR. For thou hast destroyed [others]. But, paying a penalty in return, endure it, giving satisfaction for thy deeds. Who, being a mortal, befouling the Gods by lawlessness, has cast forth fond words against the blest powers of heaven, that the Gods have no power? Ye elders, that impious man is now no more. The house is silent; let us turn ourselves to dances, for the friends, whom I wish, are prospering. Dances, dances, and banquets are [now] the care through the holy city of Thebes; for a change from tears, from mischance, a change has brought forth songs. The new king is no more; but the former bears sway, having quitted, forsooth, the port of Acheron, and hope has come beyond expectation. The Gods, the Gods take care to regard deeds unjust and to hear the holy. Riches and good fortune carry mortals away from right thoughts, bringing on [unjust][60] power. For no one ventures to contemplate the vicissitudes of time,[61] having transgressed law, and given joy to lawlessness; and he breaks the dark chariot of wealth.[62] O Ismenus, be thou crowned

[60] ἄδικον is condemned by Hermann.

[61] So Dindorf.

[62] Hermann refers κελαινὸν "ad scelera." Barnes gives some other fanciful explanations. I myself am scarcely satisfied with the sense or construction.

with garlands, and ye well-built streets of the seven-gated city, and thou fair Dirce, with lovely streams, and ye daughters of Asopus, quitting the waters of your sire, [and] * * * ye fellow-minstrel nymphs, come [to] the[63] glorious and victorious contest of Hercules. O thou well-wooded rock of Pythius, and ye dwellings of the Muses of Helicon, come[64] with well-rejoicing sound to my city, my walls, where appeared the race of men sown, a band of men with brazen shields, who *repeoples* the land with children's children, a sacred light to Thebes. O ye twain partners of the nuptial bed, of one born of a mortal, and of Jove, who came into the bed of the bride sprung from Perseus;[65] for hitherto, O Jove, thy union [with her] did not appear worthy of belief according to my expectations,[66] but time has clearly shown forth the prowess of Hercules, who has emerged from the chambers of the earth, quitting the nether house of Pluto. Thou hast been, in my opinion, by birth a mightier sovereign than a king of degenerate race; which exhibits [for us] to behold the strife of sword-bearing contests,[67] if justice yet pleases the Gods. Ah! ah! Old men, have we fallen into the same panic of fear? What phantom do I behold above the house? In flight, in flight lift up thy tardy foot; hasten out of the way. Sovereign king of Healing, mayest thou be to me the averter of evils.

[*Enter* IRIS *and* MADNESS.]

IRIS. Be of good cheer, old men, beholding this Madness here, the offspring of Night, and myself, Iris, the servant of the Gods; for we are come not as a bane to the city, but are making war against the house of one man, who they say is

[63] By inserting *καὶ* before *συναοιδοὶ* and *'ς* (*ἐς*) before *τὸν* we may recover both the sense and metre. G. B.

[64] *ἥκετ'*, L. Dindorf.—But as the dwellings of the Muses at the Helicon were not like "the Birnam wood that came to Dunsinane"—it is evident that *ἥξετε* and *ἥκετε* are equally unintelligible. G. B.

[65] Perseus was the father of Electryo, whose daughter Alemena was.

[66] The construction appears to be *ὡς τὸ παλ. ἤδη=anciently, up to this time, τὸ σὸν λέχος οὐκ ἐφάνθη πιστόν μοι ἐπ' ἐλπίδι.* This is followed by an apodosis almost Pindaric in its abruptness. The regular sense would have required, "but time shows that Hercules was really thy son;" instead of which, a general praise of the hero conveys the same meaning, in lyric style. *δυσγένει' ἀνάκτων* refers to Lycus.

[67] *ἀμίλλᾳ* or *ἐν ἀμίλλᾳ* ought to follow, but the poet refers to *ἐσορᾷν*, as if he had written *ἐσορῶντα εἰς ἅμιλλαν*. MATTHIÆ.

sprung from Jove and Alcmena. For before he had brought his bitter toils to an end, fate preserved him; nor did his father Jove allow either myself or Juno ever to do him harm. But since he has gone through the labors of Eurystheus, Juno wishes to stain him with fresh bloodshed, by slaying his children, and I wish it too. But come, collecting thy relentless heart, thou unwedded daughter of black Night, and urge on, excite madness in this man, and child slaying disturbances of reason, and leapings of his feet; let go thy cable of blood; so that, having sent his crown formed of beauteous children down to the ferry of Acheron by his own murderous hand, he may learn of what kind is the wrath of Juno and of myself against him. In truth the Gods will be of no account, but mortal things great, if he pay not a penalty.

Madness. Of a noble sire and dame am I sprung, from Night and from the blood of Cœlus. But I have this credit, not to be held in honor by friends, nor am I pleased at going against the friends of men. And I would fain admonish Juno and you, before I see you err, if you will be persuaded by my words. This man is not obscure either upon the earth, or among the Gods, against whose house you are sending me; but, having civilized an inaccessible country and a savage sea, he alone has raised up the honors of the Gods, which had fallen by the hands of impious men; so that I do not advise you to wish for great mischiefs.

Iris. Do not thou advise about the plans of Juno and myself.

Fiend. I am turning you to the best track instead of the bad one.

Iris. The wife of Jove did not send thee hither to show thy wisdom.

Fiend. I call the sun to witness that I am doing what I desire not to do. But if I must needs be subservient to Juno and thee, I must follow swiftly and with a rush, as dogs do a huntsman,—I will go; nor is a sea groaning with billows, nor an earthquake and the thunder-clap breathing out acute pain, so violent, as I will rush with racing speed against the breast of Hercules. And I will break down the dwelling, and invade the house, having first caused him to slay his children; but the slayer shall not know that he is killing the children whom he begat, before that he ceases from my madness. See,

e'en now he shakes his head [standing] at the barriers,[68] and silence rolls his distraught scowling eyes. And he has no command over his breathings, but, like a bull [prepared] for the onslaught, he bellows dreadfully, invoking the Fates from Tartarus. Quickly will I rouse thee more to the dance, and give the music [rife] with terror. Away, Iris, to Olympus, lifting in mid air your noble foot: but we will enter unseen the abode of Hercules.

Chor. Woe, woe, groan, O city; thy flower is cropped, the son of Jove. Hapless Greece, that wilt lose thy benefactor; thou wilt destroy him, driven in the dance by the unmusical ravings of Madness.[69] In her chariot hath gone the marble-visaged, all-mournful Madness, the Gorgon of Night, and with the hissing of hundred heads of snakes, she gives the goad to her chariot, on mischief bent. Swift hath a demon changed the prosperous; and swiftly shall the children breathe out [their life] at the hands of the father. Alas! me wretched, O Jove, soon will frenzied, cruel vengeance, exacting punishment, smite thy childless child. Alas! ye dwellings, without drums are dances beginning, not delighted with the thyrsus of Bacchus. Alas! O house, [a dance] for bloodshed, not for the pouring out of libations from the grape-bunches of Dionysus. Speed forth in flight, O children; a hostile, a hostile song is here preluded. And he makes, hunter-like, a pursuit of his children. Never, never shall Madness rave forth [prophecies] unfulfilled upon this house. Alas for our woes! Alas! in truth, how I mourn for his aged sire, and the nurse of his children, by whom children are born in vain. See, see, a whirlwind shakes the house; the roof is falling together. Ho! ho! what art thou doing, O son of Jove? Thou art sending a hellish uproar upon the house, as Pallas did once against Enceladus.

Messenger. (*entering in haste*) O bodies whitening with age—

Chor. With what cry dost thou call upon me?

Mess. Accursed are the events in the house.

Chor. I need not bring another seer.

Mess. The children are dead, alas! Groan, for 'tis a sub-

[68] Literally, "from the barriers of the race-course." See on Troad. 523.

[69] The oxymoron is rather in *χορευθέντ' ἀναύλοις* than in *ἀναύλοις μανίαισιν*.

ject for groaning. Hostile are the murders, and hostile the hands of the parent..... None can speak of more than we have suffered.

CHOR. How dost thou show forth the lamentable calamity done by the father to the children? Say, say in what manner he was urged on by the Gods to these evil deeds against the house, and the miserable fate of his children.

MESS. Before the hearth of Jove victims were placed the house to purify; after Hercules, having slain the ruler of the land, had cast him out of this dwelling. But the beauteous band of children, and his sire, and Megara were standing by; and already had the sacred vessel been borne round the altar, and we observed well-omened words. But the son of Alcmena, being about to bear in his right hand a torch, in order that he might dip it in the lustral water, stood still in silence. But as their sire delayed, the children kept their eye [upon him]. And he was no longer the same; but distraught with rollings of the eyes, and casting forth the bloody-looking roots of his eyes, dropped foam down his well-bearded chin. And amidst frantic laughter he said, "O father, why do I make the fire of purification before I have slain Eurystheus, and have double trouble, when I might make this the work of a single hand? But as soon as I bring hither the head of Eurystheus, I will purify my hands in respect to those now slain. Pour out the waters; cast away the vessels from your hands. Who brings my bow? who my hand-weapon? I will go to Mycenæ. Ye must lay hold of bars and mattocks, that the city, the foundations of the Cyclops, fitted with the red-stained[70] plumb-line and chisel, I may upturn with the bent iron. After this going on, he said he had a chariot, having none, and would fain mount the seat, and he smote, as though having a goad in his hand. And there was a twofold laughter and dread upon his followers at once. And one looking toward another spoke thus: "Does our master sport with us, or does he rave?" But he went up and down through the house, and breaking into the midst of the men's apartment, he said that he had arrived at the city of Nisus,[71] having

[70] *χριόμενον μίλτῳ ἢ μέλανι*, as Eustathius explains it. On *τύκοι* see Pollux vii. 27.

[71] i. e. Megara, which was allotted to Nisus, upon Attica being divided into four portions.

come within the house. And reclining on the ground, as [he lay] there, he makes ready a banquet. And having passed a brief interval of delay, he said that he was traversing the woody tracts of the isthmus. And hereupon, stripping his body naked of his robes, he entered into a contest with nobody, and was himself by himself proclaimed the victor, having called no one to hear him.[72] But bawling out against Eurystheus terrible words, he was [now] at Mycenæ in his talk. But his father, laying hold of his powerful hand, speaks thus: "O son, what is the matter with thee? What is the manner of this estrangement? Surely the blood of the dead, whom thou hast just now slain, has not driven thee raving." But he, thinking that the father of Eurystheus was touching his hand a suppliant, thrusts him away, and makes ready his quiver and bow against his own sons, thinking to slay the children of Eurystheus. But they, trembling with fear, rushed each a different way, one to the robes of his wretched mother, another behind the shade of a column, and another, like a bird, crouched beneath the altar. And the mother shrieks out, "O father, what art thou doing? Slayest thou thy sons?" And the old man and crowd of servants shriek out. But he, causing the boy to move in a circle from the column, a fearful turning of his feet, [at length,] standing opposite, strikes him to the liver. And falling supine, the boy wetted the erect stone pillars [with his gore], breathing out his life. But Hercules shouted, and vaunted thus: "This one, a youngling of Eurystheus, has fallen for me, expiating by his death his father's hate." And he held toward another his bow, who had been crouching at the foot of the altar, as thinking to lie hid. But the wretched boy, in anticipation, falls at his father's knees, and stretching forth his hand to his father's beard and neck, he cries, "O dearest father, do not destroy me; I am thy son; thou wilt not be killing the son of Eurystheus." But he, rolling the savage eye of a Gorgon, as the boy stood within the deadly reach of the shaft, like as the hammer-blow [upon the anvil], throwing over his own head the club, he brought it down upon the yellow-haired head of the boy, and broke the bones. And having killed the second boy, he goes on to make the third sacrifice upon the

[72] i. e. omitting the customary cry, ἀκούετε λέως.

other two. But anticipating him, the wretched mother caught him up, and fled within the house, and closed the doors. But he, as though at the very Cyclopeian walls, tears up, bursts open the doors, and, hurling away the standing posts, with a single shaft laid prostrate wife and child. And thence with speed of horse he turns to slay the old man. But there came a spectre, as it appeared to our sight, Pallas, brandishing her spear upon her crest † heart †,[73] and hurled a rock against the breast of Hercules, which stayed him from his murderous raving, and settled him to sleep. And he falls upon the ground, having struck his back against a column, which, amidst the ruins[74] of the roof, had been split asunder and was lying near its base. But we, freeing our foot from flight, together with the old man, fastened to the pillar fetters of linked cords, that [Hercules], ceasing from sleep, might do no deed in addition to what was already done. And the wretched one sleeps a sleep unblest, having murdered his children and wife. I indeed know not any of mortals who is more unhappy.

Chor. There was a murder which the Argive land possesses,[75] then, indeed, the most wondrous, and of mightiest good[76] for Greece, [the murder] of the sons of Danaus. But these[77] evils have surpassed, have gone beyond the evils of that time. I can recount the murder sacrificed to the Muses,[78] of the wretched Jove-descended boy of Progne, who had but one son; but you, O hostile man, having begotten three children, have brought them to an end by a fate proceeding from madness. For what groan, or lamentation, or song of the dead, or quire of Hades shall I cry aloud? Alas! alas! See

[73] Unless Wakefield's *ἐπιλόφῳ κάρᾳ* be right, I can do nothing in this passage. Dindorf gives it up.

[74] Musgrave interprets *πεσήμασι* "casu tecti," but I trust the reader of Euripides will rather incline to my version. Cf. Hec. 700, *πέσημα φοινίου δορός*. Phœn. 1701, *ὦ φίλα πεσήματ'*. Below, vs. 1131, *τάδε τέκνων πεσήματα*. So *πτῶμα=the thing fallen*, thence *a corpse*. Cf. Blomf. on Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 13.

[75] But Musgrave's *αὐχεῖ* is better.

[76] Because it freed the Argives from the sway of the sons of Ægyptus. Matthiæ.

[77] *τά δ'* is Hermann's correction for *τάδ'*.

[78] Properly speaking, the son of Progne himself, *ἐθύετο*, instead of which *φόνος θύεσθαι* is said, and, as this murder was afterward celebrated in song, *θύεσθαι Μούσαις*. Matthiæ.

the portals of the lofty dwelling lie shivered [on the ground]. Alas! Behold the wretched children lying before their miserable sire, who sleeps a fearful sleep, [as yet] out of the way of slaughter. And around[79] [behold] these fetters and many-corded fastenings of ropes about the body of Hercules, fastened to the stone columns of the house. But the old man, like a bird bewailing its callow brood of young, pursuing with foot too late his sad journey, is present hither.

Amph. Ye Cadmeian elders, will ye not in silence, in silence, permit him, stretched out in sleep, to forget his woes?

Chor. And thee, indeed, old man, I bewail with tears, and the children, and his head crowned with victory.

Amph. Go farther on; make no noise, do not cry out; do not raise from sleep him who fares calmly † and is slumbering. †[80]

Chor. Alas! How great is this slaughter!

Amph. Ah! ah! Ye will undo me.

Chor. Having been stretched out, he is now rising again.

Amph. Will ye not quietly utter your lamentation, old men? lest he, being aroused, break from his chains, and destroy the city, and his sire, and break down the house.

Chor. 'Tis impossible, impossible for me.

Amph. Be silent, I will mark his breathing. Come, let me place my ear [closer].

Chor. Does he sleep?

Amph. Ay, he sleeps a deathful sleep, who has slain his wife, and slain his children, having transfixed them with the bow-drawn twang.

Chor. Groan then—

Amph. I groan—

Chor. The death of the children—

Amph. Ah me!

Chor. And of thy child.

Amph. Alas!

Chor. O old man—

Amph. Peace, peace; again aroused, he turns to and fro.

[79] *περὶ* is here used adverbially. For *τάδε* in vs. 1037, I should prefer *τόδε*.

[80] Dindorf, partly after Musgrave, reads *εὐδιάοντ' ἀπ' εὐνᾶς Ἐγείρετ'* * * * * condemning the following words as a gloss substituted for the true reading.

Come, I will conceal my body out of the way beneath the dwelling.

CHOR. Be of good cheer, night possesses the eyelids of thy son.

AMPH. See, see. I wretched will not indeed refuse to quit the light, in my unhappy state; but if he shall slay me, who am his father, guilt on guilt will he accumulate, and will have a kindred bloodshed in addition to [his present] Furies.

CHOR. Then shouldst thou have died, when for thy wife thou wast about to avenge the slaughter of her brothers,[81] having sacked the sea-girt city of the Taphians.

AMPH. In flight, in flight, old men, hasten ye from before the house, fly from this raving man who is awakening. Soon will he, setting another murder upon a murder, rave through the city of the Cadmeians.

CHOR. O Jove, why hast thou thus so very wrathfully hated thy son, and brought him into this sea of troubles?

HERC. (*waking*) Hah! I breathe, then, and behold such things, as I ought, the sky, the earth, and these beams of the sun. But into what terrible tempest and disturbance of mind have I fallen? and I breathe heated breath, with palpitation, not steadily from my lungs. Behold, why, like a ship at anchor, [bound] with cords, as to my youthful chest and arm, to this half-broken stone of a wall, do I sit, having a seat next the dead? and my winged darts and bow are strewn along the ground, which once keeping shield-guard in mine arms, defended my sides, and were defended by me. Have I a second time descended into Hades, coming into Hades on a journey for Eurystheus?[82] But neither do I behold the rock of Sisyphus, nor Pluto, nor the sceptre of Ceres' daughter. I sure am stricken senseless. I am at a loss as to where I can be. Hah! who of my friends is near or far, who can cure my doubts? For I know nothing clear of what is wont.

AMPH. Ye old men, shall I draw nigh my woes?

CHOR. Ay, and I with thee, not deserting thy calamitous state.

HERC. Father, why dost thou weep, and veil thine eyes, going far off from thy dearest son?

[81] They had been killed in a battle with the Taphians. Cf. Apollodor. ii. 4, 6. MUSGRAVE.

[82] I have no doubt that this whole line is spurious.

AMPH. O child, for mine thou art, though faring ill.

HERC. But what calamity do I suffer, for which thou art shedding tears?

AMPH. Such as e'en a God, if he suffered, would bewail?

HERC. Great is the assertion, but yet thou tellest not the hap.

AMPH. For thou thyself beholdest it, if thou art yet sensible.

HERC. Say, if thou inditest any new charge against my life.

AMPH. If thou art no longer possessed by Hades, I will tell.

HERC. Alas! How suspicious is this at which thou again art glancing!

AMPH. And I am considering thee, whether thou art firmly in thy right senses.

HERC. But I do not at all remember my mind distraught.

AMPH. Shall I unloose the fetters of my son, old men, or what shall I do?

HERC. Ay, and say who bound them, for I deny [that I know].

AMPH. Thus much know of thine evils, but leave the rest.

HERC. What, will silence suffice for me to learn what I wish?

AMPH. O Jove, dost thou then behold these things from Juno's throne?

HERC. But have I then suffered aught hostile from thence?

AMPH. Leaving alone the Goddess, tend thine own ills.

HERC. I am undone. Art thou going to tell of some calamity?

AMPH. See, look upon these prostrate bodies of thy children.

HERC. Ah me! what sight here do I wretched behold?

AMPH. O son, thou hast waged against thy children a war not to be warred.

HERC. What speakest thou of war? Who hath destroyed these?

AMPH. Thou, and thy bow, and whoso of the Gods was the cause.

HERC. What sayest thou! Having done what? O father, that bearest ill tidings.

AMPH. In madness. But thou askest for a sad explanation.

HERC. And am I, too, the murderer of my wife?

AMPH. All these are the deeds of thy one hand.

HERC. Alas! for a cloud of sorrow surrounds me.

AMPH. On this account I bemoan thy state.

HERC. For have I torn down my house, and[83] raved through it?

AMPH. I know but one fact; all thy state is unfortunate.

HERC. But where did the madness seize me? Where did it undo me?

AMPH. When round the altar thou wast purifying thy hands with fire.

HERC. Alas! why then do I spare my life, becoming the murderer of children to me most dear, and go not rather to leap from the precipitate rock, or having darted the sword against my vitals, become [myself] the avenger of blood to my children, or having burned my flesh with fire, ward off the disgrace, which awaits me, from my life? But hither comes Theseus, to oppose these murderous plans, my kinsman and friend. I shall be seen [by him], and the stain of children's murder will come into the sight of my dearest of guests. Alas! what shall I do? where shall I find solitude from ills, becoming winged, or going beneath the earth? Come, I will throw darkness over my head, wrapped in my garments. For I am ashamed because of my evil deeds, and casting the contamination of blood upon this man, I wish to do no ill to those unworthy.

THESEUS (*entering*). I am come in company with others, who, armed youths of the Athenians, are tarrying near the streams of Asopus, and I am bearing to thy son, old man, an allied spear. For a report reached the city of Erectheus' sons, that Lycus, having seized the sceptre of this realm, had come to war and battle with you. But giving a return for the assistance which Hercules rendered, having recovered me from the nether world, I have come, old man, if there is any need to thee of my hand or allies. Ah! why is the ground filled with these corses? Have I been wanting, then, and do I come too late for recent evils? Who has slain these children? Whose wife is this that I behold? For the children are not near the [field of] war, but it must be some other new ill that I find here.

AMPH. Oh thou that possessest the olive-bearing height.[84]

[83] *ἦ*. Dindorf. [84] The Acropolis.

THES. Wherefore hast thou addressed me with a pitiable prelude?

AMPH. We have suffered sad sufferings at the hands of the Gods.

THES. Who are these children, for whom thou sheddest tears?

AMPH. My hapless son begat them, and having begot them, slew them, having dared a terrible slaughter.

THES. Speak well-omened words.

AMPH. Thou biddest those who are willing.

THES. O thou hast spoken dreadful words.

AMPH. We are undone, undone, swift as flight.[85]

THES. What sayest thou? Having done what?

AMPH. Frenzy-driven with maddening violence, with the tincture of the hundred-headed Hydra.

THES. This is the contest of Juno. But who is this among the dead, old man?

AMPH. Mine, mine is he, my son of many woes, who with the Gods went forth in arms to the Phlegræan field, for the giant-slaughtering war.

THES. Alas! alas! who among men is born so ill-fortuned?

AMPH. You could not see another of mortals of greater toils and wanderings.

THES. But why does he hide his wretched head in garments?

AMPH. Ashamed of thy presence, and of thy kindred friendship, and the blood of his children shed.

THES. But I have come to sympathize with him; uncover him.

AMPH. O child, let go thy garment from thine eyes, throw it away, show thy face to the sun. Thy dignity contends in opposition to tears.[86] I beseech thee, falling about thy cheek, and knee, and hand, and letting drop an aged tear. Alas! my son, restrain the wrath of the savage lion, since it hurries you to a bloody, impious course,[87] wishing to join evils to evils, O child.

THES. Be it so. Thee I address, who sittest at the seat of misery; show thy face to thy friends. For no darkness hath

[85] Brodæus explains *πτανοὶ* by "very quickly."
[86] i. e. is at variance with tears.
[87] *δρόμον* for *βρόμον*. REISKE, DIND.

a cloud so black, as to hide the calamity of thy woes. Why, waving thy hand to me, dost thou point to the slaughter? Is it lest defilement from thy words fall on me? I care not if I fare ill, at least with thee; for truly I once was happy; thither must I turn my thoughts, when thou broughtest me safe to light from the dead. But I abhor the gratitude of friends that grows old, and him, too, whoever wishes to enjoy prosperity, but not to sail along with friends in adversity. Arise, uncover thy wretched head; look upon us. Whoever of mortals is nobly born, endures the ills sent by the Gods, nor does he reject them.

HERC. Theseus, hast thou seen this contest against my children?

THES. I have heard of it; and thou tellest ills to one that [now] beholds them.

HERC. Why then hast thou uncovered my head to the sun?

THES. Why not? Dost thou, being a man, pollute the Gods?

HERC. Fly, O wretched one, from my unholy pollution.

THES. To friends there comes no fury from their friends.

HERC. I acknowledge it, and I do not deny that I have done thee good.

THES. And I, having then been well done by, do now pity thee.

HERC. For pitiable I am, having my children murdered.

THES. I weep for thy sake, in thy changed[88] fortunes.

HERC. But hast thou found others in greater troubles?

THES. Thou reachest from earth to heaven in misfortune.

HERC. Therefore am I prepared so as to die.

THES. Thinkest thou the Gods care for thy threats?

HERC. A self-willed thing is God, and toward the Gods [such am] I.

THES. Restrain thy tongue, lest speaking great words, thou suffer great ill.

HERC. I am full of ills, nor is there where one can be stowed.

THES. But what wilt thou do? whither art thou borne in thy rage?

HERC. Dying, I will go beneath the earth, from whence I came.

[88] i. e. adverse. So ἕτερος δαίμων, *fortuna adversa*.

THES. Thou hast spoken the language of a common person.

HERC. But thou, being out of trouble, dost admonish me.

THES. Does Hercules, the man of much endurance, speak thus?

HERC. [I had not said] so much, had it been for me to labor with moderation.[89]

THES. Hercules, the benefactor and great friend of mortals?

HERC. They naught avail me, but Juno prevails.

THES. Greece will not endure that you should die in thy foolishness.

HERC. Hear then, that I may combat your advice by my words. But I will unfold to you that life is unbearable to me both now and before. First, indeed, I was born of this man, who having slain the aged sire of his mother, being defiled with blood, wedded Alcmena, who gave me birth. But when the foundation of a race is not laid rightly, it is necessary for the descendants to be unfortunate. But Jove, whoever Jove is,[90] begat me an enemy to Juno. Be not thou then aggrieved, old man, for I deem thee my father instead of Jove. And while I was yet at the breast, the consort of Jove sent snakes of savage aspect into my cradle, that I might perish. But when I obtained the youthful vesture of flesh,[91] what need is there to tell the labors I endured? To what lions, or triple-bodied monsters,[92] or giants, or hosts of four-legged warring centaurs did I not put an end? And having slain the many-headed and fresh-springing hound, the hydra, I both went through ten thousand other toils, and arrived among the dead, in order that I might, at the behest of Eurystheus, cause the three-headed dog to pass into the light. And this last toil have I wretched dared, having slain my children, to put the coping-stone of woes upon my house. But I am come to this necessity. It is not lawful for me to dwell in my beloved Thebes; but if I do remain, into what temple[93] or assem-

[89] This is Matthiæ's interpretation.

[90] See my note on Æsch. Ag. p. 100, n. 7, ed. Bohn.

[91] Shakspeare, "muddy vesture of decay."

[92] Τυφῶνας, if it be correct, must mean any monsters in general; for Typhon has nothing to do with the exploits of Hercules. Elmsley would read Γηρυόνας, but I think it is best to retain the common reading in the sense proposed.

[93] With the following passage compare the remarks of Muller, Eumenides, § 50, p. 137 sqq.

blage of friends can I go? For I bear a curse not fit for converse. But shall I go to Argos? How so, since I fly my country? Come then, suppose I go to some other city, and then I shall be looked upon askance, as one well known, harassed[94] with the bitter stings of the tongue: "Is not this the son of Jove, who once slew his children and wife? Shall he not be cast out from this land?" Now vicissitudes are bitter to a man once called happy; but he, to whom evil is ever present, mourns not, being continually wretched. But I deem that I shall at some time arrive at this pitch of calamity: for the earth will send forth a voice, forbidding me to touch the land, and the ocean [forbidding me] to pass over, and the sources of the rivers. And I shall imitate Ixion, wheel-driven in fetters. And this is best, that none of the Greeks behold me, among whom, prospering, I once was happy. Why then must I live? What profit shall I gain, possessing an impious useless life? But let Jove's illustrious wife dance, striking with sandaled foot the house of Olympus;[95] for she has accomplished the device she desired, having turned up and down upon, from his very foundation, the first man of Greece. To such a Goddess who would pray? who, envying Jove through a woman's love, has undone the benefactor of Greece, guilty of no wrong.

THES. This contest is from none other of the Gods than the wife of Jove; perceive this clearly * * * *. I should rather recommend * * * *[96] than to suffer ill. But no one of mortals lives unmixed with misfortune; nor of the Gods, if indeed the words of poets are not false. Have they not joined nuptials with each other, for which there is no law? Have they not placed a stain upon their sires by fetters for the sake of power?[97] Nevertheless they dwell in Olympus,

[94] I have expressed the sense, for the common reading is corrupt. The reader may choose between Reiske's *λοιδορούμενοι*, and Hermann's *κηλιδούμενοι, obnoxii calumniæ, tanquam κλήρουχούμενοι.*

[95] I have, with the approbation of Dindorf, adopted Dobree's elegant emendation of this very corrupt line: *κρούσω' Ὀλύμπου, δώματ' ἀρβύλῃ ποδός.*

[96] Here there is a lacuna.

[97] This misconduct of the Gods, handed down from Homer's time, was a popular commonplace, and hence it gave rise to Plato's condemnation of Homer and the other poets. Cf. Repub. ii. p. 430, ed. Læmar., with Sallust. de Diis, ix. 3, p. 246. Gale, Dionys. Hal. A. R. ii. 39. Numen.

and endure [the disgrace] of having sinned. And what wilt thou say, if you, being a mortal, bearest thy fortunes impatiently, but not so the Gods? Quit then Thebes, on account of the law, and come with me to the city of Pallas. There, having purified your hands of the pollution, I will give you dwellings, and a share of my possessions. And the gifts which I have from the citizens, after saving the fourteen children, and slaying the Cnosian bull, these I will bestow on thee; and sacred groves are assigned to me every where in the land. These shall hereafter be called by mortals after your name, while living; but when dead, and when thou shalt have gone to Hades, the whole city of the Athenians shall upraise thee honored with sacrifices and structures of stone. For to the citizens it is a fair crown [received] from the Greeks, to obtain glory, benefiting a good man. And I will do thee this favor in return for my preservation, for now thou art in want of friends. But when the Gods do honor to a man, he has no need of friends; for sufficient is the Deity to aid when he is willing.

HERC. Ah me! these words are beside[98] my woes. But I deem that the Gods neither love nuptials that are unlawful, nor have I ever supposed it, nor shall I be persuaded, that they fasten fetters to [each other's] hands, or that one is born the master of another. For the Deity, if he be truly the Deity, lacks nothing.[99] These are but the miserable tales of poets. But I have considered, although in the midst of ills, not to incur the charge of cowardice by leaving the light. For he who, being born a mortal, does not know how to bear misfortunes in the manner that he ought, could not stand up against the weapon of a foe. I will endure to death, and will go to thy city, and owe thee ten thousand thanks for thy

apud Euseb. P. E. xiii. 5, interpp. on Minut. Felix, Oct. 22. August. de Civ. Dei, ii. 14. Euripides, however, has turned this most ingeniously into an argument against the despair resulting from a conscience oppressed with guilt. The character of Theseus, as the comforter of the wretched, appears to equal advantage in the Œdipus at Colonus, and in the Suppliants of our author.

[98] Dobree quotes Hel. 925, *πάρεργον δοῦσα τοῦτο τῆς τύχης.*

[99] Euripides here seems to express his own opinions respecting the all-sufficiency of the Deity. "Nam semota dolori omni, semota querela, Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri, Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira;" to use the words of Lucretius.

[proffered] gifts. But I have tasted of ten thousand toils, in none of which I have been faint-hearted, nor have I let drop the tear-fount from mine eyes, nor did I ever think it would come to this, that I should let fall tears from mine eyes. But now, as it seems, I must be the slave to fortune. Be it so. Thou art witness, old man, of my banishment; and seest that I am the murderer of my children. Give these to the tomb, and deck their corpses, honoring them with thy tears; for me the law does not permit. Place firmly at the breast and give to the arms of the mother the hapless common offspring, whom I wretched have unwitting slain. But when thou shalt have hidden their corses in the earth, inhabit this city, unhappily indeed, yet do thou constrain thy soul to bear with me my woes. O children, I, thy father who begat, who gave you birth, have destroyed you, nor have ye profited by the good things which I was preparing, by laboring out perforce for you a fair enjoyment in your father's fame. And thee too, O hapless wife, I have destroyed, not equally as thou hast preserved my marriage bed in safety, toiling through the long work of housekeeping at home. Alas! for my wife and children, and alas! for me. How wretchedly have I fared! and I am now unyoked from my children and wife. O sad delights of kisses, and the sad companionship of these arms. For I am uncertain whether I shall retain or send away these weapons, which, hanging at my side, will speak these words: "With us didst thou thy children and thy wife destroy; us, thy child-murderers, dost thou keep?" And shall I then bear these on my arms? what saying? But stripped of the weapons with which I did most glorious deeds in Greece, shall I die basely, throwing myself under the power of my foes? I must not leave them, but must, though sadly, keep them. In one thing, O Theseus, do thou aid me wretched. Going to Argos, arrange for me the reward for bringing the dog [Cerberus to light], lest, being alone, I should suffer aught, through grief for my children. O land of Cadmus, and all ye Theban people, cut your hair; weep in concert, come to the funeral[100] of my children, and mourn them all, the dead, and me, in one joint speech. We are all undone, stricken by the single wretched bane of Juno.

THES. Rise up, O wretched one; there is enough of tears.

[100] I read τάφας with Reiske.

HERC. I can not; for my joints are fixed.

THES. For fortune pulls down e'en the strong.

HERC. Alas! Here might I become a stone, unmindful of my woes!

THES. Cease, and give thy hand to thine assisting friend.

HERC. But [I fear] lest I wipe the stain of blood on thy garments.

THES. Wipe it, fear thou not, I do not refuse it.

HERC. Of sons deprived, I hold thee as my son.

THES. Place thy arm round my neck, and I will lead you.

HERC. A friendly pair indeed, but the one is unhappy. O old man, such a person should one possess as a friend.

AMPH. Ay, for of fair progeny is the country that produced him.

HERC. Theseus, turn me again that I may behold my children.

THES. As finding this a love charm, wilt thou be more easy?

HERC. I desire it; and I wish to press me to my father's bosom.

AMPH. See, here it is, O son, for thou seekest what is dear to me.

THES. Art thou now thus unmindful of thy labors?

HERC. All those evils I have endured are less than these.

THES. If any one sees you unmanned, he will not praise.

HERC. Do I live lowly [in thy estimation]? But I seem not so before.

THES. Too much indeed. Where is the renowned Hercules?

HERC. What manner of man wast thou, when in troubles beneath the earth?

THES. As far as courage, I was less than any man.

HERC. How then dost thou still say that I am overpowered with woes?

THES. Move onward.

HERC. Farewell, old man.

AMPH. And farewell thou, my child.

HERC. Bury the children as I have said.

AMPH. And who [shall bury] me, my child?

HERC. I will.

AMPH. When coming?

HERC. When thou hast buried my children.

AMPH. How?

HERC. I will send for thee to Athens from Thebes. But bear in the children's bodies that pollute the earth. But we, who have wasted our house by disgraceful deeds, will like battered skiffs follow Theseus. But whoever prefers to possess wealth or strength rather than good friends, thinks not well.

CHORUS. We wend our way sad, with many tears, having lost our best friend.

THE TROADES.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

NEPTUNE.
MINERVA.
HECUBA.
TALTHYBIUS.
CASSANDRA.
ANDROMACHE.
MENELAUS.
HELEN.
CHORUS OF TROJAN
CAPTIVE WOMEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE incident of this play is but small, it being occupied with the lamentations of the captive Trojan women previous to their departure, and the preparations of the Greeks to set sail. The death of Astyanax forms the principal incident. Although, however, it is deficient in dramatic purpose and action, it is rich in pathetic and sometimes energetic passages, especially where the ravings of Cassandra are introduced.

The Scene lies before the Grecian encampment, near the coast.

THE TROADES.

NEPTUNE.

I, NEPTUNE, am come, leaving the briny deep of the Ægean Sea, where the choirs of Nereus' daughters most gracefully entwine their footsteps. For from the time when around this territory of Troy, Phœbus and myself erected walls of stone according to the correct plumb-line,[1] never has a kind feeling toward the city of the Phrygians been absent from my mind; which [city] is now smouldering, and has perished, having been laid waste by the Argive spear. For the Parnassian Phocian Epeius,[2] by the contrivances of Pallas, having jointed together a horse pregnant with arms, sent it within the towers, a burden fraught with destruction; whence by men hereafter it will be called the Duratean horse, concealing the hidden spear.[3] But the deserted groves and temples of the gods are streaming with gore, and at the steps of the altar of Hercæan Jove, Priam[4] has fallen in death. And much gold and Phrygian spoils are being sent to the ships of the Greeks, and they are waiting for a favorable wind from the stern, in order that the Greeks, who made a warlike expedition against this city, after ten years, may with gladness behold [again] their wives and children. But I—for I am

[1] Cf. Virg. Æn. iii. 2, "ceciditque superbum Ilium, et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troja."

[2] This was in obedience to the decrees of fate. Virg. Æn. 257. Conon Narrat. 34. Palæphat. 17. For descriptions of the machine, and of the siege accomplished by its means, the reader may compare Tryphiodor. 200 sqq. Petronius, § 89. Tzetzes, Homeric. 17 sqq.

[3] A play upon the derivation of the word.

[4] Cf. Virg. Æn. ii. 513 sqq.

overcome by the Argive Goddess Juno, and by Minerva, who have together overthrown the Phrygians—am quitting[5] renowned Ilium and my own altars; for when evil devastation seizes upon a city, the affairs of the Gods are in a sickly state, nor are they wont to be respected. And Scamander resounds with many lamentations of female slaves, who are allotted to their masters; and some the Arcadian, others the Thessalian people have obtained, and likewise the sons of Theseus,[6] chieftains of the Athenians. But as many of the daughters of Troy as are not disposed of by lot, are beneath this roof, selected by the leading men of the army; and with them the Lacedæmonian Helen, daughter of Tyndarus, who has been justly regarded as a captive. But, if any one wishes to look upon this hapless woman, Hecuba is present there, lying before the gates, pouring forth many a tear, and for many a woe; whose daughter, Polyxena, has, unknown to her, died miserably at the monument of Achilles' tomb, while Priam and her children are no more. But Cassandra, whom king Apollo dismissed as raving mad, has Agamemnon, putting aside his duty to the God and the laws of right, wedded perforce by a clandestine marriage.[7] But fare thee well, O thou once prosperous city, and well-wrought fortress. Had not Pallas, Jove's daughter, undone thee, thou hadst still been standing on thy foundations.

Minerva. May I, relaxing my former enmity, address one who is nearest to my sire in race, and who is a mighty power, and honored among the Gods?

Nept. Thou mayest; for kindred connections, queen Minerva, are a no small endearment to the feelings.

Min. I commend your mild disposition, but I bear words of common interest to thee, O king, and to myself.

Nept. Bearest thou new intelligence from some of the Gods, from Jove, or is it from[8] some one of the [other] Gods?

[5] On this superstition compare my note on Æsch. Sept. c. Th. p. 89, n. 1, ed. Bohn.

[6] According, however, to the Scholiast, they only obtained Æthra.

[7] Or, "a bride obtained by stealth." Σκότιος, however, rather refers to her doubtful position in relation to Clytæmnestra, the lawful, wedded wife of Agamemnon.

[8] Such seems to be the proper force of ἢ καὶ in this passage. On the distinction of Jove from the other gods, see my note on Æsch. Prom. p. 359, ed. Bohn.

Min. No, but on account of Troy, where we are now walking, I am come to [crave] thy influence, that I may have it in common.

Nept. Dost thou then, casting away thy former enmity, feel pity for it,[9] reduced to ashes by fire?

Min. First come back to this question—Wilt thou share in counsel, and jointly labor in what I wish to do?

Nept. Most particularly; but I wish to know your business. Have you come on account of the Greeks or the Phrygians.

Min. The Trojans, my former enemies, I wish to gratify, and to bring upon the army of the Greeks a bitter journey homeward.

Nept. And why dost thou leap to and fro with different feelings, and feel for whom it may happen a violent hate and love?

Min. Knowest thou not that I and my altars have been insulted?

Nept. I know when Ajax dragged Cassandra by violence.[10]

Min. And yet he suffered nothing, and heard [no ill words] from the Greeks.

Nept. And yet did they lay waste Ilion by thy power.

Min. Wherefore I wish, with thy assistance, to do them a mischief.

Nept. Whatever you wish is ready, as far as I am concerned. But what wilt thou do?

Min. I wish to bring upon them a bad voyage homeward.

Nept. While tarrying near the land, or on the briny sea?

Min. When they shall set sail homeward from Troy. Jove will send both rain and hail unspeakable, and darkening blasts of the air; and he promises to lend me the fiery thunder-bolt, to smite the Greek, and to burn their ships with flames. And do thou, in turn, perform thy part in making the Ægean Sea to roar with tripled waves and whirlpools of the deep, and to fill Eubœa's hollow recess with corpses; that for the future the Greeks may know how to respect my temples, and to honor the other Gods.

Nept. These things shall be; for the favor requires not

[9] "*νιν, quasi sequeretur οἰκτίζεις.*" Dind.

[10] See Virg. Æn. i. 43 sqq. Hor. Ep. x. 13 sqq.

many words. I will embroil the main of the Ægean Sea; and the shores of Myconus, and the Delian crags, and Scyrus, and Lemnos, and the heights of Caphareus shall contain the corpses of many dead. But, go thou to Olympus, and receiving the thunder-shafts from thy father's hands, be on the watch for the time when the Greek armament shall let go the cable. But foolish [is] the mortal, who lays waste cities, temples, and tombs, the sanctuaries of the dead; [for] having consigned them to solitude, he is wont himself to perish afterward. [*Exit* NEPTUNE.]

HECUBA. Rise, O wretched one; uplift thy head, thy neck, from the ground. No longer is this Troy, or are we the sovereigns of Troy. Since fortune changes, endure. Sail with the stream, sail with thy fortune; nor present thou the prow against the waves of life, sailing along with thy fortunes. Alas! alas! for what is there not for hapless me to bemoan, whose country, children, and husband are no more? O thou pride of mine ancestors greatly puffed up, now contracted into a[11] small compass, how truly art thou nothing! Of what should I be silent, and of what not be silent? And what bemoan? Wretched me, on account of the unhappy reclining of my members; how am I lying, stretching out my back upon a hard pallet! Alas for my head! Alas for my temples, and sides! how I desire to turn and stretch out my back and spine upon both the walls of my frame,[12] for the continual elegies of mourning. But this is the house for the wretched, to chant of calamities unfriendly to the dance. Ye swift prows of ships, which [borne] to sacred Troy by oars, through the empurpled deep and the fair harbors of Greece, with the hated Pæan-song of pipes, and the clear sounding voice of the Syringx, hauled up the skillful-woven Egyptian work,[13] alas! in the bosom of Troy;

[11] *συστελλόμενος* for *συστελλομένων* is the correction of Victorius. Although it has obtained the approval of Dindorf, I should prefer retaining the reading of the MSS. I have followed Seidler's explanation.

[12] There is great awkwardness in this passage, and Seidler seems favorable to reading *ἐπιοῦσ'* for *ἐπὶ τούς*. I think that if we transpose the prepositions *εἰς* and *ἐπὶ*, we shall obtain a clear sense, *ἐπὶ ἀμφ.* meaning, "upon the ribs on both sides of the spine," (see Reiske,) and *εἰς τοὺς . . . ἐλέγους* being taken in its proper construction. I have expressed this sense in the version.

[13] i. e. the tackle, cables, etc.

ye did come after the hated wife of Menelaus, a bane to Castor, and an ill renown to the Eurotas; she caused the murder of Priam, the father of fifty children, and has dashed me, the wretched Hecuba, upon this calamity. Alas! for the sitting which I occupy close by the tents of Agamemnon. And I, an aged woman, am led captive from my dwelling, with my hair cut close to my head in sign of sorrow. But, O wretched wives of the brazen-speared Trojans, ye wretched girls, and ill-wedded, let us wail out, "Ilium smokes:" and, as some mother, o'er her [new] fledged nestlings, I will begin the strain; but not such as when, once on a time, I, resting on the sceptre of Priam, began [to hymn] the Gods[14] with the cheerful Phrygian beatings of the foot that led the dance.

Semich. Hecuba, why mournest thou? And why dost thou shriek out? Whither do thy words tend? For through the house I heard the mournful cries thou criest; and fear rushes through the breasts of the Trojan women, who within the house are bemoaning their slavery.

Hec. O children, now is the oar-fitted hand of the Greeks directed to the ships.

Sem. Alas! me wretched! What mean they? And will they really hurry hapless me away from my ancestral land in ships?

Hec. I know not, but I conjecture the misfortune.

Sem. Alas! alas! ye hapless Trojan women who are about to hear of troubles, come out of the house. The Greeks are arranging their departure.

Hec. Ah! ah! Do not now, I beseech you, send out the raving Cassandra, a disgrace among the Greeks, so that I may suffer grief on grief. Alas! thou hapless Troy, thou art no more, and miserable are they who leave thee, both living and dead.

Sem. Alas! trembling I left these tents of Agamemnon, having heard thy voice, lest some resolution of the Greeks is fixed to slay wretched me. Are the sailors now ready at the poops to ply their oars.[15]

Hec. O child, I came, stricken with horror in my never-slumbering mind.

[14] I have great doubts whether we should not read *θεοῖς*, with Reiske.
[15] More literally, "so, they are ready," etc.

Sem. * * Has some Grecian herald already come, to whom I wretched am appointed a slave?

Hec. Thou liest near to the casting of lots.

Sem. Alas! alas! who of the Argives or Phthians, or who will lead me wretched to an insular country,[16] far away from Troy.

Hec. Alas! alas! to whom shall I, a wretched old woman, and where, where on the earth, be a slave, like a drone, the miserable form of a corpse, the strengthless image of the dead, either possessing the keeping of the vestibule, or as the nurse of children, I, who had the regal sway of Troy?

Chor. Alas! alas! and with what plaints dost thou mourn thy misfortune? I shall not, plying the shuttle, vary [the web] with the woof of Ida. For the last time, the last time I behold the bodies of my children. I shall have greater toils, either brought to the couch of some Greek—may that night and such a fate perish!—or, drawing water from Pirene, be a miserable drudge at the sacred waters. Would that I may come to the renowned and prosperous country of Theseus; oh, may I not [come], at all events, to the eddy of Eurotas, to hateful Therapne, [the country] of Helen, where I, as a slave, may meet Menelaus, the ravager of Troy. I have heard a report that the holy region of Peneus, the fairest base of Olympus, abounds in wealth, and in flourishing fruitfulness. This is the second place to which I [should wish] to come, after the divine country of Theseus.[17] And I hear that the Ætnæan territory of Vulcan, another of Sicilian mountains, opposite to Phœnicia, is proclaimed with chaplets of glory.[18] And [so I hear of] the land which neighbors to †those who navigate†[19] the Ionian Sea,[20] which fair Crathis, reddening with its yellow locks, waters, nourishing and blessing the well-peopled land with its divine streams. And truly hither a herald from the army of the Greeks, the bearer of new tidings, wends his way, hastening his swift footsteps.

[16] An irregular mode of expression, for which one would have expected ἢ τίς νησιωτῶν. See Matthiæ.

[17] Euripides is not unmindful of Athenian vanity.

[18] Less literally, "with praise that awards the crown."

[19] It is more than probable that ναύταις is wrong, but Dindorf's note is scarcely satisfactory.

[20] i. e. Thu[illegible]

What does he bring? What says he? For truly we are now the slaves of the Dorian land.

[*Enter* TALTHYBIUS.]

TAL. Hecuba, (for thou knowest that I have come frequent journeys to Troy, being sent as herald by the Grecian army, and being also before known to thee, lady,) I am Talthybius who come, bearing a new message.

HEC. This, this, dear women, was what I feared long since.

TAL. Ye are already allotted, if this was what you feared.

HEC. Alas! to what city of Thessaly, or Phthia, or of the Cadmeian earth, dost thou say?

TAL. Ye are each allotted to single men respectively, and not together.

HEC. To whom has each one fallen? Whom of the daughters of Troy will a happy lot await?

TAL. I know; but ask one thing at a time, not all at once.

HEC. Say, who has obtained my child, the wretched Cassandra?

TAL. King Agamemnon has obtained her as a choice prize.

HEC. What, as a slave to his Lacedæmonian wife? Alas! for me!

TAL. Not so, but as a stealthy companion of his bed.

HEC. What, the virgin of Phœbus, upon whom the golden-haired [God] bestowed the honor of an unwedded life?

TAL. Love for the heaven-possessed damsel hath shot the dart against him.

HEC. Cast away from thee, O child, the divine keys, and the sacred adornment of the garlands which you wear.

TAL. For is it not a great thing she should obtain royal nuptials?

HEC. And what of the child whom you lately took away from me? where is she?

TAL. Dost thou mean Polyxena? or after whom dost thou inquire?

HEC. To whom has the lot joined her?[21]

TAL. She is appointed to minister at the tomb of Achilles.

[21] But Dindorf would omit *ταύταν*.

Hec. Woe is me! have I given birth to a minister of the tomb?[22] But what is this law or custom among the Greeks, my friends?

Tal. Deem your daughter happy; for she is well.

Hec. What hast thou said? Does she behold the sun as mine?

Tal. A fate possesses her, so that she is released from troubles.

Hec. But what of Andromache, the wretched wife of Hector, whose thoughts were on war,[23] what fortune has she?

Tal. Her also the son of Achilles has obtained as a chosen prize.

Hec. And to whom am I the servant, I, who lack a staff in my hand, as a third leg for my aged person?

Tal. Ulysses, king of Ithaca, has obtained by lot to have thee as a slave.

Hec. Woe! woe! smite the shorn head, tear both cheeks with the nails. Alas! woe is me! I have obtained the lot of being the slave to a wicked and crafty man, an enemy to justice, a lawless monster, who with his deceitful tongue renders all things in one place before friendly, hostile in turn in another.[24] Groan for me, ye daughters of Troy. I, ill fated, have perished, I wretched, am undone, I who have fallen to a most ill-fortuned lot.

Chor. Thy fate thou knowest, respected lady. But who

[22] I should prefer putting a note of interrogation after this line, thus, "And have I brought forth," etc.? "In the words ἔχει καλῶς there is a designedly concealed ambiguity. So in Soph. Trach. 1160, the oracular oak of Dodona is feigned to have told Hercules that he would have a release from his troubles; and he fancied therefore that he would do well; but he did not see that by this release from troubles was meant his death—a state in which no trouble is found. A similar ambiguity is expressed in Shakspeare, Macbeth, iii. 2, *Life's fitful fever over, he sleeps well.*—For another example see Flor. iv. 69, respecting the death of Scipio." For this note I am indebted to Mr. G. Burges.

[23] Instead of χαλκεομιτορος, which is not a Greek word, Reiske proposed χαλχεομήτορος, subsequently found in MS. Havn. Burges and Pflugk have proposed χαλκεομμήστορος, which I have adopted.

[24] This seems a sort of proverbial phrase, which can hardly be expressed literally. The Scholiast's note furnishes the clearest explanation, thus: τὰ μὲν ἐκεῖ διαβάλλων ἐνταῦθα ἀντίπαλα τίθησιν, αὖθις δὲ ἐκεῖ πολέμια τίθησι, δηλονότι τῷ ἐνταῦθᾶ· τοῦτο γὰρ λείπει.

of the Achaians or of the Hellenes[25] will hold my fortunes?

Tal. Go ye, O servants; it is requisite that ye bring out Cassandra hither, as quickly as possible, that, having given her into the hand of the general, I may then lead those of the female slaves who have been chosen by the rest. Ah! what bright torch-flame is lit within? Are the Trojan women burning the house, or what are they doing, as being about to be led away from this land to Argos? and are they burning their bodies, wishing to die? Of a truth a free disposition bears ill the yoke under such circumstances. Open [the doors], open, lest that which suits them, but is hateful to the Greeks, cast blame upon me.

Hec. It is not so, they are not burning, but my daughter, Cassandra, rushes hither in her maddened course.

Cassandra. (*coming forth*) Uplift [the lamp], give it,[26] bear light. I worship. See! see! I illumine this festival with lamps. Hymen, O king Hymen! blest is the bridegroom, and blest am I the bride of a royal bed, through Argos. Hymen, O king Hymen! Since you, mother, in tears and groans are bemoaning my dead father and dear country, I kindle up this light of a lamp in honor of my nuptials, for splendor, for glory, to thee, Hymen, O king Hymen! And do thou, O Hecate,[27] give light for the nuptials of the virgin, as is the custom. Move thy foot aloft, lead the dance, Evoe! Evoe! since upon the most blest fortunes of my sire the dance is hallowed, do thou lead it, O Phœbus. Amidst thy laurel-girt temple[28] I officiate as priestess, Hymen, O Hymen, Hymen! Dame, O mother, lead [the dance], entwine thy foot hither and thither, hearing thy well-beloved step in tune with my feet. Hymen, O loudly hymn the bride with hymeneal strain,[29] in happy songs and shouts. Go, ye fair-robed Trojan damsels, sing my nuptials, the husband destined to my couch.

[25] From Musgrave's note, it appears that the Achæans inhabited Lacedæmon; the Hellenes, Thessaly.

[26] Dindorf follows the reading of the Schol. on Aristoph. Av. 1717. I think that for *σέβω* we ought to read *σείω*, with Musgrave.

[27] But Musgrave's emendation, *Ἑκάβα*, is rightly approved by Dindorf in his notes.

[28] Nothing more seems to be meant than the laurel groves surrounding the temple.

[29] *βοώσατε τ. Ὑ. νύμφαν*, i. e. *ὑμνήσατε νύμφαν*. Seidler.

Chor. O queen, wilt thou not lay hands on this raving girl, lest she direct her light step toward the army of the Greeks?

Hec. O Vulcan, thou art wont to bear the torch at the nuptials of mortals. But mournful indeed is this flame thou art kindling, and beyond my high hopes. Alas! my child, how little did I ever expect that thou shouldst wed such wedding, beneath the sword, or Argive spear. Give me the light; for thou dost not rightly bear the fire, raving as a Mænad, nor have thy fortunes made thee wise, O child; but thou art still in the same state. Bear the pine torches within, ye Trojan women, and give tears in exchange for the wedding songs of this damsel.

Cass. O mother, adorn my victorious head,[30] and rejoice thou in my kingly wedding, and escort me; and if my acts be not to thy liking, push me on forcibly. For if Apollo exists,[31] Agamemnon, the renowned king of the Greeks, shall espouse in me a more ill-fated wife than Helen. For I shall destroy him, and lay waste his house, obtaining in return satisfaction for my brothers and my sire. But these things I will pass over. I will not sing of the axe, which shall fall upon my neck and that of others,[32] and the troubles resulting from a mother's murder, which my marriage will cause, and the overthrow of the house of Atreus; and I will exhibit this city as more blest than are the Greeks; possessed, indeed, with frenzy, yet thus much I will desist from my frantic ravings, [the Greeks,] who through one woman's love, hunting after Helen, lost innumerable men. But the wise general, forsooth, on behalf of those most hateful destroyed the dearest to him, giving up to his brother the home delights of children[33] for a woman's sake, and this too for a woman carried off by her own consent, and not by violence. But when they arrived at the Scamander, they died off, not exiled, indeed, from the borders of their land or country with lofty towers; and they, whom Mars destroyed, saw not their children, nor were they wrapped in shrouds by the hands of a wife, but on a stranger land they lie. And matters at home were in a

[30] Perhaps it is better to take *νικηφόρον* by itself, "in victorious guise."
[31] i. e. "if Loxias is any body."
[32] Intimating Agamemnon's death.
[33] i. e. Iphigenia.

similar state to these; some died in widowhood, and others [were] at home childless, having nurtured their offspring for others;[34] nor at their tombs is there any one who will offer blood to the earth. The expedition surely is worthy of this praise! It is better not to speak of what is more base, nor let my muse become a bard to sing of evils. But the Trojans, in the first place, died, which is the most fair renown, in defense of their country; and they, whom the spear destroyed, carried as corses by their friends, into their houses, obtained an inclosure of earth in their father-land, decked by the hands of those whom it was meet [to do so]. But as many of the Phrygians as died not in battle, dwell continually day by day with their wives and children; the delight from whom was wanting to the Greeks. And hear how Hector's state, grievous in thy estimation, stands. He is gone dead, having shown himself the best of men; and this the coming of the Greeks has brought to pass. But if they had remained at home, he would not have been known as a man of worth. Paris, too, married the daughter of Jove; but had he not married, he would have possessed an obscure alliance in his house. It behooves him therefore, whosoever is wise, to avoid war; but if it come to this, it is no crown of dishonor to die nobly, but [to die] not nobly is inglorious. On which account, mother, thou shouldst not lament thy country or my nuptials; for by my nuptials I shall destroy those who are most hateful to myself and to thee.

Chor. How pleasantly dost thou smile upon the sorrows of thine own, and singest in strains, which thou perchance wilt prove thou hast not truly sung.

Tal. Unless Apollo had maddened thee in mind, thou wouldst not with impunity have sent away my commanders from the land with such words as these. But pompous words, and but in seeming wise, are in truth naught better than nothing. For the most mighty sovereign of the united Greeks, the beloved son of Atreus, submits himself to the love of this raving creature. Now I am poor indeed, but I would not possess the marriage-bed of this woman. And for thee indeed,

[34] i. e. for the benefit of Menelaus. Such an explanation is much more simple and to the purpose, than if we refer the words to those who took care of the children of the absent. Still, I should prefer Tyrwhitt's emendation, ἄλλως, "in vain."

(for thou hast not thy reason aright,) I give thy reproaches of the Greeks and praises of the Phrygians to the winds to bear away. But follow me to the ships, a fair alliance for our general. But do thou, when the son of Laertes wishes to lead thee, follow; and thou wilt be the servant of a modest woman, as they say, who have come to Troy.

Cass. This servant is a mighty fellow truly! Why do they possess the name of heralds? One common detestation to all mortals are these messengers of kings and cities. Sayest thou my mother will come into the abode of Ulysses? But where are the oracles of Apollo, interpreted by me,[35] which says that he shall die here? But for the rest, I will abstain from reproach. Unhappy [Ulysses]! he knows not what there awaits him to suffer, to such an extent that the troubles of myself and the Phrygians will at some time appear like gold. For, having toiled through ten years in addition to [those] spent here, he alone will reach his country, [during which years[36] he will traverse the sea] where cruel Charybdis inhabits the narrow strait between the rocks, and [where dwells] the mountain-roaming Cyclops, feeding on raw flesh, and the Ligystian Circe, that turns [men] into swine, and [where is] the shipwreck in the briny sea, and the desire for the lotus, and the sacred cows of the sun, which from their sounding flesh shall hereafter emit words bitter to Ulysses.[37] And, to sum up all, living he shall descend into Hades, and having escaped the water of the sea, he shall, on his return, find ten thousand ills at home. But wherefore do I thus hurl forth the troubles of Ulysses? Proceed, that with all speed I may wed my spouse in Hades.[38] Miserable as thou art, miserable shalt thou be entombed by night, not by day, O thou who thinkest that thou hast done a proud deed, thou leader of the sons of Danaus. And me, in truth, a corpse, cast forth naked, the hollow of a rock flowing with a torrent stream, near thy tomb, will give to beasts to banquet on, me

[35] But *ἡρμηνευμένοι* is rendered "*edita*," by Musgrave.

[36] There seems to be something wanting: unless we suppose with Matthiæ, that *οὗ* refers to *δέκα ἔτη* — "during which time he will see," which seems very far fetched. I have supplied what appears to be the sense.

[37] Literally, "who shall emit sounding flesh, a voice bitter," etc.

[38] Alluding to the fate which awaited both herself and Agamemnon. But see Matthiæ.

the priestess of Apollo. O garlands of the God dearest to me, ye holy ornaments, farewell; I leave the festivals in which I before rejoiced. Depart from me, [plucked off] by tearings by hand,[39] since, while yet my flesh is pure, I may give these to the swift winds to bear to thee, O king of augury. Where is the bark of the commander? Whither, whither must I embark? But you can not too quickly[40] seize the gale with your sails, as being about to lead me, one of three Furies, from this land? Farewell, my mother, do not weep. Farewell, dear country; and ye beneath the earth, my brothers, and the sire that begot me, ye shall receive me after no long season. But victorious shall I arrive among the dead, and having overthrown the house of the Atrides, by whom we have perished.

Chor. Ye guardians of aged Hecuba, do ye not behold your mistress, how she falls speechless to the ground? Will ye not seize hold of her? Will you let her go, base creatures? Lift upright again the aged woman.

Hec. Suffer me, O damsels, to lie as I have fallen. Things unpleasant in themselves are not pleasant to me;[41] for I am suffering, have suffered, and still shall suffer things worthy of this prostration. O Gods, as vain allies indeed do I invoke you; but nevertheless the calling upon the Gods seems to have some reason, when any one of us falls into an ill-fortuned event. First indeed, then it pleases me to recount my good fortune, for I shall excite more commiseration for my ills. We were of kingly lineage and wedded to a kingly line; and I then gave birth to children surpassing in goodness, not merely of the mass,[42] but the chiefest among the Phrygians, such as no Trojan, Grecian, or barbarian woman could ever

[39] Compare Æsch. Ag. 1269, *ἰδοὺ δ' Ἀπόλλων αὐτὸς ἐκδύων ἐμὲ χρηστηρίαν ἑσθῆτ'*.

[40] See note on Iphig. in Taur. 245, *οὐκ ἂν φθάνοις ἂν εὐτρεπῆ ποιουμένη*.

[41] I have expressed Matthiæ's interpretation: "*τὰ μὴ φίλα* in universum valet *ἃ ἂν μὴ φίλα ᾖ, οὗτοι φίλα*, si ad certum hominem, h. l. Hecubam respicies."

[42] Ruhnk. on Timæus Lex. p. 199, and 283, has collected the following examples of this expression, in which *ἄλλως* = *non nisi*. Demosth. de falsa leg. p. 123, *οἱ δὲ ἀντιλέγοντες ὄχλος, ἄλλως, καὶ βασκανία κατεφαίνετο*. Dio Chrys. Or. lv. p. 561, C. *καὶ ὄχλον ἄλλως καὶ φλυαρίαν ἡγοῦνται*. Eurip. in Stob. p. 590, *γέροντες οὐδὲν ἐσμὲν ἄλλο, πλὴν ὄχλος*. Heracl. 997, *εἰδὼς μὲν οὐκ ἀριθμὸν, ἀλλ' ἐτητύμως Ἀνδρ' ὄντα*.

boast of having brought forth. And then have I beheld falling by the Grecian spear; and I have shorn off these locks at the tomb of them dead; and the author of their birth, Priam, have I bemoaned; not hearing from others, but with these eyes I myself beheld him slaughtered at the Hercæan pyre, and the city taken. But the virgins whom I trained up, as a chosen dignity for nuptials,[43] having trained them in vain, I have lost them out of my hands. And neither is there a hope that I shall be seen by them, nor shall I myself ever see them. But, what is the coping-stone to my wretched woes, I, an aged woman, shall arrive at Greece a slave. And to those things, which are the least suited to this old age, will they subject me, either as a servant to keep the keys of the gates, me, the mother of Hector, or to make bread, and have a bed on the ground for my wrinkled back, after kingly couches; wearing squalid ragged vestments upon my squalid frame, things unseemly for the prosperous to wear. Alas me wretched! what things have I obtained, and what shall I obtain, through the single marriage of a single woman! O child, O Cassandra, joint Bacchant with the Gods, for what calamities hast thou broken thy chastity! And thou too, O wretched Polyxena, where art thou? Since wretched me nor male nor female offspring aids, although many were born to me! Why then do ye raise me up? Under what hopes? Conduct the foot once delicate in Troy, but now enslaved, to a mat laid on the ground, and to a pillow of rock, that falling down, I may die, wasted away to naught with tears. But think that of the well-fortuned none is fortunate before he dies.[44]

Chor. Sing to me,[45] O Muse, a sad song of Troy, in the tearful strains of new hymns; for now will I peal forth a song concerning Troy, how through the four-footed chariot[46] of the Greeks I wretched was undone, captured by the spear, when the Greeks left the horse at the gates, snorting heaven high,[47] with golden trappings, with arms in it. And stand-

[43] Cf. Virg. Æn. ii. 503, "Quinquaginta illic thalami, spes tanta nepotum."
[44] Cf. Soph. Trach. 1 sqq.
[45] See Matthiæ.
[46] Schol. *ἀλληγορικῶς τὸν ἵππον τὸν δουρειον, τέσσαρας βάσεις ἔχοντα.*
[47] Merely a bold expression to show its height.

ing on the Trojan height,[48] the people shouted: "Go, ye that now rest from toils, conduct this holy image in honor to the Trojan virgin, daughter of Jove." What youth, what old man went not from their houses? And rejoicing in songs, they obtained the crafty bane. And the whole race of the Phrygians rushed to the gates, about to offer the armed band of the Greeks and the bane of Troy, [inclosed] in the mountain fir to the Goddess, the gift of the unyoked divine horse;[49] and dragged by surrounding ropes, like the dark hull of a ship, they placed it on the stone seats and the plain Pallas, fraught with slaughter to their country. And upon their toil and joy nightly gloom came, and the Libyan lotus [pipe] sounded, and Phrygian songs, and virgins chanted the joyous song[50] amid the uplifted beating of their feet, and in the houses the brilliant light of fire gave forth a dusky light † during sleep.[51] And I around the house was then celebrating with dances the mountain-loving Diana, daughter of Jove, when a cry of slaughter through the city seized the dwellings of Pergamus, and beloved children stretched forth their hands in terror[52] around their mother's garments, and from the treacherous snare Mars went forth, the work of Virgin Minerva. And slaughters of the Phrygians around the altars, and head-severing desolations of the youths in the beds, brought a crown for Greece, the nourisher of youth, and grief to the country of the Phrygians.

Hecuba, dost thou behold Andromache borne hither in a strange chariot? And near the rowing[53] of her breasts follows dear Ascanius, the little son of Hector.

[48] i. e. standing, they shouted from the rock. Cf. Matth. Gk. Gr. § 596, c. With the whole of the following passage compare Virg. Æn. ii. 478 sqq. Petron. § 89, "Jam turba portis libera, ac bello carens, In vota properans: fletibus manant genæ, Mentisque pavidæ gaudium lacrymas habet." Tryphiodor. 247 sqq.

[49] See Matthiæ.

[50] I have omitted τ' after βοάν, with Matthiæ.

[51] Dindorf regards ἔδωκεν παρ' ὕπνῳ as a clumsy attempt to fill up a lacuna. In explaining μέλ. αἴγλαν, I have followed Matthiæ, who renders it, "lucem fumo involutam."

[52] I should prefer reading ἐπτοημένᾳ, referring it to ματρί.

[53] This absurd expression had best be taken for granted. The explanations only make it more ridiculous.

[ANDROMACHE *appears, borne in a chariot.*]

HEC. Where, where art thou borne on the back of the chariot, O hapless woman, sitting by the brazen arms of Hector and the spear-captured spoils of the Phrygians, with which, [taken] from Troy, the son of Achilles will adorn the temples of Phthia?

ANDR. Grecian masters are leading me.

HEC. Alas!

ANDR. Why dost thou groan forth my pæan?

HEC. Alas!

ANDR. For these woes—

HEC. O Jove!

ANDR. —and calamity.

HEC. O children!

ANDR. Once we were.[54]

HEC. Prosperity is gone, Troy is gone.

ANDR. Wretched.

HEC. And my noble-born children—

ANDR. Alas! alas!

HEC. Alas! indeed, for my—

ANDR. —woes.

HEC. O piteous fate

ANDR. of the city,

HEC. which is smoking.

ANDR. Would thou mightest return to me, husband.

HEC. Thou criest after my son that is in Hades, O wretched one.

ANDR. The strength of thy wife.

HEC. You indeed, O terror of the Greeks, who wast once the eldest of my children, bear me to Priam in Hades.

ANDR. These are great troubles,[55] wretched one; these woes we suffer, the city being undone, and griefs succeed on griefs, by the ill will of the Gods, when thy son[56] escaped death, who ruined Troy for the sake of hateful nuptials. And the blood-stained corses of the dead are stretched out near

[54] Cf. Virg. Æn. ii. 325, "fuimus Troës, fuit Ilium, et ingens Gloria Dardanidum."

[55] I read πόνοι with Wakefield, Burges, and Matthiæ.

[56] i. e. Paris.

the Goddess Pallas, for vultures to carry off, and Troy has fallen under the yoke of slavery.

Hec. O country, hapless country, I bemoan thee deserted. Now thou beholdest a piteous end, and my house, where I saw the light. O children, your mother, bereft of her city, is deserted. What mourning, and what grief, and tears upon tears are shed for our house! But the tearless dead forgets troubles.

Chor. How sweet to those who have fared ill are tears, and the lamentations of mourning, and the Muse, whose province is grief.

Andr. O mother of Hector, the man who once on a time destroyed a mighty number of the Greeks with the spear, dost thou behold these things?

Hec. I see the work of the Gods, how that they exalt tower-like some things that were naught, but destroy others that are in repute.[57]

Andr. I am carried away as booty with my child, and noble birth comes to a state of slavery, subject to so many changes.

Hec. Terrible is necessity. Cassandra has but just gone away, snatched from me by violence.

Andr. Alas! alas! some other second Ajax,[58] as it seems, has appeared for your daughter, and thou art sickening through other ills.

Hec. Ay, [in troubles] of which I have neither measure nor number; for trouble comes into contest with trouble.

Andr. Thy child Polyxena is dead, sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles, an offering to the lifeless dead.

Hec. Alas me wretched! this was that riddle, which, though clear, Talthybius not clearly told me just now.

Andr. I myself beheld her, and, quitting this chariot, I covered her corpse with garments, and struck my breast in sorrow.

Hec. Alas! alas! for the impious sacrifice. Alas! again and again, how evilly am I undone!

Andr. She has perished as she has perished; but never-

[57] Musgrave compares Hec. 295, *κἀκ τῶν δοκούντων.*

[58] i. e. Agamemnon, spoken with a reference to Ajax Oileus. Barnes well compares Virg. Æn. vi. 89, "alius Latio jam partus Achilles."

theless she has perished by a fate more fortunate than me who am living.[59]

Hec. My child, to die is not the same thing as to behold the light, for the one is naught, but in the other there is hope.[60]

Andr. O mother,† who hast brought forth,†[61] hear a most excellent discourse, that I may bring pleasure to thy soul. To be not born I count equal with death; but to die is better than to live grievously; for not perceiving his ills, [the dead] in nothing grieves.[62] But he who, having been prosperous, falls into misfortune, wanders in soul from his former happiness. Now she, just as if she had not beheld the light, is dead, and knows none of her own troubles. But I, having shot the arrow, and having obtained more than a good report, have missed good fortune. For all such acts, as are the proper duty of women, I have practiced thoroughly in the house of Hector. In the first place, indeed, that matter, which, whether reproach fall or fall not upon women, itself brings this [reproach] of a bad reputation, upon her who remains not at home,[63] giving up the desire of this, I tarried in my dwelling, and admitted not the garrulous talk of women within my house, but having my mind at home as a good preceptor, I had all I wished. And to my husband I presented the silence of tongue and a quiet look, and I knew in what things it behooved me to prevail over my husband, and how to yield to him the victory in the things it behooved me. And the report of this conduct reaching the army of the Greeks, has undone me; for when I was captured, the son of Achilles wished to take me for his wife, and I shall be a slave in the house of the murderers [of my husband]. But if, forgetting the beloved person of Hector, I open my heart to my present husband, I shall seem base toward the dead; but if

[59] i. e. it is more fortunate for her that she is dead, than for me that I am living.

[60] Cf. Theocrit. iv. 42, *ἐλπίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες.*

[61] Matthiæ and Dindorf here have recourse to the popular method of getting rid of a difficulty, by omitting these two lines. As few will be likely to take this view, and still fewer to assert that the common reading has any sense, I recommend Burges' emendation, *ὦ μῆτερ ἄτεκνος οὖσα*, as far preferable.

[62] *οὐδὲν* belongs to both verb and participle.

[63] The whole of this passage, although quite in character with the sentiments of Euripides, is most clumsily expressed: so much so, that the German critics are almost unanimous in rejecting its authenticity.

on the other hand I loathe him, I shall be hated by my masters. And yet they say that one night removes the hatred of a woman toward a husband's bed. I hold in contempt the woman, who, having cast away from her a former husband, loves another in new wedlock. For not even a filly, which has been separated from the one mate trained up with her, easily draws the yoke; and yet the race of beasts is without a voice, and has no use of reason, and is deficient by nature. But thee, dear Hector, I had as a husband sufficing for me in intellect, in nobility, and mighty in riches and valor; and receiving me without a stain from my father's house, thou first wert united to me in my virgin bed.[64] And now thou art no more, and I a captive shall be carried away to the yoke of slavery, in a ship to Greece. Is not the death of Polyxena, which you mourn, less than my troubles? For to me there is not even hope, which is left to all [other] mortals, nor am I deceived in mind [by the expectation] that I shall do well. Still even to expect is pleasant.

Chor. Thou art come into the same state of calamity; and lamenting thine own fate, thou teachest me in what a state of troubles I am.

Hec. I myself have never embarked on the hull of the ship; but I am acquainted with it, both seeing it in a picture, and by hearing of it. If a storm be moderate for the sailors to bear, they exhibit an earnestness to be saved from troubles, one going to the helm, another to the sails, another keeping out the water from the ship; but if the sea, greatly disturbed, overcomes them, they, yielding to fortune, are wont to give themselves up to the course of the waves. Thus also I, having many troubles, am speechless, and, succumbing, hold my tongue; for the tempest sent by the Gods overpowers me. But do thou, dear child, dismiss the fortunes of Hector; thy tears can not restore him; and honor thy present lord, presenting to thy husband the sweet endearment of thy manners. And if thou doest this, thou wilt delight thy friends in common, and be able to train up this son of (my) son, a very great help to Troy. So that the children born from thee may at some time dwell again in Troy, and it still become a city. But, (for one speech arises from another,) what servant is this of the

[64] So Virgil, "Cui pater intactam dederat, primisque jugârat Ominibus."

Greeks, whom I again behold thus approaching as a teller of new resolves?

[*Enter* TALTHYBIUS.]

TAL. Thou the wife of Hector, once the bravest of the Phrygians, loathe me not;[65] for not willingly do I bear the common message of the Greeks, and of the sons of Pelops.

ANDR. What is it? How thou dost begin a prelude of woes for me!

TAL. It has been determined that this boy—how shall I speak the word?

ANDR. What, that he shall not have the same master as we?

TAL. Never shall any one of the Greeks be his master.

ANDR. But [has it been determined] to leave him here, a remnant of the Phrygians?

TAL. I know not how to tell thee evils gently.

ANDR. I commend your delicacy, save if you tell good things.

TAL. They will slay thy son — that you may hear a great ill.

ANDR. Alas! how do I hear this, a greater evil than my nuptials!

TAL. And Ulysses, speaking among the assembled Greeks, prevails.

ANDR. Woe! woe again! for we are suffering no moderate ills.—

TAL. Having spoken thus: "Do not train up the son of a most excellent sire."

ANDR. Such victory may he gain on behalf of his own!

TAL. "But it behooved them to cast him down from the towers of Troy." [And so let it be, and you will appear more wise;] nor do thou cling to him, but grieve nobly in thy troubles, nor think that you have any power, having none. For thou hast no resource; and you must reflect both thy city and husband are no more, and thou art overpowered, and we are able to make a stand against a single woman. On this account I wish thee neither to love strife, nor to do any thing

[65] Cf. Senec. Troad. 523, "Duræ minister sortis, hoc primum peto; Ut ore quamvis verba dicantur meo, Non esse credas nostra: Graiorum, omnium, Procerumque vox est." See Brunck. on Soph. Ant. 231 sq.

base or invidious, nor yet to hurl curses against the Greeks. For if thou shalt say any thing at which the army will be angry, this child will neither be buried, nor meet with lamentation. But keeping silence, and bearing thy fortunes well, thou wilt not leave the corpse of this boy unburied, and wilt thyself meet with Greeks more kind.

ANDR. O dearest child, O thou above all things prized, thou wilt perish at the hands of foes, leaving thy wretched mother. Truly the nobleness of thy sire hath undone thee, that which was wont to be the protection of others; but the bravery of thy father came not seasonably for thee. O my ill-fortuned bed and bridals, with which I once on a time entered the house of Hector, not as about to bear a victim for the Greeks, but a king for fertile Asia. O child, dost thou weep? Dost thou perceive thy troubles? Why dost thou seize me with thy hand, and cling to my garments, crouching under my wings like a nestling? Hector will not come, having seized his renowned spear, returning from beneath the earth, bearing safety to thee, nor the kindred of thy sire, nor the strength of the Phrygians. But falling on thy neck without pity by a grievous leap from aloft, thou wilt burst thy windpipe. O youthful burden of my arms, most dear to thy mother, O sweet odor of thy skin, vainly in truth did this breast nourish thee in thy swaddling-clothes, and vainly did I toil and was worn down with cares. Now, never again, embrace thy mother, fall at the feet of her who bore thee, and wind thy arms around my back, and join thy lips to mine. O Greeks, who have devised barbarian ills, why slay ye this child, in nothing guilty? O germ of Tyndarus, thou art no daughter of Jove, but I deem thee to have sprung from many fathers, first from an Evil Genius, then from Envy, Murder, and Death, and as many ills as the earth cherishes. For never will I say that Jove begat thee, a bane to many both barbarians and Greeks. Perdition seize thee! for through thy too bright eyes thou hast basely destroyed the renowned plains of the Phrygians. Drag, bear away, cast headlong, if to cast headlong seems good; banquet on his flesh. For we by the Gods are undone, and can not ward off death from our son. Hide my wretched frame, and cast me into the ship; for to a pleasant wedding do I wend my way, having lost my child.

CHOR. Unhappy Troy, thou hast lost innumerable men for the sake of one woman and one hated match.

TAL. Come, O boy, having dismissed the friendly embrace of your wretched mother, go to the lofty battlements of thine ancestral towers; where the vote has decided for thee to yield thy life. (*To his followers*) Take hold of him. (*Aside*) And yet it behooves a man to herald such commands, who is destitute of pity, and a greater friend to shamelessness than is my mind.

HEC. O child, O son of my hapless son, thy mother and I are unjustly robbed of thy life. What shall I do? How shall I treat thee, ill-fated one? We will give thee these beatings of the head and blows upon the breast, for over these we have a power. Alas, for the city! and alas, for thee! For what troubles have we not? what do we lack of going completely through utter destruction?

CHOR. O Telamon, king of bee-nurturing Salamis, inhabiting the territory of a wave-encircled isle, lying close upon the sacred hills, where Minerva first showed forth the branch of dull-green ivy, a heavenly crown, the adornment of fertile[66] Athens; thou camest to act gloriously in company with the bow-bearing son of Alcmena, to sack Troy, Troy, our city, when before thou camest [from Greece],[67] when he led the first chief flower of Greece, grieved on account of his steeds,[68] and at the broad-flowing Simois stopped his sea-passing bark, and fastened the cables tied to the sterns of the vessels, and out of the ship took his well-guided arrows, a destruction to Laomedon, and having broken down the contrivances of Phœbus' skill[69] by the red blast of fire, sacked the territory of Troy, and twice with two assaults[70] the bloody spear overthrew the walls around Troy. In vain, O son of Laomedon,[71]

[66] I need hardly remind the reader that this epithet λιπαραῖς is emphatically applied to Athens. Burges appositely quotes Arist. Acharn. 639.

[67] But see Burges.

[68] Which Laomedon had promised to Hercules, for the delivery of Hesione. Cf. Ovid Met. xi. fab. 6.

[69] Literally, "of Phœbus' plumb-line." Cf. vs. 5, Φοίβός τε κἀγὼ λαΐνους πύργους πέριξ Ὀρθοῖσιν ἔθεμεν κανόσιν. Pollux, vii. 27, p. 355, ed. Seber. On τυκίσματα, see Seidler's note. Hyginus, Fab. lxxxix., appears to have Euripides in view in his account of the story of Laomedon.

[70] This is Heath's explanation. [71] Ganymede.

thou hast the filling of the cups of Jove, a most glorious service, stepping delicately amid the offerings of golden wine-pourings; but the land which gave thee birth is ravaged by fire, and the sea-shores resound. Like as a bird mourns for her young, some for their husbands, some for their children, and some for their aged mothers.[72] But thy dewy paths and the courses of the games are no more; but thou art nurturing thy youthful face in beauty at the throne of Jove, in a sweet calm; but the Grecian spear has undone the land of Priam. Love, love, thou that once camest to the Dardanian house, an object of care to the Gods of heaven, how gloriously then didst thou exalt Troy, joining alliance with the Gods! I will no longer speak of the disgrace of Jove;[73] but the light of white-pinioned day, beloved by mortals, beheld the land [of Troy] destroyed, beheld the ruin of Pergamus, [although] having[74] a husband descended from this land as her partner,[75] whom the four-horsed golden chariot of the stars snatched off, a great hope to his father-land; but the affections of the Gods for Troy have disappeared.[76]

[*Enter* MENELAUS.]

MEN. O thou fair-shining beam of the sun on this day,[77] in which I shall obtain possession of my wife Helen; for I am that Menelaus who have toiled much, as did the Achæan host.[78] But I came to Troy, not, as they think I did, on account of my wife, but against the man, who, having deceived his host, stole away my wife from my house. He, then, has paid the penalty to the Gods, himself and his land falling by the Grecian spear. But I am come to lead away the Lacedæmonian woman, (for I can not with pleasure call her by the name of wife, who once was mine,) for in this enslaved dwelling she is numbered with the other Trojan women. For they who ob-

[72] We must supply *γυναῖκες*, i. e. "the women on the sea-shore."

[73] i. e. Ganymede. But I should prefer *οὐκ ἐς ὄνειδος* with MS. Flor. and Valckenaer; i. e. "I will not lay Jove's love to his disgrace."

[74] *ἔχουσα* agrees with *ἡμέρα* implied in *τὸ τᾶς ἁμ. φέγγος*.

[75] i. e. Tithonus. *τεκνοποιὸς* is used passively = "oriundus."

[76] i. e. avail not. These loves were, I. Jove's passion for Ganymede, II. Aurora's for Tithonus, III. Venus' for Anchises: which last our poet omits. Cf. Ovid Heroid. xv. 195 sqq.

[77] *τόδε* limits the exclamation to this sense.

[78] See Matthiæ's note.

tained her by the toil of the spear, have given her to me to slay, or, if not slaying her, I wish to lead her back again to the Grecian land. But it is my determination to let alone the fate of Helen, while in Troy, but to lead her in a sailing bark to the land of Greece, and then to give her there to be slain, as a penalty for as many as have died, her friends at Troy. But come, ye servants, enter the house, bring her out, dragging her by her hair with blood defiled; but when favorable breezes come, we will send her to Greece.

HEC. O chariot of earth, and thou who hast thy seat over earth, whoever thou art, hard to be known even by conjecture, Jove, whether [thou art] the necessity of nature, or the mind of mortals, I pray to thee; for, proceeding by a noiseless track, thou guidest all mortal affairs according to justice.

MEN. What is it, that you have made a new prayer to the Gods?

HEC. I commend you, Menelaus, should you slay your wife. But, beholding this woman, (*pointing to Helen,*) fly, lest she make thee a captive by a desire for her. For her eyes destroy men, devastate cities, and fire houses. Such bewitching wiles hath she. I know her, and thou, and they who have suffered.

HELEN. Menelaus, this prelude indeed is fit matter for fear; for by the hands of thy servants am I hurried out by force before these dwellings. But I know full well that I am loathed by thee; yet still I would fain ask what resolves there are to the Greeks and thyself concerning my life.

MEN. You have not arrived at a settled judgment, but the whole army, whom you injured, have given you to me to slay.

HEL. Is it permitted me then to answer by a speech, to this point, that if I die, I shall not die justly?

MEN. I have not come for words, but to kill thee.

HEC. Listen to her, lest she die lacking a hearing, O Menelaus, and leave a speech on the contrary side against her to me; for thou knowest naught of her misdeeds at Troy. And my whole reasons, when put together, will cause her death, so that she shall in no wise escape.

MEN. This grant requires delay; but if she wishes to speak, she may. But it is on account of thy request, (that she may know it,) that I give her this permission; but I will not grant it for her own sake.

Hel. Thou perchance, deeming me an enemy, wilt not answer me, whether I seem to speak well or ill. But I will answer the points,[79] where I think thou wouldst accuse me, if you came to the question with me, opposing my charges and thine. First, this woman, in bringing forth Paris, brought forth the beginning of evils; secondly, the old man destroyed both Troy and myself, in not slaying the infant Paris at the time, that bitter mimicry of a fire-brand. Henceforth hear how the rest of matters stand. This youth judged the triple yoke of the three Goddesses. And Pallas' gift to Paris was that, leading an army of Phrygians, he should overturn Greece; but Juno promised that he should possess Asia and the bounds of Europe as a kingdom, if Paris should give a verdict for her; but Venus, celebrating greatly my person, promised to bestow me as a gift, if she should surpass the Goddesses in beauty. Now consider the progress of the story, how it stands. Venus conquers the Goddesses. And thus far my nuptials benefited Greece. Ye were not overcome by the barbarians, either in standing against their spears, or by their tyranny. But in those things in which Greece was fortunate, I was undone, being sold for [the prize of adjudged] beauty,[80] and I am reproached with those things, on account of which I ought rather to wear a crown upon my head. You will say that I have not yet come to the matter in hand, how I privily departed from thy house. The Evil Genius of this woman came, (whether you will call him Alexander or Paris,) having with him no weak a Goddess; whom thou, O most base one, leaving in your house, didst set sail in a ship for the land of Crete. Well! I will not ask thee, but myself, with what intent did I follow a stranger from my home, betraying my country and house? Chastise the Goddess, and be thou more potent than Jove; who over the other Gods indeed has power, but is her slave; and there is an excuse for me. But after this thou mayest find a specious charge against me; [that] when Alexander, dying, went beneath the recesses of the earth, it behooved me, since my nuptials were no longer the work of the Gods, to quit the house, and to come to the ships of the

[79] Heath rightly remarks, that *ἀντιθεῖσα* must be distinguished by a comma, so as to govern *αἰτιάματα*.

[80] i. e. sold to Paris by Venus, as a reward for his decision in her favor.

Greeks. I attempted this very thing; and the guardian of the gates and the watchmen on the walls are my witnesses; who often found me trying by stealth to let down this body with ropes from the battlements. But this new husband, Deiphobus, having seized me by force, against the will of the Phrygians, possessed me as a wife. How then, after this, should I die with justice, and rightly[81] at thy hand, my husband, I whom one man weds by force, but with regard to the things from home,[82] in place of victory, was bitterly a slave? But if thou wouldst fain overcome the Gods, thy wish in this respect is foolish.

Chor. O queen, avenge thy children and country, refuting the persuasion of this woman, since she, being an evil-doer, speaks well. This then is dreadful.

Hec. I will first be an ally to the Goddesses, and will prove that this woman speaks things not just. For I do not think that Juno and Virgin Pallas would arrive at such a pitch of silliness, as for the one to sell Argos to the barbarians, or Pallas ever to make Athens a slave to the Phrygians; they who came to Ida with games and wantonness respecting beauty. For why should the Goddess Juno have had such a passion after beauty? Was it that she might obtain a better husband than Jove? or was Minerva hunting after the alliance of some one of the Gods, she who, avoiding nuptials, obtained the boon of virginity from her sire? Do not make the Goddesses [appear] silly, adorning thine own fault. You will not persuade the wise. But thou saidst (for this is very ridiculous!) that Venus came with my son to the house of Menelaus. Could she not, remaining quiet in heaven, have led thee, Amyclæ,[83] and all, to Troy? My son was most surpassing in beauty, but thy mind, on seeing him, became a Venus.[84] For every folly among mortals is their Aphrodite; and well does the name of the Goddess begin with folly.[85] Whom, forsooth, beholding radiant in barbarian vesture and gold, thou wast maddened in soul. For thou didst dwell at

[81] "Quomodo juste occidar, et quidam a te." Matthiæ.

[82] i. e. her beauty, her *εὐμορφία*, says Matthiæ, but I am hardly satisfied.

[83] The birth-place of Castor and Pollux.

[84] i. e. played the part with which you charge the Goddess.

[85] A play upon Ἀφροδίτη and ἀφροσύνη.

Argos, having but little state; but, quitting Sparta, thou didst hope that the city of the Phrygians, flowing with gold, would overwhelm thee in extravagance. Nor were the dwellings of Menelaus sufficient for thee to wanton in thy luxury. Well! for thou sayest that my son carried thee away forcibly. Who of the Spartans perceived it? Or what cry didst thou utter, while Castor, thy brother, was a youth yet living, and not yet among the stars. And when thou camest to Troy, and the Argives after thy footsteps, and there was a contest with the spear, you used to commend Menelaus, if his affairs were announced to thee as prospering, in order that my son might be annoyed, having a mighty competitor for thy love. But if the Trojans were successful, he was nothing. And looking to fortune, you studied to follow after it, but did not wish [to follow] virtue. And then you say that you tried to steal thy body away, letting it down from the towers, as if remaining against your will? Where, I pray, was you caught either hanging from ropes, or sharpening the sword? which a generous woman would have done, had she longed after her former husband? And yet I admonished thee much and often: "O daughter, go away; and my sons shall form other marriages; and I, having aided thy stealthy escape, will send thee to the Grecian ships; and do thou cause the Greeks and ourselves to cease from strife. But this was bitter to thee; for thou wast wantoning in the house of Alexander, and wished to be reverenced by the barbarians. For great thoughts were thine; and, moreover, you came forth having carefully arranged thy body, and didst behold the same sky as thy husband, O thou despicable one! whom it behooved to come humble in tattered rags, trembling with dread, and with thy head shaven, Scythian-like,[86] having more of modesty than shamelessness, after thy former sins. Menelaus, (that thou mayest know, where I will end my words,) do thou place a crown on Greece, slaying this woman, as becomes thee, and establish this law for other women, that she shall die who betrays her husband.

Chor. Menelaus, punish thy wife in a manner befitting thy ancestors and house, and remove from Greece the reproach of effeminacy, showing thyself noble against thy enemies.

Men. Thou hast fallen into the same opinion with myself, that this woman went willingly from my house to a strange

[86] See Barnes' note.

bed, and that Venus is introduced in her tale by way of gloss. Go to the stoners, and in brief time recompense the long labors of the Greeks, dying, that thou mayest learn not to disgrace me.

HEL. Do not, I implore you by your knees, charging me with the disorder sent by the Gods, slay me, but forgive.

HEC. Nor do thou betray those allies of thine, whom she has destroyed. I beseech thee on their behalf and their children's.

MEN. Cease, aged woman; but for this one I care not. But I bid my servants bear her away to the prows of the ships, where she shall take her voyage.

HEC. Let her not embark in the same ship with thee.

MEN. And why? Carries she a heavier weight than before?

HEC. He is no lover, who does not love forever.

MEN. That the mind of loved ones may turn out (as it will); but it shall be as you wish; for she shall not embark in the ship in which I do; for you do not say ill. But arriving at Argos, she, a bad woman, shall perish badly, as she deserves, and shall establish [a law] for women to be chaste. This indeed is not easy: but nevertheless her death will bring fear on their folly, even though they be still worse.

CHOR. Thus then hast thou, O Jove, betrayed to the Greeks thy shrine and altar of frankincense in Troy, and the flame of cakes, and the smoke of myrrh reaching to heaven, and holy Pergamus, and the Idæan, Idæan groves ivy-bearing, (and) watered by the river-like snow, and the boundary first lit by the sun, the shining, divine [mountain's] height.[87] Vanished are thy sacrifices, and the well-omened sounds of dances, and vigils for the Gods during the livelong night, and the forms of golden images, and the divine full moons twelve in number. There is a care to me, a care to me, O king, whether thou regardest these things, dwelling in thy celestial abode of Æther, while my city is perishing, which a burning attack of flame has caused to be dissolved. O dear, O husband mine, thou indeed in death art roaming, unburied, with no lustral stream:[88]

[87] i. e. the summit of Ida, called *τέρμων*, because the sun's light is first visible upon it, being observed at night. Musgrave refers to Mela ii. 18. Diod. Sic. xvii. 7. Lucret. v. 662.

[88] Burges quotes most appositely Hesychius: *Ἀνύδρονος* [he reads *ἀνυδρος ὤν*] *ἄταφος, οὐ λελουμένος, οὐδὲ των νομιζομένων τυχών.*

but me shall a marine ship, flitting along with its wings, bear over the sea to the horse-feeding Argos, and to where they inhabit the heaven-towering stone fortresses of the Cyclops. But a multitude of children at the gates groan long[89] with tears, they cry, they cry:—Alas! mother! the Greeks will carry me alone away from thy sight to a dark ship with sea-stirring oars, or to holy Salamis, or to the summit of Isthmus that overlooks two seas, where the land of Pelops has its gates. Would that, while the bark of Menelaus is passing through the midst of the sea, the double holy fire of the thunder-bolt in the Ægean Sea[90] might fall upon the middle of the ship,[91] because it bears me much-sorrowing from my own land of Troy, a slave for Greece. But the daughter of Jove possesses golden mirrors, the delight of virgins.[92] But never may she come to the city of Sparta and to the marriage chamber at the paternal hearth, nor to the city of Pitané, and to the Goddess with the brazen gates,[93] bringing upon mighty Greece the disgrace of her inauspicious nuptials, and in turn sad sufferings to Simois' streams. Alas! alas! new fortunes upon new in turn befall this land. See, ye wretched wives of the Trojans, the corpse of Astyanax [brought] hither, whom the Greeks have slain by a cruel hurling from the towers.

Tal. O Hecuba, one ship[94] which is left is about to convey the remaining spoils of the son of Achilles to the shores of Phthia. But Neoptolemus himself has gone, having heard some new misfortune of Peleus, how that Acastus, the son of Pelias,[95] has expelled him from his country. On which account he has departed more hastily, than if he had grace of delay, and with him Andromache, the cause to me of many

[89] From the affinity of *κατάορος* to *ἀπήορος*, and other similar words, (see Matthiæ, and Valck. on Theocrit. Adoniaz. p. 243,) I think we shall do little violence in considering that an idea of *extension* or *length* is implied, and hence we may take *στένει κατάορα* to mean "groan continually." Matthiæ's explanation, "lacrymis quasi *oppleti*," seems to please him but indifferently.

[90] I prefer *πλάτας* with Dindorf.

[91] Matthiæ takes *Αιγαίου* with *κερ. πῦρ*, not with *μέσον πέλαγος*.

[92] These words are strangely placed. See Dindorf.

[93] The temple of Minerva Chalchioikè at Sparta. Cf. Hel. 228.

[94] Literally, "the rowing of one ship."

[95] See Barnes' note, and a long, but important disquisition of the Scholiast.

tears, when she set out from this land, bemoaning her country, and calling upon the tomb of Hector. And she obtained leave from him to have this corse buried,[96] who, the son of thy son Hector, falling from the walls, breathed out his life; and for this brazen-backed shield, the terror of the Greeks, which this boy's father used to throw round his side, [she craved] that he would not cause it to pass to the house of Peleus, nor to the same[97] chamber, where Andromache, the mother of this boy, will be wedded, a grief to behold; but to bury the boy in it, instead of coffins of stone and cedar, and [for me] to give the corpse into thy hands, that thou mayest lay it out adorned with garments and with garlands, as far as you have power in your present circumstances; since she herself is gone, and the hurry of her lord prevented her from entombing her son. We therefore, as soon as you have adorned the corse, having cast the earth upon him, will set up a spear.[98] But do you, as quickly as possible, perform what is enjoined. From one toil, indeed, I have freed you. For passing over these streams of Scamander, I washed the corpse and cleansed the wounds. But I will go and dig an excavated grave for him, that our tasks both on my side and thine, being speedily combined, may hasten our ship's sail homeward.

Hec. Place the round-turned shield of Hector on the ground, a grievous spectacle, and not pleasant for me to behold. O ye Greeks, who have greater renown for war than wisdom, why did ye, fearing this boy, work a fresh slaughter? Was it lest he should ever restore fallen Troy? Naught were ye then, when, while Hector was prospering in the field, and we had innumerable other forces, we were undone! But when the city has been taken and the Phrygians are undone, ye fear an infant like this? I praise not the fear of him who fears without going through any reasons. O dearest one, how ill-fortuned has death come to thee! For if thou hadst died on behalf of the city, having attained to youth, and met with nuptials, and God-like kingly power, thou hadst been blest, if aught of these things is blest. Now, on the contrary, having seen and known this in thy soul, O child, thou didst

[96] I follow Elmsley.

[97] But surely *αὐτοῦ*, "his chamber," is better, referring to Neoptolemus.

[98] This custom is learnedly illustrated by Seidler.

not know it,[99] and having [possessions] at home, thou hast used nothing. O wretched one, how miserably have thy ancestral walls, the fortifications of Loxias, shorn thine hair,[100] whose rich locks thy mother nurtured well, and gave to it kisses, from whence, amid the broken bones, murder grins out, not to speak what is shocking.[101] O hands, how do ye bear the pleasant likeness of your father; but for me ye lie relaxed in your joints. O beloved mouth, that used to utter many a boast, thou hast perished; thou hast deceived me, since, clinging fast to my garments, thou wouldst say, "O mother, truly will I cut off many locks of my hair for thee, and to thy tomb[102] will lead bands of my compeers, presenting a friendly address [to thy manes]. But thou dost not [bury] me, but I, an aged woman, without a city, without children, bury thee the younger, a wretched corse. Alas! those many embracings, and my cares in nursing, and those † sleeps[103] † have vanished. And what inscription would a poet write for thee on thy tomb? "This boy, who lies here,[104] the Greeks once on a time slew through fear?" A disgraceful inscription, indeed, for Greece! But, O thou, who hast not obtained thy ancestral possessions, nevertheless shalt thou have [thy father's] brass-backed shield, in which thou shalt be buried. O thou that hast oft preserved the fair-formed arm of Hector, thou hast lost thy best guardian. How sweet is the impression [of his hand] which lies upon the clasp,[105] and the sweat upon the well-turned circumference of the shield, which Hector hath often, amid his toils, dropped from his forehead, placing thee against his cheek. Come, bring the adornments for the wretched corse, according to our present means; for the deity gives no fortune for splendor; but from such as I have, shalt thou receive these. But foolish is the mortal, who, seeming to fare well, securely rejoices; for in

[99] Seidler rightly supplies *οὐκ οἰσθὰ ἰδὼν καὶ γνούς*.

[100] Matthiæ observes, *κρατὸς* is referred to *βόστρυχον* in vs. 1175, the signification of which is already contained in *ἔκειρεν*.

[101] Meaning the scattered brain. See the commentators.

[102] Burg. *Πόνοι τ' ἄϋπνοι*. Herm. *Ὕπνοι τ' ἄϋπνοι*.

[103] I can not see any sense in *ὕπνοι*, and Musgrave's *ὕμνοι* is little better. I think *πόνοι* is the correct reading, as *τροφαὶ πόνοι τ' ἐκεῖνοι* = "that labor I underwent in bringing thee up," seems at once a clear and natural expression.

[104] Such seems to be the force of *τόνδε*.

[105] I read *σῷ* for *σὸς*, with Dobree.

their changes misfortunes, like an insane man, leap here and there, and the same man is never fortunate.

Chor. And truly these women are bearing in their hands the decoration of Phrygian spoils to fit the dead.

Hec. O child, thee not conquering thy compeers on horseback or in archery, which customs the Phrygians cultivate, not hunting[106] after these pursuits to excess—to thee the mother of thy sire offers gifts of what was once thine, but now the heaven-detested Helen hath bereft thee, and moreover hath taken away thy life, and thoroughly destroyed thine whole house.

Chor. Alas! alas! thou hast touched, thou hast touched my very soul, O thou who wast once a mighty ruler of the city.

Hec. But those in which thou oughtest to have clad thy person, wedding the best damsel of the Asiatics, these Phrygian robes I fit to thy skin. And thou, that once wast the victorious mother of ten thousand trophies, thou beloved shield of Hector, receive this crown, for thou shalt die, not being dead, with this corse, since it is meet to honor thee much more than the arms of the crafty and vile Ulysses.

Chor. Alas! alas! the earth will receive thee, a sad object of wailing, O child; groan, O mother.

Hec. Alas!

Chor. The lamentation for the dead.

Hec. Alas for me!

Chor. Alas! indeed, for thy ill-fated woes.

Hec. Thy wounds, indeed, I will unhappy heal with bandages, possessing the name of a physician, but not the deeds. But for the matters among the dead thy father will take care.

Chor. Smite, smite the head with thy hand, giving frequent beatings of the hand. Alas, for me!

Hec. O dearest women.

Chor. [Hecuba], * * * * say[107] what cry thou utterest.

Hec. There was naught [determined] by the Gods, save toils for me; and Troy is hated far above all cities, and vainly did we sacrifice steers. But unless a God had overturned us, casting us from above beneath the earth, being in ob-

[106] Hermann renders, "non nimium his studiis se dantes." Seidler thinks there is a slight allusion to the immoderate passion for hunting among the Athenians.

[107] On the lacuna see Dindorf. σας is probably the termination of μούσας.

security, we should not be hymned in song, furnishing a subject of poems for mortals hereafter. Go, bury the dead in his sad tomb, for he has such adornments of the dead as are suitable. But I think that it makes little difference to the dead, if any one obtains sumptuous funeral attire. For this is a vain boast even among the living.

CHOR. Alas! alas! wretched mother, who hast come to an end of the great hopes of life in thee. And being deemed very happy, in that thou wast sprung from noble ancestors, thou hast perished by a fearful death.

HEC. Woe! woe! Whom do I see on these Trojan heights shaking their hands fiery with brands? Is some new ill about to befall Troy.

TAL. I proclaim to you leaders of the bands, who are appointed to burn this citadel of Priam, no longer to keep the flame idle in your hands, but to hurl the fire, that, having razed the city of Ilium, we may gladly set sail home from Troy. But (that the same speech may have two forms[108]) go, ye offspring of the Trojans, when the chieftains of the army give the clear sound of the trumpet, to the ships of the Greeks, that ye may set sail from the land. And do thou, O aged, most unfortunate lady, follow me. These are come after thee from Ulysses, to whom the lot sends you a slave from this land.

HEC. Alas me wretched! This then is the last, the boundary at last of all my woes. I shall go from my country; my city is burned up with fire. But do thou, O aged foot, follow, although with difficulty, that I may salute my hapless city. O Troy, thou, that once didst breathe a mighty spirit among barbarians, wilt soon be deprived of thy renowned name. They are burning thee, and leading us slaves from out the land. Alas! ye Gods. And wherefore do I invoke the Gods? For before they heard not when invoked. Come, let us rush to the pyre, since it is most honorable for me to die in company with this my burning country.

TAL. Thou art raving, O wretched one, through thy woes. But lead her; spare not. For it is meet to give her into the hand of Ulysses, and send her as his reward.

HEC. O woe! woe! woe! O sire, Saturnian offspring, ruler of Phrygia, dost behold how we are suffering things unworthy the descendants of Dardanus?

[108] i. e. because he orders the Trojan women to depart, immediately they hear the trumpet sound, but Hecuba, immediately. See Matthiæ.

Chor. He beholds. But the mighty city Troy, now no city, is perished, is no more.

Hec. O woe! woe! woe! Troy shines, and the heights of Pergamus, and the city, and the summits of the walls are lit with the flame.

Chor. And like as smoke with heaven-ascending[109] wing, this land, having fallen by the spear, wastes away. The houses are burned up, ravaged by the fire, and by the hostile spear.

Hec. Alas! O earth that hast nurtured my children.

Chor. Woe! woe!

Hec. O children, listen, hear the words of your mother.

Chor. With a dirge thou callest on the dead.

Hec. And placing my aged members on the ground, and smiting the earth with two hands.

Chor. In response to thee I place my knee on the ground, calling upon our wretched husbands beneath the earth.

Hec. We are led, we are hurried away.

Chor. A grief, a grief thou utterest.

Hec. To a house of slavery, and this too from my country. Alas! O Priam, Priam, you indeed perishing art unburied, of friends destitute, ignorant of my woe.

Chor. For black death hath closed the eyes of the pious [slain] by impious slaughter.

Hec. Alas! temples of the Gods, and beloved city.

Chor. Woe! woe!

Hec. You have the bloody flame and the point of the spear.

Chor. Quickly will you fall without a name to the beloved ground.

Hec. And the dust, ascending into the air, with wing like that of smoke, will make me ignorant of my house.

Chor. And the name of the land will pass away unknown; and each thing in different ways will vanish; and wretched Troy is no more.

Hec. Have ye learned, have ye heard?

Chor. What, the sound of [falling] Troy?

Hec. A shock, a shock, will overwhelm the whole city. Alas! trembling, trembling limbs, bear ye my footsteps. Wend thy way to the slavish day of thy life.

Chor. Alas! wretched city; but nevertheless advance thy foot toward the ships of the Greeks.

[109] I read *οὐρανίᾳ*, with Reiske and Dindorf.

ION.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MERCURY.
ION.
CHORUS OF THE HAND-
MAIDS OF CREUSA.
CREUSA.
XUTHUS.
OLD MAN OR PÆDAGOGUE.
SERVANT OF CREUSA.
PYTHIA.
MINERVA.

THE ARGUMENT.

CREUSA, being violated by Apollo, exposed her infant in a cave, from whence he was conveyed to the temple at Delphi by Mercury. His mother being subsequently united to Xuthus, was childless, but, upon consulting the oracle, Xuthus was directed to salute as his own son the first person he met on coming out of the temple. Hence his name of Ion. In jealousy at the supposed illegitimate offspring of her husband, Creusa attempted to poison Ion, but a discovery took place, leading to the recognition of mother and son. By the advice of the oracle, Xuthus was still kept in ignorance as to the real father of Ion, and rejoiced in thus obtaining a son.

ION.

MERCURY.

ATLAS, who wears[1] on his brazen shoulders heaven, the ancient dwelling of the Gods, from one of the Goddesses[2] begat Maia, who brought me forth, Mercury, the messenger to Jove, greatest of the deities. But I am come to this land of Delphi, where Phœbus, sitting on the central navel stone[3] of the earth, gives oracles[4] to mortals, ever divining both things that are and things that shall be. For there is a city of the Greeks not obscure, named after Pallas of the golden spear, where Phœbus by force joined in wedlock Creusa, the daughter of Erectheus, where the northern rocks beneath the hill of Pallas, in the land of the Athenians,[5] the chieftains of the Attic territory call Macræan. But unknown to her father, (for so it pleased the God,) she bore the burden of her womb, and, when her time came, having brought forth a boy in the house, Creusa carried the infant to the same cave where she had been united to the God, and exposes it as if about to die

[1] By ἐκτρίβων Euripides does not appear to mean any thing more than ἔχων, which is used by Hesiod Theog. 517. Homer. Od. A. 53. Apollodor. i. 2, § 3. But perhaps there is some reference to the rotatory motion of the heavens, as in Virg. Æn. iv. 481, "ubi maximus Atlas Axem humero *torquet* stellis ardentibus aptum." Cf. Hill on Dionys. Perieg. 67.

[2] i. e. from Pleione: others say, from Æthra. See Muncker on Hygin. Fab. cxcii. and Poet. Astron. ii. 21.

[3] See my note on Æsch. Eum. p. 180, ed. Bohn.

[4] Eustathius on Dion. Perieg. 1181, p. 206, ed. Hill, observes, τὸ ὑμνῳδεῖν ἀντὶ τοῦ θεσπίζειν τίθησι. Compare the compound θεσπιῳδῆσαι in Pollux i. 18.

[5] See Matthiæ's note. The easiest way of rendering the passage is, "where are the northern rocks, which they call," &c.

in the well-rounded circle of a hollow cradle, observing the custom of her ancestors and of earth-born Erectheus. For the daughter of Jove having yoked for him two dragons as a guard of his person, gives this custom to the Agraulian[6] virgins to observe. Whence there is a certain custom there[7] among the Erecthidæ, to train up their children [encircled] with gold-wrought serpents. But such ornaments as the maid possessed, she fitted to the child, and left, as though about to perish. And Phœbus, being my brother, asks this favor: O brother, going to the earth-born people of the renowned Athenians, (for thou knowest the city of the Goddess,) taking the new-born infant from the hollow rock, bear it for me, thy brother, to my oracle, cradle, swaddle-clothes, and all that it possesses; and place it at the very entrance of my temple. But the rest shall be my care, for the infant is mine (that you may know this). But I, doing the favor for Loxias, having lifted up the woven cradle, carried it, and I place the boy upon the steps of this temple, having opened the woven basket of the cradle, that the child might be perceived. But with the circle of the sun riding forth[8] the priestess of the Goddess happens to be entering the prophetic shrine; and casting her eye upon the infant boy, she marveled if any girl of the Delphians had dared to cast the fruit of her concealed throes at the house of the God. And she was fain to cast it beyond the threshold, but through pity she set aside her cruel determination, and the God[9] was ally to the boy, that he should not be cast out of his abode. And taking him, she trains him up, but she knows not Phœbus who begat him, nor the mother from whom he sprung; and the boy knows not his parents. He, therefore, a youth, would wander sporting about the altars which fed him; but when his figure grew to manhood, the Delphians made him guardian of the treasures of the God, and trustworthy controller of all, and in the shrines of the God he has ever, up till now, passed a hallowed life.[10]

[6] The custom of adorning the necks of children with serpent-necklaces is meant. Agraulos was the wife of Cecrops.

[7] Read ἔτι for ἐκεῖ, with Barnes.

[8] i. e. at sunrise.

[9] It is strange that no one should have anticipated the obvious emendation χὠ θεός. See the appendix to my notes on Apul. de Deo Soer., where I first printed this correction.

[10] Exquisitely expressed by Talfourd, Ion, i. 1:

But Creusa, who brought forth the boy, is united to Xuthus, in consequence of this kind of accident. There befell the Athenians and the Chalcidians, who dwell in the Eubœan land, a storm of war, through which having toiled and terminated by the spear, he received the honor of Creusa's nuptials, not being of the land, but an Achæan sprung from Æolus, the son of Jove. But having long cohabited, he and Creusa are childless; on which account they are come to this oracle of Apollo, through desire of children. But Loxias guided the misfortune to this pass, and has not forgotten [his son], as it seems. For he will give his own son to Xuthus on entering this temple, and will say that he is sprung from him, in order that, coming to his mother's house, he may be made known to Creusa, and the nuptials of Loxias may be concealed, and the boy obtain what is right. And he will appoint that his name be called Ion throughout Greece, the founder of the Asiatic territory. But I will enter into these laurel-decked recesses, that I may learn what is determined concerning the boy. For I perceive the son of Loxias coming out hither, that with boughs of laurel he may cleanse the porticoes before the temple; and I, first of the Gods, will call him by the name which he is about to obtain, Ion.

[MERCURY *retires, and* ION *enters from the temple.*]

ION. The sun now lights up o'er the earth these shining chariots of his four steeds, and the stars flee from this light of the ether into sacred night, and the untrodden heights of Parnassus illumined receive the revolving-wheel of day.[11] And the smoke of dry myrrh wings its way to the roofs of Phœbus. And the Delphic woman is sitting on the divine tripod, proclaiming to the Greeks the chant which Apollo pronounces. But, O ye Delphian ministers of Phœbus, go to the silver-like eddies of Castalia, and having laved yourselves in the

———"so his life hath flow'd
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them."

[11] i. e. the light of day is first seen on the heights of Parnassus. I read *ἡμερία*, with Canter. Herm., Dind.

pure dews, approach the temple. But 'tis good to preserve well-omened words, and to utter from your own tongues good words for [the hearings of] those who wish to consult the oracle.[12] But we, in the labors through which we have ever toiled from childhood, will with branches of laurel and with sacred garlands cleanse the entrances of Phœbus, and will water the ground with moist drops, and with my bow will I put to flight the flocks of birds which harm the holy offerings; for, as being born motherless and fatherless, I will serve the temples of Apollo which trained me up. Come, O fresh-sprung implement of fairest laurel, that sweepest the pavements of Phœbus beneath his shrine, [sprung] from immortal gardens, where the holy dews, sending forth an eternal stream, bedew the sacred foliage of the myrtle, with which I sweep the ground of the God, fulfilling my daily task throughout the day with the swift wing of the sun.[13] O Pæan, O Pæan, mayest thou be blest, be blest, O son of Latona. In a worthy toil, indeed, O Phœbus, I serve thee before thine house, honoring thy seat of oracles. But renowned is the labor for me to have my hands ministering to the Gods, not to mortals, but immortals, and I do not tire of laboring through toils of fair fame. Phœbus is my sire, my father, for I bless him that feeds me. But I call Phœbus in the temple by the name of father, useful to me. O Pæan, O Pæan, mayest thou be blest, be blest, O son of Latona. But I will cease my work with the dragging of laurel; but from golden vessels I will pour forth the stream of the earth, which the eddies of Castalia distill, sprinkling the dewy water, keeping pure from nuptials. Would that I might never cease thus serving Phœbus, or that I might cease with good fortune. Ha! ha! the winged troop are now approaching, and leave their nests on Parnassus. I bid ye not approach the battlements, nor the gold-decked houses. I will hit thee with my arrows, thou herald of Jove, overcoming the strength of birds with thy talons. Hither toward the courts another, a swan, is oaring

[12] *φρουρεῖν* for *φρουρεῖτ'* is the satisfactory emendation of L. Dindorf. The reader will do well to consult his note. The sense he expresses thus: "linguis favere vos decet, ne a vestris ipsorum linguis infausta omina capiant qui consulturi oraculum sunt."

[13] i. e. from the sun's first rising. So in vs. 41, *ἅμ' ἱππεύοντος ἡλίου κύκλῳ*.

his way. Wilt thou not bestir thy ruddy leg another way? In no way shall the lyre of Phœbus, that accompanies the song, deliver thee from my bow. Turn aside your wings: go to the Delian lake. If you will not obey, thou wilt make bloody thy sweet-sounding songs.[14] Ah! ah! what new bird is this that approaches? Is she about to place a nest of dry sticks for her young beneath the eaves? The twanging of my bow shall prevent thee. Will you not obey? Go and in the eddies of Alpheus raise a family, or to the Isthmian wood, that the offerings may not be injured, nor the temple of Phœbus. Yet I have respect from killing you, who announce the oracles of the Gods to mortals; but I will serve Phœbus with the labors to which I am subjected, and will not cease attending upon those who feed me.

Semichorus. Not in divine Athens only are there courts of the Gods decked with columns, nor the worship of Aguieus,[15] but also with Loxias, Latona's son, there is the fair-eyed light of twain countenances.[16] See! behold how the son of Jove is slaying this[17] Lernæan hydra with a golden scythe. Regard it with your eyes, my friend.

Sem. I perceive it, and near it another is raising a blazing brand. Who is it? Is it the warrior Iolaus whose story is told in my weaving, who, undertaking a common toil, exhausts it in company with the son of Jove?

Sem. And now behold this hero mounted on a winged charger, how he slays the fire-breathing might of three bodies.

Sem. On every side indeed I am turning my eyes.

Sem. Regard the conflict of the giants on the stone walls.

Sem. We are looking this way, O friends * * * *

Sem. Dost thou then perceive her who brandishes her Gorgon shield against Enceladus?

Sem. I perceive Pallas, my Goddess.

Sem. What? Do you also [perceive] the lightning glittering on both sides, in the far-darting hands of Jove?

[14] The sense is neatly expressed by Woodhull: "obey, Or streaming blood shall intercept thy song."

[15] On this surname of Apollo, see the note of Barnes.

[16] i. e. the images of Apollo and Diana, painted on the walls. Heath.

[17] τάνδε is used δεικτικῶς, as one stranger points out the paintings to another. See Burges on Æsch. Eum. 1. In the description of these paintings, there is an evident reference to the *peplus* of Minerva. See Dindorf's notes on vss. 190 and 207.

SEM. I see. He is reducing the hostile Mimas to ashes with the flame. And Bacchus Bromius slays another[18] of the children of earth with his ivy-bound staff.

CHOR. Thee, thee I call, that art by the temple, is it lawful to enter the recesses with my white foot[19] * * * *

ION. It is not lawful, O strangers.

CHOR. Nor can I hear a word from thee?

ION. What then do you wish?

CHOR. Does the abode of Phœbus really occupy the centre navel-stone of the earth?

ION. Ay, decked with garlands, and around are the Gorgons.

CHOR. So report also proclaims.

ION. If indeed ye have sacrificed a cake before the temple, and wish to learn any thing from Phœbus, go to the pavement [around the altar], but enter not the recess of the dwelling unless sheep have been slaughtered.

CHOR. I have learned, and we will not transgress the custom of the God; but the things without shall delight the eye.

ION. Regard all things with your eyes, that it is lawful.

CHOR. My masters have sent me to behold this retirement of the God.

ION. And of what house are ye called servants?

CHOR. The dwellings of Pallas are the houses that nurtured my masters. But thou askest concerning this [my mistress] present.[20]

ION. Nobility is thine,[21] and thy evidence of thy manners presents this appearance, O lady, whosoever thou art. But, by regarding appearance, one is for the most part wont to learn respecting a man, whether he is noble by nature. Ah! but thou makest me surprised, closing thine eyes, and bedewing thy noble cheeks with tears, as soon as thou sawest the holy shrines of Loxias. Wherefore, O lady, hast thou fallen into this state of care? Where all others rejoice, beholding the recesses of the God, here thine eye sheds tears.

CREUSA. O stranger, this conduct of thine is not unreasonable, that thou shouldst marvel at my tears. But I, beholding this temple of Apollo, retraced anew some old remembrance. And I had my feelings at home, though myself being here. O

[18] i. e. Alcyoneus. See Herm. [19] See Dindorf.
[20] i. e. Creusa. [21] Read γενναῖος εἴ τις, with Dobree.

hapless women! O daring deeds of the Gods! What then? Whither shall we refer our claims for justice, if we are undone by the unjust deeds of our rulers?

Ion. But wherefore art thou secretly sad at heart, O lady?

Creu. I have let go my arrow for nothing,[22] but, for what follows, I will be silent, nor do thou take any thought.

Ion. But who art thou? From what land hast thou come? From what country art thou sprung? What name is it fitting we call thee?

Creu. Creusa indeed is my name, and I am sprung from Erectheus; and the city of the Athenians is my country.

Ion. O thou that inhabitest a renowned city, and art trained up from noble sires, how I revere you, lady!

Creu. Thus far we have been fortunate, O stranger, no farther.

Ion. [Say,] by the Gods, are those things true which are reported by mortals?

Creu. What matter askest thou, O stranger, I would fain know.

Ion. Was the grandfather of thy father sprung from the earth?[23]

Creu. Ay, Erichthonius; but my descent avails me naught.

Ion. And did Minerva lift him from the earth?

Creu. Ay, into her virgin hands, not having brought him forth.

Ion. And she gives him, as is described in the painting?[24]

Creu. Yes, to the children of Cecrops, not [however] being seen [by them].

Ion. I have heard that virgins opened the ark of the Goddess.

Creu. Therefore dying they stained with blood the crag of the rock.[25]

Ion. Ah! but what is this? Is the report true or vain?

[22] The stop after *οὐδέν* must be removed. See Dind.

[23] The genealogy runs thus: 1. Erichthonius, 2. Pandion, 3. Erectheus, 4. Creusa. See Barnes and Musgrave.

[24] Cf. vs. 21 sqq.

[25] Erichthonius, inclosed in a chest, was committed to the care of the three daughters of Cecrops by Minerva, with orders not to attempt to open it. Pandrosus obeyed the Goddess, but Aglaurus and Herse opened the chest, and, smitten with madness, cast themselves from the Macræan rock. Cf. Pausan. i. 18. According to Hyginus, Fab. clxvi.,

CREU. What matter do you ask? for I am not displeased with this leisure.

ION. Did thy father Erectheus sacrifice thy sisters?

CREU. He dared to slay the virgins as offerings on behalf of the land.[26]

ION. And how wast thou alone of the sisters preserved?

CREU. I was a recently-born infant in my mother's arms.

ION. And is it true that an opening of the earth conceals thy father?

CREU. A blow of a marine trident[27] destroyed him.

ION. And the place there is called Macræ?

CREU. Why askest thou this? How thou remindest me of something!

ION. Do Pythius and the Pythian lightnings honor that place?

CREU. Ay, honor dishonorably. Ah! would that I had never beheld that place!

ION. Why dost thou hate that which the God best loves?

CREU. Not so. I am conscious of a certain shame within those caves.

ION. And what husband of the Athenians has wedded thee, lady?

CREU. Not a citizen, but an alien from another land.

ION. Who? He needs must have been some one nobly born.

CREU. Xuthus, born from Æolus and Jove.

ION. And how, being a stranger, did he possess thee, being of the soil?[28]

CREU. Eubœa is a territory neighboring to Athens.

ION. Bounded, as they say, by limits of the sea.

CREU. This [Xuthus] conquered, in joint warfare with the Athenians.

all three sisters were equally guilty, and the information was conveyed to Minerva by the crow Coronis (Ovid Met. ii. 8). He was guarded by a dragon. Cf. Fulgent. Myth. ii. 14. There is some similarity in the Countess D'Anois' "Serpentine Vert." See Fairy Tales.

[26] See the notes of Barnes on this and the following fables.

[27] Neptune smote the earth, and overwhelmed Ericthonius in the stream that gushed forth. Cf. Virg. Georg. i. "magno tellus percussa tridenti."

[28] Respecting the restrictions of marriage to citizens and their descendants, see Potter, Antiq. Book iv. ch. xi. p. 613, ed. Boyd.

Ion. Coming as an ally; and after this he weds thy nuptials?

Creu. Ay, receiving me as a dowry of war and a reward of his spear.

Ion. But art thou come to the oracle alone, or with thy husband?

Creu. With my husband. But he is visiting the cave of Trophonius.[29]

Ion. As a spectator, or for the sake of oracles?

Creu. Wishing to learn one word from him and from Phœbus.

Ion. And are ye come [for oracles] respecting the fruits of the earth, or children?

Creu. We are childless, having been wedded long.

Ion. Didst thou never give birth to any child, but art childless?

Creu. Phœbus knows my childlessness.

Ion. O hapless one, how, prospering in other things, thou art yet not fortunate!

Creu. But who art thou? How blest I deem her who gave thee birth!

Ion. I am called, and am, the servant of the God, O lady.

Creu. An offering of the city, or sold by some one?

Ion. I know not, save one thing; I am called [the servant] of Loxias.

Creu. Then we in turn pity thee, O stranger.

Ion. As not knowing who was my mother, and from whom I sprung.

Creu. And dwellest thou in this temple, or at home?

Ion. Every house of the God is my house,[30] when sleep overtakes me.

Creu. But didst thou come to the temple as a boy, or as a young man?

Ion. They who are thought to know say, an infant.

Creu. And who of the Delphian women nurtured thee with her milk?

Ion. I never knew the breast, but she that nourished me was—

[29] Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 425.

[30] i. e. ἅπαν θεοῦ δῶμα δῶμά μοί ἐστιν. Matthiæ.

CREU. Who? O hapless one. How sickening I have encountered sickness! (*aside.*)

ION. The priestess of Phœbus, so that I hold her as my mother.

CREU. And thou hast arrived at manhood, possessing what manner of nourishment?

ION. The altars fed me, and any guests that chanced to come.

CREU. Miserable in truth was she that bore thee, whosoever she be.

ION. Perchance I have been the fruit of some woman's shame.

CREU. And whence hast thou a livelihood, for thou art well adorned in clothing?

ION. I am robed in the raiment of the God, whom I serve.

CREU. Hast thou not come to search after thy parents?

ION. [No,] for I have no means of proof, O lady.

CREU. Alas! Some other woman has suffered the same as thy mother.

ION. Who? If she would aid me in the labor, I should rejoice.

CREU. She, on whose account I came hither, before my husband might arrive.

ION. Seeking what manner of thing, so that I may assist thee, lady?

CREU. Desiring to learn a secret oracle from Phœbus.

ION. Speak, then. We will render thee aid in the rest.

CREU. Hear then my story. But I am ashamed—

ION. Then thou wilt do nothing. An idle Goddess is [modesty].

CREU. Some one of my friends says that she was united to Phœbus.

ION. A woman born, with Phœbus? Say it not, O lady guest.

CREU. Ay, and she brought forth a son to the God, unknown to her father.

ION. It can not be. She is ashamed [at having suffered] shame from a man.

CREU. That which[31] she herself says, the miserable woman has suffered.

ION. Doing what thing, if indeed she was united to a God?

[31] Dindorf, however, approves of Dobree's emendation, *οὗ*.

CREU. The child she brought forth she exposed out of the house.

ION. But where is the exposed child? Does it behold the light?

CREU. No one knows. Upon this matter I seek the oracle.

ION. But if it is no more, in what manner did it perish?

CREU. She thinks that wild beasts destroyed the miserable one.

ION. Using what evidence did she suppose this?

CREU. Going to the place where she had exposed it, she found it no longer there.

ION. But was there any dripping of blood on the path?

CREU. She does not say so, although she much traversed the spot.

ION. But how long a time has elapsed since the child was destroyed?

CREU. If he were living, he would have been about the same measure of years with thee.

ION. The God does him wrong, and unhappy is his mother.

CREU. After this she brought forth no other child.

ION. But what if Phœbus has taken, and nurtures him in secrecy?

CREU. He does not rightly, alone rejoicing over a common joy.

ION. Alas! his fortune is of the same strain with my own.

CREU. And thee, I ween, O stranger, some hapless mother longs for.

ION. But do not thou excite me to a grief which I have forgotten.

CREU. I am silent. But go on with the matters concerning which I ask you.

ION. Knowest thou then what part of thy story involves most difficulty?

CREU. Ay, what is not so with that hapless woman?

ION. How will the God give an oracle concerning what he would wish concealed?

CREU. If indeed he sits on the common tripod of Greece—

ION. He is ashamed of this affair. Seek not to bring him to proof.

CREU. But she who has suffered is in grief because of her misfortune.

Ion. There is no one who will give an oracle on these matters to thee. For Phœbus, being in his own temple proved base, would with reason work some ill upon him that proclaimed it to thee. Leave the place, lady; for one must not by oracles seek for things contrary to the God. For to so great a height of folly we should come, if we shall seek to compel the Gods, being unwilling, to say what they will not, either by slaughter of sheep near the altar, or through the flight of birds. For such things as we seek after against the will of the Gods, we possess not as real goods, O lady; but by such things as they give willingly we are benefited.

Chor. Many are the calamities of various mortals, and their forms differ. But one will scarcely find one [continual form] of good fortune in the life of men.

Creu. O Phœbus, both there and here thou art not just toward her that is absent, whose words are present. But thou hast not preserved thine own son, whom it behooved thee to preserve, nor, being a prophet, wilt thou inform the mother, that, if he is no more, he may be honored with a tomb, but if he is in being, he may at some time come into his mother's sight. But one must quit the subject, if I am hindered by the God from learning what I wish. But, O stranger—for I behold my noble husband Xuthus coming hither, nigh at hand, having quitted the recesses of Trophonius—be silent to my husband respecting what I have told you, lest I incur any reproach by managing secret affairs, and the story go on differently from the manner in which I have detailed it. For women's condition is a difficult one among men, and, the good being mixed up with the evil, we are objects of hatred. So unhappy are we by nature.

Xuthus. (*entering*) First indeed may the God, receiving the first offerings of my address, hail! And thou too, O lady. Have I stricken thee with fear, coming after a long period?

Creu. In no wise, but thou wast a cause of care. But tell me what response thou bearest from Trophonius, as to how the procreation of children may be accomplished by us.

Xuth. He did not attempt to anticipate the oracles of Apollo; but, at all events, he said one thing; that I should not return, nor thou either, homeward from the oracles, without children.

CREU. O revered mother of Phœbus, may we have come[32] with good omen, and may our former acquaintance with thy son turn out with better event!

XUTH. These things shall be, but who acts as interpreter to the God?

ION. We do, as far as matters without [the temple], but those within are the care of others, who sit near the tripod, O stranger, the chief men of the Delphians, to whom the lot has fallen.

XUTH. 'Tis well. I have therefore all that we desired. I would fain go within, for, as I hear, the common victim of the visitors is slain before the temple. And I wish on this day, (for it is well-omened,[33]) to receive the oracles of the God. But do thou, O woman, bearing the laurel boughs around the altars, pray the Gods that I may bring back a response, fraught with the hope of children, from the dwelling of Apollo.

CREU. This shall be done, it shall be. But if Loxias now at least desires to amend his errors of old, he will not altogether be a friend toward us; but, as much as he is so willing, I will receive, for he is a God.

ION. What can the strange woman be aiming at, ever uttering reproaches against the God in covert words? Is it that she loves her for whom she consults the oracle, or that she is silent on some point where it behooves her to keep silence? But what should I care for this daughter of Erectheus, when she is no relation of mine? So going with golden pitchers to the lavers, I will sprinkle the dew. But Phœbus deserves remonstrance at my hands. What is he doing? He betrays virgins by nuptials perforce, and neglects the perishing children whom he has privily begotten. Do not thou act so; but when thou hast power, pursue virtue. For whosoever of mortals is base, him the Gods chastise. How then is it right that you, who write down laws for mortals, should yourselves be guilty of lawless deeds? For if (for ye will not, but I will use it by way of argument) ye shall have to pay to men the penalty of violent marriages, you, and Neptune, and Jove, who sways the heaven, will empty your temples, paying the penalty of violence. For ye do wrong, cultivating pleasures before prudence. No longer is it right to call men vile, if we imitate

[32] Cf. Soph. Œd. T. 80, *εἰ γὰρ ἐν τύχῃ γέ τῳ Σωτῆρ βαίη.*

[33] On account of the rites being duly accomplished. See Hermann.

the evil deeds of the Gods, but [rather] those who give such teaching.

[ION *enters the temple.*]

CHORUS. I beseech thee, inexperienced in the throes of child-birth,[34] my [patron goddess] Minerva, thou who wast delivered from the lofty head of Jove by the Promethean Titan.[35] O hallowed Victory, come to the Pythian abode, flying from the golden chambers of Olympus to the streets, where the breath of Phœbus, in the navel of the earth, brings oracles to pass near the tripod round which dances [are celebrated], thou, and the daughter born of Latona, two Goddesses, virgins two, solemn sisters of Phœbus. But beseech, O maidens, that by the holy oracles the ancient race of Erectheus may obtain a happy offspring, though late. For it conveys surpassing happiness to mortals, an undisturbed resource, [to those] for whom[36] prolific youths shine flourishing in the paternal chambers, as being about to possess wealth in succession from their sire to other children; for 'tis a strength in troubles, and pleasant in good fortune, and in war bears help to the country. To me, indeed, may the nurturing care of good children be before wealth and the nuptials of kings; but a childless life I abhor, and I blame him who approves it. But with moderate possessions may I possess a life with good offspring. O haunts of Pan, and thou rock, neighboring on the cavernous Macræ, where the three daughters of Agraulus[37] step in dances with their feet, on the green course before the temple of Pallas, to the varied tune of pipes, when thou, O Pan, playest on the syrinx in thy grot. Where some virgin, having brought forth an infant to Phœbus, O wretched one! exposed it as a banquet for birds and a bloody repast to wild beasts, the fruit of the shame of her sad nuptials. Neither in woven pictures [have I seen], nor in story have I heard a report, that the children among mortals, sprung from the Gods, partake of a happy existence.

ION. Ye handmaids, who watch for your master, keeping

[34] On the reading Λοχιᾶν ἀνειλείθυιαν, see Matth. apud Dind.

[35] i. e. Vulcan.

[36] The natural construction would have been, εὐδαιμονίας ἀφορμὰν ἔχει τὸ τέκνων ἥβας λάμπειν. See Heath and Matthiæ.

[37] The wife of Cecrops. See Musgrave.

guard around the base of this incense-receiving temple, has Xuthus already left the sacred tripod and shrine, or does he remain within the house questioning concerning his want of children?

CHOR. He is in the house, O stranger; he does not yet quit this dwelling. But we hear the noise of these gates as though he were on the point of coming out, and now you may perceive my master advancing out.

XUTH. O son, hail! for this beginning of speech becomes me.

ION. I am well; but do thou be wise, and both of us will fare well.

XUTH. Give me thy hand to kiss and thy body to embrace.

ION. Art thou indeed in thy right senses, O stranger, or has some curse of the Gods maddened thee?

XUTH. I am in my senses, if, having found my best beloved, I seek to embrace him.

ION. Cease, lest, touching the garlands of the God, thou break them with thy hand.

XUTH. I will touch thee, and I do not drag thee off as a pledge;[38] but I find what is dear to me.

ION. Wilt thou not let go, before thou shalt receive these shafts within thy vitals?

XUTH. Wherefore dost fly me? Recognize those most dear to thyself.

ION. I love not to enlighten foolish and raving strangers.

XUTH. Slay, and burn; for if thou slayest me, thou wilt be thy father's murderer.

ION. But how art thou my father? Is not this ridiculous for me to listen to?

XUTH. Not so; a speedy explanation would tell you how I am circumstanced.

ION. And what wilt thou tell me?

XUTH. I am thy father, and thou [art] my son.

ION. Who says so?

XUTH. Loxias, who nurtured thee, being mine.

ION. Thou bearest witness for thyself.

XUTH. At least, having learned the oracles of the Gods.

ION. Thou wast deceived, hearing a riddle.

[38] *ῥυσιάζω*, "bona alicujus tanquam *ῥύσιον*, i. e. pignus, vi abduco." MUSGRAVE. Hence it is applied to any dragging off by forcible means.

XUTH. Do we not therefore hear what is correct?
ION. And what are the words of Phœbus?
XUTH. That he who meets me—
ION. With what meeting?
XUTH. As I go out from this dwelling of the God—
ION. Shall he meet with what event?
XUTH. Shall be my son.
ION. Thine by birth, or only as a gift?
XUTH. As a gift, but as sprung from me.
ION. And to me then thou first didst draw near thy step?
XUTH. To no other, child.
ION. Whence, whence has this fortune come?
XUTH. We twain marvel at one [fortune].
ION. Hold! But from what mother am I born to thee?
XUTH. I can not say.
ION. Nor did Phœbus say?
XUTH. Pleased in this matter, I did not ask him that.
ION. I am sprung, then, from mother earth?
XUTH. The earth does not bring forth children.
ION. How then can I be thine?
XUTH. I know not, but I refer it to the God.
ION. Come, let us touch upon some other topic.
XUTH. This is better, O son.
ION. Didst thou approach any illegitimate nuptials?
XUTH. Ay, in the folly of youth.
ION. Before you wedded the daughter of Erectheus?
XUTH. For never afterward, indeed.
ION. Did you then on that occasion beget me?
XUTH. The matter certainly tallies with the time.
ION. And how then could I have come hither?
XUTH. There I am at a loss.
ION. Having traversed o'er a long journey?
XUTH. This also throws me into doubt.
ION. But didst thou before come to the Pythian rock?
XUTH. Yes, to the orgies[39] of Bacchus.
ION. But at the house of what host didst thou tarry?
XUTH. [At the house of a man] who me with the Delphic maids—
ION. Initiated? Or what is it you say?
XUTH. Ay, with the Mænads of Bacchus.

[39] See Musgrave and Hermann.

Ion. In thy senses, or overpowered with wine?

Xuth. Amid the delights of Bacchus.

Ion. Thus, then, was I begotten.

Xuth. Fate hath found thee, child.

Ion. But how came I to the temple?

Xuth. Perchance, being exposed by the girl.

Ion. I have therefore escaped slavery.

Xuth. Receive then thy father, child.

Ion. It is not meet at least to disobey the God.

Xuth. Thou art certainly wise.

Ion. And what else can I wish?

Xuth. Now thou beholdest what 'tis meet thou shouldst behold.

Ion. To be the son of Jove's son?

Xuth. Which is thy lot.

Ion. Shall I then touch him that begat me?

Xuth. Yes, in obedience to the God.

Ion. Hail for me, father?

Xuth. As a loved address, indeed, do I receive this.

Ion. And this present day—

Xuth. Has made me happy indeed.

Ion. O mother dear, shall I at some time behold thee? Now, more than erst, I long to behold thee, whoever thou art. But perchance thou art dead, and we can naught avail.

Chor. Common indeed to us are the good fortunes of the house; but nevertheless I should have wished my mistress also, and the house of Erectheus, to be fortunate in respect to children.

Xuth. O child, in regard indeed to thy discovery, a God hath well brought it to pass, and he has joined thee to me, and thou in turn hast found those dearest to thee, not having known them before. But as to that which thou hast rightly hinted at, desire possesses me also, how you, O son, will find your mother, and I [discover] the woman from whom thou wast sprung. But leaving this to me, we shall perchance find out. But do thou, quitting the temple of the God, and thy ministry, come to Athens, being of one mind with thy father, where the rich sceptre and large wealth of thy sire await thee. Nor, being unfortunate in both respects, wilt thou be called ignobly born and poor at the same time, but nobly born and very rich in resources. Art thou silent! Why dost thou keep

thy countenance cast on the ground, and art lost in thought, and, changing from thy joyousness, inspirest thy father with dread?

Ion. The form of things does not appear the same when far off, and when beheld near. But I indeed embrace my fortune, in finding thee my father; but do thou hear concerning what I am thinking. They say that the renowned Athenians are earth-born, not an alien race. Among whom I shall be introduced, possessing two disadvantages, both being from an alien father, and myself illegitimate. And possessing this reproach, in an humble sphere, indeed, I shall be called of no account, and from none. But if, aiming at the first seat in the vessel of the state, I shall seek to be somebody, I shall be hated indeed by the powerless, for the more powerful are disagreeable; but as many as being good, and able to be wise, are silent, and take no interest in affairs, among them I shall incur ridicule and the charge of folly, not keeping quiet in a city full of confusion. But again, if I aim at the dignity of men of reputation, who administer matters in the city,[40] I shall be watched the more by decrees passed by vote. For such is wont to be the custom, my father: they who possess influence in cities, are most hostile to those who oppose them. And I a stranger coming into a foreign house, and to a childless woman, who, having before been a partner in your calamity, now failing of her hope, herself within herself will sadly bear her fate —how shall I not with reason be hated by her, when I stand near thy foot, but she, being childless, bitterly beholds thy dear child; and then thou wilt either betray me, turning thy eyes to thy wife, or, honoring me, wilt have thine house in confusion. How many slaughters and murderous draughts of deadly poison have women devised for men! And moreover I pity thy wife, father, growing old in childlessness, for she, descended from good ancestors, is not worthy to suffer by childlessness. And of vainly-praised sovereignty the aspect indeed is pleasant, but its domestic state is grievous. For who is blest, who fortunate, who drags through life in terror, and expecting violence? But I would rather live happy as a commoner, than as a tyrant, to whom it is a pleasure to have the wicked for friends, and who, fearing to die, hates the good. Thou wilt

[40] There is little doubt that Matthiæ's emendation, *τῶν δ' ἐν λόγῳ*, is better than the common reading. See Dindorf.

say that gold overcomes these ills, and that 'tis pleasant to be rich. I love not, keeping wealth in my hands, to hear reproach and be subject to troubles. But may moderate means be my lot apart from grief. Now hear, O father, what advantages I have possessed here. First, indeed, leisure, which is most pleasant to men, and a moderate crowd of people; nor is any wicked fellow wont to jostle me from the path; for it is unbearable to yield making way for those worse than one's self. But I was [ever] amid the prayers to the Gods, or the words of mortals attending upon the rejoicing, not mourning. And some indeed I dismissed, but [other] strangers came, so that I was always merry, being new among new faces. And, that which men should pray for, e'en though it befall them against their will, custom and nature together rendered me just before the God. Musing upon these things, I deem my lot better here than there, O father. But suffer me to live for myself, for equal is the pleasure, to rejoice in abundance, and to possess a little with good-will.

CHOR. Well hast thou spoken, if indeed those whom I love will be made happy by these words of thine.

XUTH. Cease this discourse, and learn to be happy. For I wish in the place where I found thee, child, to begin [sacred rites], reclining at the common banquet of a common table, and to sacrifice those birth-day offerings[41] for thee which I did not sacrifice before. And now indeed, leading thee as a guest at my hearth, I will delight thee with banquets, and I will escort thee as a visitor, forsooth, to see the land of Athens, not as being my son. For truly I do not wish, myself being happy, to pain my wife who is childless. But hereafter seizing an opportunity, I will bring over my wife to suffer thee to hold my sceptre over the land. And I name thee Ion, suitably to the chance, inasmuch as, as I came out from the recesses of the God, thou first didst present thy footsteps. But having collected an assemby of thy friends, salute them with the joys of a bull-sacrifice, being about to quit the Delphian city. But I enjoin you, attendants, silence as to these things, or death if ye tell them to my wife.

ION. I will go, but one part of fortune is yet wanting to me. For if I shall not find her who bore me, father, life will

[41] See Stanley on Æsch. Eum. 7, *γενέθλιον δόσιν*, and Barnes on vs. 804

be unbearable. But, if it behooves to pray; may the woman who was my mother be from Athens, that on the mother's side a liberty of speech may accrue to me. For if a stranger fall into an unmixed city, though in his language he be a citizen, yet he possesses a slavish mouth, and has not a liberty in speech.

Chor. I foresee tears and † other †[42] woeful utterings of groans, when my queen shall behold her husband possessing a fair progeny, but she herself is childless and bereft of children. What prophecy didst thou utter, O oracular son of Latona? Whence did this boy spring, nurtured in thy temple, from what woman? For the oracles please me not, lest they convey some deceit. I fear this event, as to what will be its result. † Unwonted [is this oracle], for it tells strange things to me.†[43] The boy, nurtured up from other blood, possesses this [good] fortune by a trick.[44] Who will not agree with this? Friends, shall we tell all this clearly to our mistress's ear, concerning her husband, on whom resting all, she miserable shared his hopes? But now she is perishing away under calamity, but he is fortunate, she entering upon hoary old age, but her husband is unhonored by friends.[45] Wretched man, who coming to the house a stranger, to great prosperity, did not preserve his fortunes![46] May he perish, may he perish, who deceived my respected mistress, and may he never consecrate upon a fire to the Gods the cake burned with the well-omened flame! But mine shall know * * * * * * dear of tyranny.[47] Already the son and father, new to each other, are approaching the banquet, where the crags of the Parnassian rock possess their watch-tower and heaven-reaching home, where Bacchus, uplifting his blazing torches, leaps swiftly in company with the night-reveling Bacchants. Never may the boy enter my city, but may he die, quitting life yet young. For the sorrowing[48]

[42] See Dindorf. This chorus is very corrupt in places.

[43] Hopelessly corrupt. See Dind.

[44] I have treated *δόλον τύχαν θ'* as an hendiadys, with Matthiæ. Perhaps *ἔχει δόλῳ τὺχαν γ'* would be better.

[45] The reader will find a variety of explanations of these words in Matthiæ's note, none of them sufficiently clear to make me willing to transcribe them.

[46] i. e. Xuthus had no sons to succeed him in his good fortune.

[47] A hopeless lacuna.

[48] Literally, "narrowed," "put to straits." See Matthiæ.

city would have this pretext for an introduction of strangers. Enough, enough[49] is our former ruler, king Erectheus.

CREUSA. O aged tutor of my father Erectheus, that once was, as long as he beheld the light, uplift thyself to the shrine of the God, that thou mayest rejoice with me, if king Loxias hath uttered any oracle concerning the procreation of children. For it is pleasant indeed to rejoice with one's friends; but, (what may not befall!) if any ill happen, 'tis sweet to look upon the countenance of a well-wishing man. But I, although thy mistress, have a care for thee as for a father, as thou didst have once in the case of my sire.

PÆDAGOGUE. O daughter, thou dost cherish a disposition worthy of worthy ancestors, and thou dost not disgrace thine ancient earth-born forefathers.[50] Draw, draw, and bring me to the temple. The temple is high up, but do thou, aiding my foot in the toil, be physician of mine old age.

CREU. Follow then, and take care where you plant your step.

PÆD. See! my foot is tardy, but my mind is swift.

CREU. But lean on thy staff [along] the path of the ground around thee.[51]

PÆD. And this too is blind, since I see but faintly.

CREU. Thou sayest rightly, but yield not to the toil.

PÆD. Not willingly indeed, but I have no control over what is wanting to me.

CREU. Women, ye faithful servants of my loom and distaff, happening on what fortune has my husband gone away, in respect to the children concerning whom we came. Tell me, for if ye tell me good tidings, ye will not confer joy upon an ungrateful mistress.

CHOR. O fortune!

PÆD. The prelude indeed of thy words is not well-fortuned.

CHOR. Ah! wretched.

PÆD. But am I sickened in aught at the oracles given to my masters?[52]

[49] On the form ἀλίας, see Dindorf's learned note.

[50] See Dindorf, who approves of Bothe's emendation, *τοῦ σοῦ παλαιοὺς ἐκ γένους*.

[51] Such seems to be Seidler's interpretation, but I think it rather signifies a winding path leading up to the temple. But I have doubts whether there is not some error.

[52] For *νοσῶ* I should prefer *νόσου*, i. e. "is there aught of ill in the oracles?"

CHOR. Well![53] why do we those things for which death is the appointed penalty?

CREU. What song is this? And about what is this fear?

CHOR. Shall we speak, or be silent, or what shall we do?

CREU. Speak, since ye are in possession of some calamity that affects me.

CHOR. It shall be spoken indeed, even if I must die twice. It is not permitted thee, O mistress, to receive children in thine arms, to draw them to thy breast.

CREU. Alas! may I perish.

PÆD. Daughter.

CREU. O wretched me. I have received misfortune, I have suffered a grief that makes life unbearable, my friends.

PÆD. Child, we are undone.

CREU. Alas! alas! a fatal grief has pierced me quite through these lungs.[54]

PÆD. Do not groan.

CREU. But groans are present.

PÆD. Before we learn—

CREU. What news for me?

PÆD. Whether your lord, suffering the same, is a partner in the calamity, or whether thou alone art unhappy.

CHOR. To him indeed, old man, Loxias has given a son, and he in himself is happy, apart from this lady.

CREU. This crowning evil upon evil thou hast uttered, hast uttered, a grief for me to mourn.

PÆD. But does it behoove him to beget the son you mention from some woman, or did the oracle speak of him as born.

CHOR. Loxias awards him a youth, born, and of ripe years; and I was present.

CREU. How sayest thou? me an unutterable, unutterable, unspeakable tale thou tellest.

PÆD. Ay, and to me also. But how is the oracle brought to an end? Tell me more clearly; and who is the boy?

CHOR. Whomsoever thy husband, coming from the God, should first meet, him the God gave to him as a son.

CREU. Woe! woe! but my life childless, childless he hath received,[55] and in solitude I shall inhabit a childless home.

[53] G. Burges conjectures *ἔα*, i. e. "Cease, why should we do," etc.

[54] Cf. Æsch. Choeph. 380, *τοῦτο διαμπερὲς οὖς Ἵκετ' ἄπερ τε βέλος.*

[55] i. e. *τὸ ἐμὸν μέρος*, says Musgrave. But after *θεὸς* at the end of

PÆD. Who then was meant by the oracle? To whom did the husband of this wretched lady join his footstep? And how, and where seeing him?

CHOR. Knowest thou, dear mistress, the youth who was sweeping this temple? He is the boy.

CREU. Would that I might take flight through the humid air, beyond the land of Greece, to the western stars. What, what a grief have I suffered!

PÆD. And by what name does his father call him? knowest thou, or does this remain in silence, not being settled?

CHOR. Ion, since he first met his father.

PÆD. And from what mother is he?

CHOR. I can not tell. But her husband is gone, (that you may know all that depends on me, old man,) to sacrifice for strangers and birthday offerings in the holy temple, unknown to her, being about to join in a common banquet with his son.

PÆD. Mistress, we are betrayed by thy husband, (for with thee do I suffer,) and we are insulted with willful planning, and cast out of the dwelling of Erectheus. And I speak, not as hating thy husband, but loving thee rather than him,[56] who having wed thee, coming as a stranger to the city and thine house, and receiving thine whole inheritance, is proved to have privily obtained children the fruit of another woman, and how [he hath done so] privily, I will explain. When he perceived that thou wast childless, he was not content to be like thee, and to bear an equal fortune, but having taken to himself and secretly wedded a slavish bed, he begat a son, and commits him, being sent abroad, to some one of the Delphians to train up. And he, like a sacred [animal], is bred up in the house of the God, to escape notice. But when he perceived that the youth had been completely brought up, he persuaded thee to come hither on account of thy childlessness. And here the God told no falsehood; but the other lied, having trained up the boy

the preceding speaker's words, one would expect some verb referring to the God, and his influence upon the fortunes of Creusa. I have no doubt that Euripides wrote *ἔλακεν, ἔλακεν,* — "pronounced that it should be." Cf. intpp. Aristoph. Plut. 39, *τι δῆτα Φοῖβος ἔλακεν ἐκ τῶν στεμμάτων.*

[56] Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. "If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more."

of old, and he wove such cunning wiles as these. Being detected indeed, he would have offered him up to the God, but †coming, and wishing time to help him,†[57] he thought to endow him with the sway of the land. And [he called him] by a new name invented for some time, Ion, because forsooth he first met him as he went. Alas! how I always detest evil men, who, concocting unjust deeds, then set them off with their crafty devices. I would rather wish to possess a simple, good man as a friend, than a more clever, but evil one. And thou wilt suffer the worst of all these ills, [having] to lead a motherless wretch, of no account, the offspring of some slave, into thine house. For the evil would have been simple, if he had introduced into the house one born of a noble mother, having persuaded thee, representing thy own childlessness. But if this were bitter to thee, it behooved him to desire the nuptials of Æolus.[58] Wherefore it behooves thee to do some woman's deed; for thou must needs either take the sword, or by some craft or potion destroy thy husband and his son, before death befall thee at their hands; but if thou succumbest, thou wilt cease from this life. For when two hostile parties come under one roof, either one or the other must fare ill. I indeed am both willing to toil with thee, and to join in slaying the boy, entering the house, where he is preparing the banquet, and paying the price of my support to my mistress to die, and living to behold the light.[59] For one thing brings a shame to slaves—the name. But as to all other things, no slave that is honorable is worse than the free.

Chor. And I, dear mistress, wish to die, or live honorably, sharing this mischance with thee.

Creu. O my soul, how shall I be silent? and how shall I declare my stealthy nuptials, and lay aside my modesty? For what hinderance for me is there yet in the way? Before whom do I enter upon the contest of virtue? Has not my husband proved a traitor? and I am deprived of my house, deprived of children, and vanished are the hopes, which,

[57] The common reading is quite hopeless. See Dindorf's note. I am little satisfied with the emendations already proposed, and am almost inclined to think that something has been lost.

[58] Because Xuthus was of the Æolian race.

[59] i. e. whether I die or live, I wish to show gratitude to my mistress. But I am scarcely satisfied.

wishing to set aright, I was not able, keeping silence as to my marriage, and silence as to my much-wept-for childbearing. But no, by the starry seat of Jove, and by the Goddess who dwells above my native rocks, and the hallowed beach of the watery Tritonian lake, I will no longer conceal my nuptials, that removing [the load of trouble] from my breast, I may be lighter. The pupils of my eyes are flowing with tears, and my life is pained, evilly plotted against both by men and by immortals, whom I will prove the ungrateful traitors of my bed. O thou that tunest thy voice to the music of the seven-stringed lyre, which to herdsmen sounds with its lifeless horns the sweet-sounding hymns of the Muses, to thee, O son of Latona, I will uplift my voice of blaming before this light of day. Thou camest to me with thy hair glittering with gold, when I was gathering in the lap of my garments[60] the crocus bells, to deck myself as with gold. But clinging to my white hands, thou, a God, didst impudently lead me, while crying out, O mother, mother, to nuptials in the cave, doing a pleasure to Venus. And I wretched bear to thee a boy, whom, through fear of my mother, I expose upon thy bed, where wretched wretchedly thou didst wed hapless me. Alas for me! And now my hapless boy and thine is perished, snatched away by winged birds as a banquet; and yet thou soundest on the lyre, sing pæans. Alas! I address thee, the son of Latona, who allottest a response at the golden seat, and at the middle station of the earth; to thy ears will I proclaim my cry. Alas! thou evil sharer of my bed, who to my husband (when thou hast received no previous favor from him) dost bring a son to dwell in his house; but my son and thine, unknown, perishes by birds, torn away by birds, changing the swaddling-clothes in which his mother wrapped him. But Delos hates thee, and the shoots of laurel near the rich-foliaged palm, where Latona was delivered of thee her honored offspring by her divine hands.

Chor. Alas! how is there opened a great store of woes, upon which every one would shed the tear!

Pæd. O daughter, I can not satiate my gaze in looking on thy countenance, but I am beside myself. For when I was but just now trying to exhaust the waves of trouble from

[60] I join *κόλπους φάρεσιν*, taking *ἀνθίζειν* for *ὥστε ἀνθίζειν ἐμαυτόν*.

my mind, another [torrent] at the stern attacks me, because of thy words, which uttering, thou hast turned to a new track of woes besides the present ills. What sayest thou? What charge dost lay against Loxias? What child sayest thou that thou didst bring forth? Where in the city didst thou place it, a grateful object for beasts to entomb? Detail to me again.

CREU. I feel a shame before thee, old man; but nevertheless I will speak.

PÆD. Ay, for I know how to mourn generously with my friends.

CREU. Hear then. Knowest thou the northern cave of the Cecropian rock, which we call Macræan?

PÆD. I know it, near which are the recesses and altars of Pan.

CREU. Here we went through a fearful contest.

PÆD. What? [tell me,] that my tears may suit thy tale.

CREU. Unwilling I united an unhappy wedding with Phœbus.

PÆD. O daughter, was this what I perceived?

CREU. I know not. But if thou speakest truth, I will confess.

PÆD. When thou secretly groaned over a hidden disease.

CREU. Then happened the evil which now I tell thee plainly.

PÆD. And then how did you conceal the nuptials of Phœbus?

CREU. I gave birth. Hear this from me with patience, old man.

PÆD. Where, and who delivers thee? Or didst thou toil through this alone?

CREU. Alone in the cave, where I was yoked in marriage.

PÆD. But where is the boy, so that thou mayest be no longer childless?

CREU. He is dead, old man, being exposed to wild beasts.

PÆD. Is dead? But did evil Apollo bear no help?

CREU. He did not; but in the house of Hades [the child] is educated.

PÆD. And who exposed him? For surely it was not yourself.

CREU. 'Twas I; having swathed him in my garments by night.

PÆD. And was no one privy to thee in exposing the child?

CREU. My calamities, forsooth, and secrecy alone.

PÆD. And how didst thou dare to leave thy boy in the cave?

CREU. How indeed? Casting forth many piteous words from my mouth.

PÆD. Alas! wretched thou for thy daring; but the God more so than thou!

CREU. Ay, [you would indeed say so,] if you had seen the child stretching out his hands to me.

PÆD. Seeking the breast, or to be taken in thy arms?

CREU. [Seeking those arms,] where not being, he suffered wrongfully from me.

PÆD. And how came the thought for thee to expose a child?

CREU. [Thinking] that the God would at least preserve his own son.

PÆD. Alas! how is the prosperity of thine house lost by a storm!

CREU. Why, old man, dost thou shed tears, having hidden thine head?

PÆD. Beholding thee and thy father in unhappiness.

CREU. Such are mortal things; naught remains in the same state.

PÆD. Let us then no longer keep to things of pity, daughter.

CREU. For what must I do? Unhappiness hath no ways and means.

PÆD. Avenge thyself on the God who first injured thee.

CREU. And how, being a mortal, shall I outstrip those more powerful?

PÆD. Burn the holy shrines of Loxias.

CREU. I dread [to do so]. Already I have enough of woes.

PÆD. Dare then what thou canst do. Slay thy husband.

CREU. I revere the former wedded life, when he was good.

PÆD. But at least [slay] the boy who has appeared against thee.

CREU. How? For if it were possible, how I should wish it!

PÆD. Having armed thine attendants with swords.

CREU. I will go. But where shall this be done?

PÆD. In the holy tents, where he is feasting his friends.

CREU. Murder is a marked deed, and slaves are weak.

PÆD. Alas! Thou art faint-hearted. Come, do you plan something.

CREU. And in truth I have a plan both crafty and effective.

PÆD. I would be an assistant in both these things.

CREU. Hear, then. Knowest thou of the battle of the earth-born race?

PÆD. I know that which the giants waged against the Gods at Phlegræ.

CREU. There Earth brought forth Gorgon,[61] a terrible prodigy.

PÆD. What, as an ally to her children, a toil to the Gods?

CREU. Yea, and the Goddess Pallas, the daughter of Jove, slew her.

PÆD. What manner of savage form possessed she?

CREU. A breast-plate armed with wreathings of a viper.

PÆD. Is this then the story which I long since heard?

CREU. Yes, that Minerva wears her skin upon her breast?

PÆD. That which they call ægis, the accoutrement of Minerva?

CREU. It obtained this name, when she came to the battle of the Gods.

PÆD. What harm, I pray you, daughter, will this be to your enemies?

CREU. Knowest thou Ericthonius, or what wilt thou not [forget], old man?[62]

PÆD. Him whom the earth sent forth, the first-born of your ancestors?

CREU. Pallas gives to him, being young—

PÆD. What thing? For thou art uttering some tardy speech.

CREU. Two drops of blood from the Gorgon.

PÆD. Having what influence upon man's nature?

CREU. One deadly, the other a curer of diseases.

PÆD. To what part of the infant's body having bound it?[63]

[61] See Barnes. [62] See Dindorf's note.

[63] The construction is ἐν τῷ [i. e. τίνι μέρει] σώματος καθώρας ἀμφὶ παιδί. HEATH. The sense is continued from vs. 1001. Still I should prefer, with Musgrave, ἐν τῷ; καθώρ. as Woodhull has rendered:

"In what were they contained?
Did Pallas to the body of the child
Affix them?"

CREU. With golden ligaments; and he gives them to my father.

PÆD. And at his death, they came to you?

CREU. Yes, and I bear them, too, on the wrist of my hand.

PÆD. How then is the nature of this two-fold gift of the Goddess?

CREU. Whatever [drop] of blood has trickled from the hollow vein [of the monster]—

PÆD. What is to be done with it? Hath it any power?

CREU. It keeps off disease, and contains the nutriment of life.

PÆD. But the second number, of which you speak, what is its effect?

CREU. It causes death, being venom from the snakes of the Gorgons.

PÆD. But bearest thou them mixed together, or separate?

CREU. Separate, for with evil good is not mixed.

PÆD. O dearest daughter, thou hast all of which there is need.

CREU. By this the boy shall die, and thou shalt be his slayer.

PÆD. Where, and what doing? 'Tis thine to speak, but mine to dare.

CREU. At Athens, when he comes to my house.

PÆD. This thou sayest not well; for you also blame my plan.

CREU. How? Hast thou suspected what also occurred to me?

PÆD. Thou wilt seem to have slain the boy, even though you did not slay him.

CREU. Right. For they say that step-dames have grudging against children.

PÆD. Slay him then here, that thou mayest deny the murder.

CREU. I certainly anticipate the pleasure in time.

PÆD. And thou wilt escape the notice of thy husband in what he himself seeks to keep secret from thee.

CREU. Do then, know'st what? Receiving from my hand this ancient vase, the golden work of Minerva, go where my husband is privily sacrificing bulls; and when they cease from the banquets, and are about to offer libations to the Gods,[64]

[64] Cf. Virg Æn. i. 727 sqq., where the libation after a meal is fully described, with Servius on vs. 734.

keeping this in thy garments, pour it into the drink of the young man, and allot the draught to him alone, not to all, to him who is about to be the master in my house. And if it [once] pass his throat, he will never come to renowned Athens, but dying will remain here.

PÆD. Do thou then remove thy foot within the house of our hosts, and we will accomplish the task to which we are appointed. Come, O aged foot, be young in deeds, even though in years [youth] be not thine. But go with thy mistress, against an hostile man, and join in slaying and removing him from the house. But 'tis good for the prosperous to honor piety; but when any one wishes to do his enemies harm, no law is an impediment.

CHOR. O Trivia,[65] daughter of Ceres, who art the guardian deity over journeys by night and day, guide the cup full of sad death to those against whom my respected, respected mistress sends it, [full of deadly poison] from the tricklings of the cut throat of the Gorgon, for him that aims at the dwellings of the Erectheidæ. Never may a stranger from other houses rule over the city, except the nobly-born sons of Erectheus. But if his death and the attempts of my mistress be not brought to pass, and opportunity for the deed be wanting, whither hope is borne onward, she will either handle the sharpened sword, or fit the noose for her throat around her neck, and having put an end to sufferings by sufferings, will descend to another form of life. For never will she, who is sprung from a noble house, with her bright eyes endure, while living, others and aliens ruling in her house. I am ashamed of the God of many hymns,[66] if around the Castalian fountains, he by night, being sleepless, shall behold the lamp, spectator of the Eikads:[67] when also the starry-visaged ether of Jove is wont to dance,[68] and the Moon dances, and the fifty daughters of Nereus, which in the sea, and in the eddies of eternal rivers, celebrate in choir Cora with her golden crown, and her hallowed mother [Ceres]; where, [forsooth,] this vagabond of Phœbus hopes to reign, falling upon [the fruits of] others' toil.

[65] Hecate is meant. See Barnes and Matthiæ.

[66] i. e. Bacchus.

[67] One of the days of the Mysteries. Cf. Aristoph. Ran. 326, and Barnes' note.

[68] See my notes on Æsch. Ag. 4, p. 95, ed. Bohn.

See, all ye who, following the Muse, chant in harsh-sounding hymns of our beds, and the lawless, impious nuptials of Venus, how much we surpass the unjust race of men in piety. And let a contrary verse and Muse, with harsh sounding, go forth against men respecting their beds. For this [Xuthus], born from the sons of Jove, shows forgetfulness, not begetting from my mistress the fortune of a common offspring of children in his house, but, turning his delight toward another love, he hath obtained an illegitimate son.

[*Enter a* SERVANT.]

SERV. Renowned ladies, where shall I find my mistress, the daughter of Erectheus? for I have gone over the whole of the city, searching after her, and can not find her.

CHOR. What is it, O fellow-slave? What swiftness of feet possesses thee, and what news dost thou bear?

SERV. We are pursued, and the country magistrates of the land are seeking her that she may die by being stoned.

CHOR. Ah me! what wilt thou say? Surely we are not discovered contriving a secret murder against the youth?

SERV. Thou hast hit it; thou wilt partake of the evil not among the least.

CHOR. And how were the secret contrivances perceived?

SERV. The God, not wishing to be defiled, took care that injustice should be inferior to justice.

CHOR. How? I suppliant beseech thee to declare this. For having learned whether we needs must die, we should die more pleasantly, or behold the light.

SERV. When the husband of Creusa went away, and left the oracle, taking his new son to the banquet and sacrifice which he was preparing for the Gods, Xuthus indeed went to the place where the Bacchic fire of the God leaps forth, in order that he might wet the double rocks[69] of Bacchus with the blood of sacrifice, in return for the sight[70] of his son, saying, Do you indeed, O son, remain, and erect a circular tent by the labors of workmen. And if, after sacrificing to the Gods who preside over birth, I be a long time absent, let there be banquets for your friends present. Then taking the

[69] i. e. the two heights of Parnassus.

[70] Barnes well observes that ὀπτήρια (=quod videndi causa datum) is here used for ὄψις, the sight itself.

calves, he went away; but the young man religiously[71] reared up the inclosure of a tent with erect pillars, destitute of walls,[72] taking great care against the heat of the sun, that neither toward the middle rays of the sun,[73] nor, on the other hand, toward the setting beams, having measured out a rectangle of the length of a plethron, having an area of ten thousand feet, as the skillful say, as inviting the whole of the Delphian people to a banquet.[74] And taking sacred tapestries out of the coffers, he formed with them a covering, a marvel for men to behold. First indeed he spreads a wing of garments over the roof, the gift of the son of Jove, which Hercules[75] brought to the God, spoils of the Amazons. And such woven figures were painted on this texture. Heaven [was] collecting the stars in the circle of ether; the Sun was driving his horses to the last waning light [of day], drawing with him the shining light of Vesper. And black-robed Night was driving her two-horsed chariot, without loose-reined steeds,[76] and the stars followed the Goddess. The Pleiad indeed was traveling through the midway air, and sword-bearing Orion. And above was Arctos turning round with its tail in the golden-decked pole. And the circle of the full Moon was darting [its rays] above, the divider of the month, and the Hyades, the most distinct sign for sailors, and light-bearing Morn chasing away the stars. And upon the walls he placed other weavings of barbarian workmanship, well-rowed ships drawn up in array against the Greeks, and half-savage men, and hunting on horseback, and the chace after stags and fierce lions. And at the entrance, Cecrops, rolling his dragon folds, near by his daughters, the offering of some Athenian. And he placed golden goblets in the midst of the festal board, and walking on tip-toe, herald-like he proclaimed for whoever of the natives wished to come to the banquet. But when the tent was filled, they, decked with crowns,

[71] But Dindorf rightly approves of Dobree's emendation, *σεμνῶν*.

[72] Because formed only of canvas stretched upon poles.

[73] I read *πρὸς μέσας θεοῦ . . . . πρὸς τελευτώσας βολὰς*, with Dindorf.

[74] I have followed Musgrave's clever explanation of this passage. The words *ὡς λέγουσιν οἱ σοφοὶ* seem to be parenthetically introduced.

[75] An anachronism, as Hercules was posterior to Ion.

[76] As Seidler well observes, "bigæ" are generally attributed to the moon, who therefore has no horses in a loose rein. Such is the sense of *ἀσείρωτον*.

satisfied their desire with abundant food. But when they had ceased from this pleasure, an old man, coming forth into the midst of the plain, stood still, and afforded much laughter to the guests by acting with a set design. For he both poured out from pitchers water for washing hands, and burned the juice of myrrh, and ruled over the golden cups, himself assigning himself this task. But when matters came to the music of pipes and the common cup, the old man said, We ought to take away the small wine cups, and bring large, that these [our friends] may sooner arrive at delight of their heart. And then there was labor for those who brought in the silver and gold-wrought goblets. But he taking a selected one, as if forsooth doing honor to his new master, gave the full vessel, casting into the wine that murderous poison, which they say his mistress gave him, that the youth might quit the light. But nobody knew the truth. But one of the servants uttered an ill-omened word, as the new-found son [of Xuthus], in company with others, held the libation in his hand. But he, as nurtured in the temple and among clever soothsayers, held it as an omen, and ordered them to fill another fresh goblet, and he gives to the earth the libation before intended for the God, and bids all pour theirs away. And silence succeeded; and after this, with the sacred dew of Bybline wine we filled the sacred goblets. And amid this toil a winged flock of pigeons lights upon the house, for they dwell without fear in the habitations of Loxias. But when they had poured away their wine, the birds in want of drink dipped their beaks into it, and sucked it into their well-feathered necks. And to the others the libation of the God was harmless; but one bird, which had settled where the new son [of Xuthus] had poured away the wine, and tasted the draught, straightway shook her well-winged form, and raved like a Bacchant, and screamed aloud, wailing in a not intelligible guise. And the whole company of the guests was astonished at the troubles of the bird; and she dies in convulsions, stretching out her purple feet. But the son who had been proclaimed by the oracle leaped upon the table with his limbs bared of garments,[77] and cries out, What man sought to kill me? Tell me, old man, for thine was the set design, and from thy hand I received the cup. And immediately he examines the old man, seizing him by his aged

[77] He had torn his robes asunder, in astonishment. Cf. Iph. T. 1469.

arm, that he might catch him in the fact [of having poison in his possession]. And he was detected, and, under compulsion, he with much ado let out the daring deed of Creusa and the contrivance of the cup. And the youth proclaimed by the oracle of Pythian Apollo, rushes out immediately, taking with him the guests, and standing among the Pythian chieftains, he says, O sacred earth, our life is with poison attempted by a stranger woman, the daughter of Erectheus. And the chiefs of the Delphians decreed with unanimous vote that my mistress should die, hurled from a rock, as having attempted to destroy a consecrated man, and to perpetrate a murder in the temple. And all the city is searching after her who has hastened hither her unprosperous journey. For coming to Phœbus through desire of children, she has destroyed herself in common with her children.

Chor. There is not, there is not an escape from death for miserable me now; for these things are now plain, are now plain, from the death caused by libation made of the clusters of Bacchus,[78] mingled with the quick drops of the viper. Plain are the sacrifices [prepared] for the dead; calamities indeed for my life, and death by stoning for my mistress. By what winged flight [shall I escape], or shall I wend my way beneath the murky recesses of the earth, fleeing from the curse of a death by stoning, ascending the chariot drawn by swift-hoofed[79] steeds, or the stern of the ship? One can not escape notice, when God is unwilling to favor one's escape. What, O wretched mistress, awaits thee to suffer in soul? Shall we not, wishing to do some one evil, ourselves suffer, as indeed is just?

Creu. Attendants, we are pursued unto deadly slaughter, condemned by the Pythian vote, and I am given up [to execution].

Chor. O wretched one, we know thy calamities, in what state of fortune thou art.

Creu. Where then shall I fly? For with difficulty I withdrew my foot from the house, so as not to die, and I have got here, escaping from my enemies by stealth.

[78] I read *θοαῖς* with Dobree, to whom *σπονδὰς* for *σπονδὰς* is also due. See Dindorf. The construction appears to be *φανερὰ τάδ' ἤδη φόνῳ ἐκ Διον. βοτρ. μιγνυμ. θοαῖς σταγ. ἐχίδνας.*

[79] I have softened the bold expression, *χηλὰν ἐπιβᾶσ'.*

CHOR. And whither else [shouldst thou fly], than to the altars?

CREU. And what will this avail me?

CHOR. It is not lawful to slay a suppliant.

CREU. But by the law I perish.

CHOR. Ay, if taken by the hand.

CREU. And truly hither are the bitter executioners hastening, sword in hand.

CHOR. Sit then at the pyre; and even if you die whilst here, thou wilt lay the guilt of a suppliant's blood upon thy slayers; but fortune must be endured.

ION. O bull-faced[80] visage of father Cephisus, what a viper is this thou hast begotten, or a dragon, looking flames of bloody fire, in whom is all daring, nor is she in nature inferior to the drops of the Gorgon's venom, with which she thought to kill me. Seize on her, that the hills of Parnassus, whence she shall be hurled by a leap from the rock, may lacerate the undisheveled locks of her hair. But I have happened on a lucky fortune, before I came to the city of Athens, and was made subject to a step-mother. For while among allies I have measured the amount of your good-will, how great a bane, how wrathful thou art against me. For, once receiving me within your house, you would have quickly sent me down to the realms of Pluto. But neither the altar, nor the house of Apollo, shall save thee; and the commiseration thou wouldst excite is rather due to me and my mother; for though her person be wanting to me, her name is in no wise wanting. Behold this daring wretch, what device upon device she hath woven. Has she not crouched down at the altar of Gods, in order that she may not pay the penalty of what she has done?

CREU. I forbid thee to slay me, both on my own behalf, and of the God, where I have taken refuge.

ION. And what is there in common both to Phœbus and to thee?

CREU. I give my body as consecrated to the God.

ION. And then you slay with poisons the [servant] of the God?

CREU. But thou wast no longer Apollo's, but thy sire's.

ION. But I was—I speak of the time when my father was absent.[81]

[80] A common epithet of rivers. Barnes remarks that Cephisus was the father of Diogenea, who gave birth to Proxithea, the mother of Creusa.

[81] I read *πατρὸς ἀπουσίαν*, with Seidler and Dindorf.

CREU. But thou wast not then. But now I [am sacred to the God], but thou art [so] no longer.

ION. And being not pious, but my deeds were pious then.

CREU. I sought to slay thee, being an enemy to my house.

ION. I came not armed into thy land.

CREU. You did, ay, and thou hast burned the house of Erectheus.[82]

ION. With what manner of brands, or with what flame of fire?

CREU. Thou wast about to dwell in my possessions, taking them in spite of me.

ION. Ay, my sire bestowing the land of which he had gained possession.

CREU. And how had the sons of Æolus a share in [the city] of Pallas?

ION. He delivered that city by arms, not by words.

CREU. An ally, though, ought not to be the possessor of the land.

ION. And then, through fear of what didst seek to slay me?

CREU. That I, forsooth, might not myself die, if thou wast not about [to die].

ION. Being childless, art thou envious that my father found me?

CREU. Wilt thou, then, pillage the houses of the childless?

ION. And to me, forsooth, was there to be no share at least of my paternal inheritance?

CREU. Ay, as far as shield and spear. This is thy whole possession.

ION. Leave the altar and the heaven-possessed abode.

CREU. Advise your mother, wherever she happens to be.

ION. And shalt thou, attempting my death, not undergo punishment?

CREU. Yes, if you are willing to slay me within these sacred recesses.

ION. What pleasure for thee to die amid the garlands of the God?

CREU. We shall pain some one of those by whom we have been pained.[83]

ION. Alas! it is dreadful, in sooth, how unfairly, and in no

[82] i. e. such would have been the effect of thy arrival. See vs. 1298.
[83] i. e. Apollo.

wise from a wise decree, the God hath ordained laws for mortals. For it is not meet that the wicked should sit at the altar, but that one should drive them away. For it is not good that a wicked hand should touch the Gods; but it were meet that the just,[84] if one of them were injured, should sit in sacred places, and that just and unjust, coming to the same place, should not possess the same advantage from the Gods.

Pythia.[85] (*suddenly breaking silence*) Hold! my son—for I, quitting the oracular tripod, pass over this inclosure with my foot, the priestess of Phœbus, chosen out of all the Delphian women, observing the ancient custom of the tripod.

Ion. Hail, O my mother dear, although thou didst not give me birth.

Pyth. But so at least I am called, and the name is not unpleasant to me.

Ion. Hast thou heard how this woman tried to kill me by her stratagems?

Pyth. I have heard. And thou, being enraged, art in fault.

Ion. Does it not behoove me to kill in turn those who would have killed me?

Pyth. Wives are always wont to be hostile to children previously begotten.

Ion. But I indeed [am wrath] with my mother-in-law, having suffered ill.

Pyth. Do not [speak] thus. Quitting the temple, and going to thy country—

Ion. What does it behoove me to do upon thy advice?

Pyth. Being pure, go to Athens under fair omens.

Ion. Pure indeed is every man who slays his enemies.

Pyth. Not you, indeed; but receive from me the words I have.

[84] Dindorf well observes, that any attempt to defend the dative after *χρῆναι* is useless, and that we must read *τοὺς δέ γ' ἐνδίκους*, with Dobree.

[85] The acting here must have given great spirit and intensity to the scene. Ion, with all his piety, in vain seeks for an excuse for the deed of Creusa; even the altar of the God ceases to check the daring impulse of his wrath. His hand is upon his sword, Creusa with fearful earnestness seizes the sacred shrine, when the Pythian priestess, the old and well-tried friend of Ion, suddenly arrests his attention. The reader will do well to compare the recognition of Ion and Adrastus in the beautiful tragedy of Talfourd, Act iv. Sc. i., to which I have already alluded in my note on Aristot. Poetic, xiv. 7, p. 434, ed. Bohn.

Ion. Speak: for, being well disposed, thou wilt say whatever thou sayest.

Pyth. Dost thou see this vessel embraced by my arms?

Ion. I see an old chest amid the garlands.

Pyth. In this I once on a time found thee, being an infant.

Ion. What sayest thou? This is a new story that is introduced.

Pyth. For I kept matters in silence. But now I show them forth.

Ion. How then didst thou keep it secret, having received me long since?

Pyth. The God wished to have thee a minister in his dwelling.

Ion. But does he now no longer wish it? By what means must I know this?

Pyth. Proclaiming thy father, he sends thee from this land.

Ion. But dost thou preserve this by commands, or whence?

Pyth. Loxias suggested it to my mind.

Ion. To do what? Say, complete the story.

Pyth. To preserve this that I found, up to the present time.

Ion. But what advantage, or what harm does it convey to me?

Pyth. In it are contained the swaddling-clothes in which thou wast enwrapped.

Ion. You produce these as helps to discover my mother.

Pyth. Ay, since the God wishes it, but not so before.

Ion. O day for me of happy visions!

Pyth. Taking them, therefore, seek out thy mother. And traversing all Asia, and the bounds of Europe, thou wilt thyself learn these matters. But for the sake of the God have I trained thee up, O boy, and these things I restore to thee, which he wished me, unbidden, to take and preserve. But wherefore he wished, I can not say. But not one of mortals knew that I possessed these things, nor where they were hidden. And fare thee well, for I salute thee e'en as a mother. And begin from whence it behooves thee to seek for thy mother; first, indeed, if any of the Delphian virgins, having brought thee forth, exposed thee in these temples, and then whether any Grecian woman. But from me thou hast all, and from Phœbus, who is partaker in this event.

Ion. Alas! alas! how I let fall the wet tear down from

mine eyes, turning my mind to that time, when my mother, privily wedded, sold me away, and held not the breast under me; but I, without a name, continued the life of a servant in the dwellings of the God. The conduct of the God indeed was good, but of fortune, evil. For all the time during which I ought to have been reveling in my mother's arms, and tasting some of the pleasure of life, I was destitute of the most tender nurture of a mother. And wretched, too, was she who bore me. How has she suffered the same calamity, losing the delights of her boy! And now, taking this chest, I will bear offerings to the God, [praying] that I may light upon naught that I do not wish. For if some slave chance to be my mother, 'tis worse to find my mother, than in silence to let her alone. O Phœbus, I offer this at thy shrines. And yet what am I doing? I shall be contending against the God, who preserved these indications of my mother for me. I must dare and endure these things; for things fated none can ever overcome. O sacred garland, why have ye been hidden from me, and ye bandages, in which my goods dear to me were guarded? Behold the surrounding frame of the well-rounded chest, how it has not grown old, and how mould is absent from its texture, through some divine interference. But a long time has passed during the interval to these treasures.

CREU. What phantom of unhoped-for things do I see?

ION. Be silent, thou hast been before conscious of much against me.[86]

CREU. My state is not one for silence. Advise me not. For I behold the burden which once on a time I exposed; thee, forsooth, my child, being yet an infant babe, in the caves of Cecrops, and the rocky Macræ. But I will leave this altar, even if I must die.

ION. Seize on her; for, maddened by some God, she has left the images of the altar; and bind her arms.

CREU. Cease not from slaying me; for to this [chest] will I cling, and to thee, and to the things concealed within it.

ION. Is not this dreadful? I am carried off by a pretended bond.[87]

CREU. Not so, but thou art found, dear to those dear.

[86] I read *σίγα σύ· πολλὰ καὶ πάροιθ' ἠδήσθά μοι*, with L. Dindorf.
[87] i. e. This woman falsely claims me as her own. See Hermann.

Ion. I dear to thee? And thou then wouldst privily destroy me?

Creu. Ay, my son, if this is most dear to parents.

Ion. Cease weaving [plots]. I will take you nicely [in your own toils].

Creu. May I come to this, O son. At this I aim.

Ion. Is this vessel empty, or does it contain something that fills it?

Creu. Ay, your swaddling-clothes, in which I once exposed you.

Ion. And can you tell their name, before you see them?

Creu. If I can not say, I undertake to die.

Ion. Say then; for thy boldness has something strange.

Creu. Look for the texture which I once wove when a girl.

Ion. Of what kind? There are many textures woven by virgins.

Creu. Not completed, but like a lesson in weaving.

Ion. Having what form? for you shall not catch me on this point.

Creu. A Gorgon is in the centre web of the garment.

Ion. (*seeing it*) O Jove, what fate is hunting me out?

Creu. And it is fringed with serpents like an ægis.

Ion. See! this is the garment, and the wrappings, as I have found them.

Creu. O ancient virgin-labor of my shuttle.

Ion. Is there any [evidence] in addition to this, or art thou fortunate in this alone?

Creu. Two dragons glittering with golden jaws.

Ion. The gift of Minerva, who commands to train up children [amidst them]?

Creu. Ay, imitations of ancient Ericthonius.

Ion. To do what? For what use are these golden ornaments? Tell me.

Creu. As a necklace for a young boy to bear, my child.

Ion. These are in [it]. But I desire to know the third.

Creu. I placed around thee then a crown of the olive which Minerva first brought forth on the rock,[88] which, if it

[88] i. e. ἐς σκόπελον, Dindorf, comparing Hel. 1566, εἰσέθεντο σέλματα. Cf. Servius on Virg. Georg. i. 18.

is yet [in the chest], will never cease its bloom, but flourishes, being sprung from an unfading olive.

Ion. O dearest mother mine, seeing thee, willingly I embrace thy willing cheek.

Creu. O child, O light to a mother surpassing the sun, (for the God will pardon my words,) I hold thee in my arms, an unhoped-for discovery, whom I thought was dwelling beneath the earth, in the shades with Proserpine.

Ion. But, O, dear mother mine, in thine arms I shall seem to appear both as the dead and not the dead.

Creu. Io! Io! thou expanse of shining ether, what words shall I utter, shall I cry out? Whence has this unexpected pleasure reached me? Whence have I received this joy?

Ion. Every thing would have seemed likely to happen to me, O mother, sooner than this, that I am thine.

Creu. With fear I tremble.

Ion. What, as having, not having me?

Creu. For I had banished afar such hopes. O woman, whence, whence didst thou receive my infant in thy arms?[89] Through whose hand did he enter the house of Loxias?

Ion. This was the work of the God; but for the rest of our fortune we are blest as much as we were before unhappy.

Creu. Child, thou wast not brought forth without tears, and thou wast separated from thy mother's hands with groans. But now near thy cheek I breathe again, obtaining a pleasure most blest.

Ion. Thou art expressing my feelings and thine in common.

Creu. No longer are we childless or without offspring. And my house is strengthened, and the land[90] possesses a ruler, and Erectheus grows young again, and the earth-born house no longer beholds the night, but looks up with the lamps of the sun.

Ion. Mother, let my father, being present, also share in the pleasure I have given thee.

Creu. O child, what sayest thou? How, how shall I be brought to the charge?

Ion. How say you?

Creu. From others, from others art thou sprung.

[89] I read ἐς ἀγκάλας, with cod. Pal. See Dind.
[90] Read γᾶ, with Reiske, Dind.

Ion. Alas! thy virgin state gave me a spurious birth.

Creu. Not amid lamps nor dances did my nuptials, O son, produce thee.

Ion. Alas! am I base born, O mother? from whom?

Creu. Bear witness she who slew the Gorgon.

Ion. What is this thou sayest?

Creu. Who on my native rocks inhabits the hill that brings forth olives?

Ion. Thou tellest, thou tellest me obscure things, and not clear.

Creu. Near the nightingale-resounding rock, by Phœbus—

Ion. What sayest thou of Phœbus?

Creu. I was wedded in secret embraces.

Ion. Speak; for thou tellest something good and fortunate for me.

Creu. And in the tenth revolution of a month I brought thee forth, a secret offspring, to Phœbus.

Ion. O thou who tellest things most dear, if thou speakest true.

Creu. I wrapped these virgin-wrought garments around thee, the plyings of my shuttle, a task set by my mother.[91] But I did not bring nourishment by milk, nor by the breast, nor were there the washings with my hands. But in a lone cave thou wast cast forth to be slain and feasted on to death by the claws of birds.

Ion. O mother that hast dared fearful things.

Creu. Bound down by fear, I cast away thy life, my child, unwilling I have slain thee.

Ion. And by me thou wast about to die unholily.

Creu. Alas! dreadful indeed our fortunes then, and miserable now also. We have been whirled to and fro by good and ill fortunes in turn. The gale is changed: may it remain. Enough the former ills; but now after ills a prosperous breeze has sprung up, O boy.

Chor. Let no man ever think that any thing is not to be expected, considering what has now taken place.

Ion. O Fortune, thou who hast already changed numberless mortals both to be unhappy, and, in turn, to fare well, to what a turning point of life had I come, to slay my mother or suffer unworthy things! Alas! is there in the shining rev-

[91] "A matre dicit, quod ab ea id velamen texendum acceperat." Herm.

olutions of the sun the power of learning all these things by day? I have found thee, O mother, a dear discovery, and that this my descent is not one to be despised; but the rest I fain would speak to thee alone. Come hither, for I wish to speak words in thy ear, and to throw a shade on acts done. See thou, O mother, lest, having failed by the wonted weakness that befalls maidens in secret loves, thou chargest the guilt upon a God, and seeking to avoid shame falling upon me, thou sayest thou bore me to Phœbus, not having through a God become a mother.

Creu. By victorious Minerva, who in her chariot once stood in aid to Jove against the giants, there is none of mortals who is thy father, child, but king Loxias, who nurtured thee.

Ion. How, then, did he give his own son to another father, and say that I am born the son of Xuthus?

Creu. Not that thou art born; but he bestows thee, being born from himself; for a friend may give to a friend his own son as the master of his house.

Ion. Whether the God is true, or gives a vain response, naturally, O mother, disturbs my mind.

Creu. Hear, then, what has occurred to me, O child. Loxias, doing thee a kindness, settles thee in a noble house. But wert thou called [the son] of the God, thou wouldst never possess the full inheritance of the house, nor a father's name. For how so? when I myself concealed my connection with him, and nearly slew thee privily. But he, seeking thy welfare, gives thee to another father.

Ion. I do not enter upon matters thus lightly; but, entering the temple, I will inquire of Phœbus whether I am sprung from a mortal sire or from Loxias. Ah! who of the Gods, passing beyond the incense-receiving dwelling, presents a countenance radiant as the sun? Let us fly, O mother, lest we behold the power of the Gods, unless it be seasonable to behold.

Minerva. Fly not, for I am no enemy whom you fly, but am well inclined to you both in Athens and here. And I, called after thy land, Pallas, am come hither, hastening my course, from Apollo; who did not think fit to come into your presence, lest blame for former transactions should arise; but he sends me to tell you that this woman brought thee forth by Apollo, and he gives thee to those to whom he has given

thee, who have not begotten thee, but in order that he may settle thee in a most noble house. But when this matter was declared and laid open, fearing lest thou shouldst die by the schemes of thy mother, and she by thee, he delivered you by stratagems. And king [Apollo] intended to have kept this in silence, and have made known at Athens that this was thy [mother], and that thou wast sprung from this woman and from Phœbus as thy sire. But, that I may pass through the matter, and the oracles of the God, on account of which I have yoked my chariot toward this land, go thou, Creusa, taking this boy to the land of Cecrops, and seat him on the throne of state; for he, being born from the descendants of Erectheus, has a just right to rule over my land. And he shall be renowned through Greece; for his children, born four in number, from one root, shall give their names to the land, and territory belonging to tribes[92] of the people, who inhabit my rock. Teleon indeed shall be the first, then second the Hopletes and Argadians, and, [deriving their name] from my ægis, the Ægikores shall possess one tribe. But their children in turn, born in the destined season, shall inhabit the insular cities of the Cyclades, and the continent along the coast, which will confer strength upon my land, and they will possess the opposite lands of the two continents, of the Asian territory, and European. But on account of this youth's name being called Ionians, they shall obtain renown. But to Xuthus and to thee there shall be a common race [of children]; Dorus, whence the Dorian district will be celebrated; and secondly Achæus, in the Pelopeian land, who shall be king of the sea-coast land near Rhium, and the people shall glory much in being called after his name. And well has Apollo brought all to pass. First, indeed, he delivers you without illness, so that your friends might not know; and when you brought forth this boy, and exposed him in swaddling-clothes, he bade Mercury, having taken the infant in his arms, bring him hither, and he nurtured him, and suffered him not to die. Now therefore be silent as to this being thy son, that the supposition may pleasantly possess Xuthus, and thou in turn mayest possess thine own good, O woman. And

[92] "i. e. *τὴν ἐπὶ ταῖς φυλαῖς οὖσαν*, tribubus permissam earumque potestati subjectam." Herm. On the names of the tribes here mentioned, see Musgrave and Matthiæ.

fare ye well, for after this respiration from your toils I announce to you a happy fate.

Ion. O Pallas, daughter of most mighty Jove, not with incredulity will I receive thy words; but I am persuaded that I am [the son] of Loxias and this woman, and before this was not disbelieved by me.

Creu. Hear me then. I commend Phœbus, not before approving his conduct, in that he restores to me the son he once neglected. And of pleasant aspect to me are these gates and shrines of the God, being before an hostile spectacle. But now I hang my hands at the knocker,[93] and address the gates.

Min. I commend you, because you have changed your conduct, and praise the God. Late indeed, at times, is the aid of the Gods, but in the end not weak.

Creu. O child, let us go home.

Min. Go, and I will follow.

Ion. A worthy companion of the way, forsooth.

Creu. Ay, and one that loves the city.

Min. And sit down on thine ancient throne.

Ion. A worthy possession for me.

Chorus. O Apollo, son of Jove and Latona, hail! But him whose house is harassed by calamities, it behooves to worship the Gods, and be of good confidence. For in the end the good obtain their due, but the wicked, as they are by nature, will never fare well.[94]

[93] Cf. Pollux, x. 4, *ῥόπτρον τὸ ἐπικρούον τὴν θύραν οὕτως ὠνόμαζον.*

[94] This conclusion is indisputably true, but, like the conclusions or "tags" to plays in general, it is much better omitted. The genius who first ornamented Æsop's fables with "morals" and "applications," perhaps suggested the ends of plays. We can almost imagine "virtue rewarded and vice punished" figuring in capitals at the conclusion of a play-bill, in which "Ion" was the "stupendous attraction."

ANDROMACHE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANDROMACHE.
FEMALE SERVANT.
HERMIONE.
MENELAUS.
MOLOSSUS.
PELEUS.
NURSE.
ORESTES.
MESSENGER.
THETIS.
CHORUS OF PHTHIAN WOMEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

HERMIONE, daughter of Menelaus, was wedded to Neoptolemus, who also received Andromache as a prize from the siege of Troy, and married her. While he was absent at Delphi craving satisfaction for the death of his father, Hermione, jealous of Andromache, accused her of causing her own childlessness by magical devices, and, aided by her father Menelaus, sought to slay her with her infant son. This deed was prevented by the arrival of Peleus, and Menelaus retired in disgust to Sparta, leaving Hermione in great dread of the consequences of her attempt. Meantime Orestes, the former lover of Hermione, arrived, and claimed her hand. She accompanied him to Sparta, and he procured the murder of Neoptolemus while consulting the oracle. Peleus bewailed his death, but was comforted by Thetis, who announced to him his own immortality, and ordered Andromache and her son to be sent to the Molossian territory.

ANDROMACHE.

ANDROMACHE.

THOU ornament of the Asiatic land, city of Thebes,[1] from whence once on a time, with a dowry of much gold, I came to the regal house of Priam, having been given to Hector as a wife to bear children, Andromache, an object of envy, indeed, in former times, but now, if any other is, a most unhappy woman; who have beheld, forsooth, my husband Hector slain by Achilles, and Astyanax, the boy whom I bear to my husband, cast down from the erect towers, when the Greeks took the plain of Troy. And I myself, having been accounted of the noblest family, have come to Greece as a slave, being bestowed on the islander[2] Neoptolemus, selected out of the booty of Troy as a reward for his valor. And I now inhabit the plains neighboring on this Phthia and the city of Pharsalia, where the sea-goddess Thetis dwells with Peleus, apart from mankind, and shunning their society. But the Thessalian people call the place the Thetideium, on account of the nuptials of the Goddess. There the son of Achilles has taken up this his dwelling, but allows Peleus to rule the Pharsalian land, not wishing to take the sceptre from the old man while alive. And I bear to this house a male son, in union with the son of Achilles, my master. And formerly indeed, although lying in misery, hope ever urged me on, that, my son being preserved, I should find some aid and assistance in my troubles. But since my lord, neglecting the bed of me a slave, has wedded the Lacedæmonian Hermione, I am driven by her with

[1] Not the celebrated city on the banks of the Nile, but a Cilician city, where Eetion reigned. See the Scholiast.

[2] He dwelt in the island of Scyrus.

wretched ill-treatment. For she asserts that with secret drugs I render her childless, and hated by her husband; and that I myself wish to inhabit this house instead of her, having cast out by violence her tie of marriage; which I, in the first place, received not willingly, and have now quitted. Mighty Jove, be witness to this, that I have not willingly shared her bed. But I do not persuade her, and she wishes to slay me, and her father Menelaus joins with his daughter in this deed. And now he is within, having come from Sparta for this very purpose; and I in terror have come, and am sitting at this shrine of Thetis close by the house, if it will hinder me from dying. For Peleus and the descendants of Peleus reverence it, [being] the monument of the nuptials of the daughter of Nereus. But him, who is my only boy, I privily send away to other houses, fearing lest he perish. For he who begat him is not at hand to aid me, and is of no avail in behalf of the boy, being absent in the land of the Delphians, where he pays to Loxias the penalty of madness;[3] through which, once on a time, having gone to Python, he demanded his father of Phœbus; for which [demand] he pays the penalty; if by any means, begging off the former offense, he may render the God favorable hereafter.

Maid Servant. Mistress, I indeed do not shrink from calling thee by this name, since also I thus distinguished you in your own house, when we were dwelling in the plain of Troy. And as I was well disposed both to you and to your husband while living, now too I am come, bringing thee new tidings, in a fear indeed, lest any one of our masters should hear, but in pity for thee; for Menelaus and his daughter are plotting against thee dreadful things, against which thou must guard.

Andr. O dearest fellow-slave, for fellow-slave thou art to me, who was once thy queen, but is now an unhappy [woman], what are they doing? what devices are they again weaving, seeking to slay all-wretched me?

Serv. They are about to slay thy son, whom thou, O wretched one, didst privily send from the house.

Andr. Ah me! Whence can she have learned[4] that my son is exposed? O wretched me, how I am undone!

[3] On this whole passage, see Matthiæ, whose readings and interpretation have been adopted by Dindorf.

[4] But L. Dindorf reads *πέπυσθε*. See his note.

SERV. I know not, but I heard this from them, and Menelaus has gone from the house after him.

ANDR. Then I am undone. O child, the twain vultures will seize and slay thee; but he who is called thy sire is abiding at Delphi.

SERV. For I do not think that thou wouldst fare thus ill, were he present: but now thou art bereft of friends.

ANDR. But has no report arrived concerning Peleus, that he is coming?

SERV. He is too old to benefit thee by his presence.

ANDR. And yet I have sent for him, not once only.

SERV. Dost thou then think that any of the messengers care for thee?

ANDR. How so? will you then go as messenger for me?

SERV. What account then shall I give, being a long time absent from the house?

ANDR. Thou canst find many contrivances; for thou art a woman.

SERV. There is danger, for Hermione is no trifling guard.

ANDR. Dost perceive? Thou deniest thy friends in their troubles.

SERV. Not so. Reproach me not with this. But I will go; for the life of a captive woman is not of great import, e'en if I suffer any ill.

ANDR. Go then; but we will stretch forth to the sky the lamentations, and groans, and tears, in which we are ever involved; for to women it is a natural delight in present troubles ever to keep them in their mouth and on the tongue. And there is not one thing, but many, for me to bewail; my ancestral city, and Hector dead, and the stern fate to which I am yoked, having fallen undeservedly upon the day of slavery. But it behooves one to call none of mortals happy,[5] before, upon his death, you see how, having passed the last day, he will go below. Paris led Helen, companion of his bed, to his couch, not as a bride, but as some curse to lofty Troy. For whose sake, O Troy, the swift warlike force of the Greeks, with thousand ships, captured thee, ravaged with spear and fire, and Hector the husband of wretched me, whom the son of marine Thetis dragged charioteering around the walls.

[5] With this sentiment cf. Soph. Trach. 1 sqq. with the notes.

And I myself have been led from my chamber to the shore of the sea, putting hateful slavery around my head. And many tears fell down my face, when I left the city, and my chamber, and my husband in the dust. Alas! me wretched, why need I still behold the light, the slave of Hermione? By whom worn down, I as a suppliant at this image of the Goddess, and throwing my arms around it, am wasting away, as the rill trickles from the rock.

Chorus. O lady, who for a long while art sitting on the [sacred] precinct, and at the shrine of Thetis, nor quittest it, to thee of an Asiatic race I have nevertheless come a Phthian, if I might be able to shred[6] for thee any remedy for thy troubles, hard to be released, which have inclosed you and Hermione in a hateful strife, O wretched one, she being a partner in the double nuptials with the son of Achilles. Know thy fortune, consider the present evil, into which thou art come. Contendest thou with thy masters? thou, being a Trojan woman, with the descendants of Lacedæmon? Quit the sheep-receiving[7] dwelling of the marine Goddess. What occasion is there for you to waste away unseemly your body in grief, through the compulsion of your masters? But power will induce you. Why, being naught, dost thou toil this toil? But come, quit the splendid seat of the Goddess daughter of Nereus, and learn that you are a servant in a strange land, in a foreign city, where thou beholdest none of thy friends, O thou most unfortunate, O all-wretched bride. For most pitied by me hast thou come to this house, O Trojan lady, but through fear of my masters I keep quiet, (but I [nevertheless] bear thy lot with pity,) lest the child of the daughter of Jove perceive that I am well disposed toward thee.[8]

Hermione. I have come hither, not indeed bearing an ornament of golden luxury around my head, nor this vesture of embroidered garments around my person, as first-fruits culled from the house of Achilles or of Peleus; but my father Menelaus, of the Lacedæmonian Spartan land, bestows these on me with many dower-gifts, so that I may speak freely. To you

[6] Cf. Æsch. Ag. 17, *ὕπνου-ἐντέμνων ἄκος*, with the notes.

[7] i. e. the sheep for sacrifice.

[8] There is some awkwardness in the intervening clause, which I have placed in an inclosure. The sense is much the same as in vs. 61, *φόβῳ μὲν, εἴ τις δεσποτῶν αἰσθήσεται, Οἴκτῳ δὲ τῷ σῷ.*

indeed I give answer with these words. But thou, being a slave obtained by the spear, wishest to possess this house, having cast me out, and through thy drugs I am detested by my husband, and my womb, through thee, perishes away without offspring. For the minds of Asiatic women are very clever in such matters; from which I will restrain thee. And neither shall this house of Nereus' daughter avail thee, nor her altar, nor shrine, but thou shalt die. And if any mortal, or God, wishes to preserve thee, it behooves thee, instead of thy former prosperous vauntings, to crouch submissive, and to fall down at my knee, and to sweep this house, sprinkling the dew of Achelous from gold-wrought vessels, and to know where on the earth thou art. For this[9] is not Hector, nor Priam, nor gold, but a Grecian city. But thou art come to this pitch of ignorance, O thou miserable one, that thou darest to share the bed of the son of a sire who destroyed thy husband, and to bring forth children by his slayer. Such is the whole race of the barbarians: a father is united to his daughter, and a son to his mother, and a maid to her brother; and through murder pass the dearest of kin, and the law prevents none of these things. Which do not thou introduce among us; for it is not well for one man to have the reins over two women; but, looking to one love, the companion of their bed, men are content, if they wish not to live evilly.

Chor. Envious by nature is the female kind, and ever most hostile to their fellows in marriage.

Andr. Alas! alas! youth is an evil to mortals, and [evil it is for him] who cherishes not justice in youth. But I fear lest my state of slavery drive me from converse with thee, although having much of justice; but if on the other hand I shall prevail, [I fear] lest I shall incur harm by this; for they who have high thoughts bear ill the better arguments of their inferiors; but nevertheless I will not be detected deserting my own cause. Say, young lady, moved by what reason worthy of credit do I drive away thee from genuine nuptials? Is it because Lacedæmon is a smaller city than that of the Phrygians, and that my fortune excels, and thou beholdest me free? Or is it that, puffed up with youth and lustiness of body, with the greatness of my city, and my friends, I seek to possess thy house in thy stead? Is it that, instead of thee,

[9] Cf. Blomf. on Æsch. Pers. i.

I may myself bear children, as slaves, and a wretched drag to myself? Or who will endure my children as the rulers of Phthia, even if you do not bring forth? For the Greeks love me, both on Hector's account[10] and [because] I myself was humble and not a queen among the Phrygians. It is not through my drugs that thy husband loathes thee; but because thou art not fit to be connected with him. But this too is a love-spell. It is not beauty, lady, but virtues that delight bed-fellows. But if you are at all annoyed, then Lacedæmon indeed is a mighty city,[11] but Scyrus[12] thou accountest nothing, and thou showest thy wealth among the not wealthy, and Menelaus in thy estimation is greater than Achilles. For these things indeed thy husband hates thee. For it behooves a woman, even if she be bestowed on a bad husband, to be content, and not to hold a strife of haughtiness. But if thou hadst had a royal husband in Thrace, overflowed by snow, where one man, dwelling with many, in turn bestows the nuptial couch, thou wouldst have slain them. And then thou wouldst have been found bringing upon all women the charge of being insatiate in marriage. This indeed is base; and yet we sicken with this disease worse than men; but we have striven well against it. O dearest Hector, but I for thy sake loved the same as thee, if Venus led thee aught astray, and ofttimes have I given the breast to thy illegitimate sons, that I might not offer thee any bitterness. And acting thus, I did by virtue draw my husband to myself; but you in fear do not allow a drop of the dew of the sky to fall upon thy husband. Do not seek, O woman, to surpass thy mother in man-loving; for it behooves children of sense to shun the manners of evil mothers.

Chor. Mistress, as far as thou canst with ease, so much be thou persuaded to agree with this woman in words.

Herm. Why dost thou mouth it solemnly, and come to the strife of words, that thou forsooth art prudent, but my conduct is not prudent?

[10] Schol. *καὶ διὰ τὸν Ἕκτορα, καὶ δι' ἐμαυτην. Ἕκτορα μὲν, ὡς εὐεργέτην τιμῶντες, ἐμὲ δὲ, ὡς μὴ βάρβαρον, καὶ μὴ πολεμίαν περιφανῆ αὐτοῖς γενομένην ἐλεοῦντες.*

[11] *μέγ' ἐστὶ*, i. e. *μεγαλύνεται ὑπὸ σοῦ*. Cf. Or. 784, *μέγα γὰρ ἡ εὐγένειά σου*. Pflugk.

[12] The country of Neoptolemus.

ANDR. You are not so, at least in the words you have been using.

HERM. Never may thy disposition dwell with me, O woman.

ANDR. Thou art young, yet talkest about things of shame.

HERM. But thou dost not talk indeed, but art doing so to me, to the utmost of your power.

ANDR. Will you not grieve about Venus in silence?

HERM. What? is not this every where the first consideration with women?

ANDR. [Yea,] to those who use it properly, but if not, it is not honorable.

HERM. We do not regulate our city by the laws of barbarians.

ANDR. Both there and here dishonorable deeds convey disgrace.

HERM. Clever, clever art thou; but still thou must die.

ANDR. Dost thou perceive the statue of Thetis looking upon thee?

HERM. Ay, hating thy country for the death of Achilles.

ANDR. Helen, thy mother, destroyed him, not I.

HERM. What, wilt thou further touch upon my evils?

ANDR. See, I am silent, and compress my lips.

HERM. Say rather, for what purpose I have come hither.

ANDR. I say that thou hast not as much sense as behooves thee.

HERM. Wilt thou quit this sacred inclosure of the marine Goddess?

ANDR. Ay, provided I do not die. But unless [this be so], I will never quit it.

HERM. This then is fixed, and I will not wait for my husband to return.

ANDR. But neither will I yield myself to thee before.

HERM. I will bring fire upon thee, and will not consider thy welfare.[13]

ANDR. Do thou, then, light the flame; for the Gods will know these things.

HERM. And the pangs too of dreadful wounds against thy person.

[13] But surely Musgrave is right in reading τόπον. Her contempt of the sacred place would increase her crime.

Andr. Slay, imbrue with blood the altar of the Goddess, who will punish thee.

Herm. O thou barbarian creature, and of hardy daring, art thou, then, braving out death? But swiftly will I upraise thee, of thine own accord, from this [suppliant] sitting. Such a bait for thee do I possess; but I will conceal my plans, and the deed will speedily show itself. Sit as thou sittest; for even though molten lead surround thee, I will make thee rise, before the son of Achilles, in whom thou art confident, returns.

Andr. I have a good trust; but strange it is that one of the Gods should have furnished mortals with remedies against savage serpents, but that no one has yet discovered a cure for a bad woman, who is beyond a viper and fire itself. Such a bane are we to men.

Chor. Truly the son of Maia and Jove was the beginner of great woes, when he came to the Idæan wood, escorting the fair-yoked car of the three Goddesses, armed for the hateful contest of beauty, to the sheds of the herdsman, and to the solitary cattle-tending youth, and the deserted hearth of the house. But when they came to the foliaged grove, they laved their shining bodies in the streams of mountain rills, and came to the son of Priam, making comparisons between one another with overweening words of strife. Venus overcame him by crafty words, pleasant indeed to hear, but [bringing] a bitter confusion of life on the hapless city of the Phrygians and the towers of Troy. But would that she, who erst gave Paris birth, had cast over her head[14] the bane, before he had dwelt on the Idæan height; when amid the prophetic laurels Cassandra cried out to slay him, the mighty bane of Priam's city. To whom did she not go? Whom of the old chiefs of the people did she not beseech to slay the infant? For neither would the yoke of slavery have come upon the Trojans, nor would you, O lady, have had a dwelling in a tyrant's house. And it would have prevented the grievous toils of Greece, which for ten years their youth wandering in spears endured; and the beds had not been left widowed, nor old men reft of their children.

Men. I am come, having caught thy son, whom, unknown to

[14] On this superstition cf. Æsch. Choeph. 99. Virg. Ecl. viii. 102.

my daughter, thou didst privily send away to other dwellings. For thou didst trust that this image of the Goddess would preserve thee, and that those who concealed him [would preserve] this [boy]; but thou art found less wise than this man Menelaus, O woman. And unless you quit and desert this place, he shall be slain instead of thy body. Consider this, then, whether you wish to die, or him to perish for your fault, in which you have erred against me and my daughter.

Andr. O reputation, reputation, how in pride hast thou greatly swollen up their life to innumerable mortals, who were nothing! But happy I deem those to whom there is glory from truth; but I will hold that they [who have] renown falsely, have it not,[15] except that they seem to be wise through chance. Didst thou, being a general over the picked men of the Greeks, once on a time deprive Priam of Troy, being so mean as thou art? who, from the words of thy daughter, a mere child, hast breathed forth thus violently, and hast come to a contest with a hapless female slave. I no longer deem thee worthy of Troy, nor Troy of thee. They who seem to be wise have outwardly a splendor; but inwardly are the equals of all men, unless indeed [they excel] aught in wealth; but this has a mighty power. Come, then, Menelaus, let us go through our reasons. Suppose I am dead as regards your daughter, and she has destroyed me; you can not escape the stain of a foul murder. But among the people thou too wilt have to plead to this murder; for the being an accomplice will force you [to pay] the debt.[16] But if I indeed escape from dying, will ye slay my child? And how then will the father endure the death of his son? Troy calls him not so unmanly, but he will go the way that behooves him,[17] for he will be seen doing deeds worthy of Peleus, and of his father Achilles. And he will drive thy daughter from his house; and when thou bestowest her on another, what wilt thou say? That her modesty flies from a bad husband? But it will be a lie.[18] And who will marry her? Or wilt thou

[15] Matthiæ observes that the *plena locutio* would be *τοὺς δ' ὑπὸ ψευδῶν ἔχοντας εὔκλειαν οὐκ ἀξιώσω ἔχειν εὔκλειαν.*

[16] "Usus tui, quem præstas, cædi socias manus conferendo, coget te discrimen hoc, *invidiam hanc*, adire." Reiske.

[17] i. e. he will set about avenging him.

[18] *ἀλλ' ἐψεύσεται* is the proper reading. See Dind.

keep her at home, an unwedded, white-haired widow? O unhappy man, dost thou not perceive the influx of so great evils? And how many marriages would you prefer that your daughter should experience, to her injury, rather than suffer what I say?[19] It is not right to bring on great evils for small advantage, nor, if we women are a baleful ill, for men to resemble women in their nature. For we, if we drug thy daughter, and make her womb abortive, as she says, willingly, not unwillingly, nor falling at the altars, we will ourselves submit to trial at the hands of thy son-in-law, to whom I owe no less satisfaction for guilt, by causing him childlessness. Such then are we; but one thing in thy[20] mind I dread. Through strife about a woman thou also didst destroy the wretched city of the Phrygians.

CHOR. To much hast thou spoken as a woman to men, and the moderation of thy mind has overshot the mark.[21]

MEN. These are trifling matters, woman, and, as you say, not worthy of my empire, nor of Greece. But know this well; that, of which one chances to have need, is to each of greater importance than to take Troy. And I, for I account this a great matter, stand forth an ally to my daughter against being robbed of her marriage right. For the other things which a woman may suffer are secondary; but failing in her husband, she fails in her life. And it is right that he[22] should have power over my slaves, and me and mine over his also; for among friends who are truly friends, there is nothing private, but goods are common. But waiting for those who are absent, if I do not arrange my affairs in the best manner possible, I am a silly man, and not wise. But do thou rise up from this shrine of the Goddess, that, if thou diest, this boy may escape his fate; but if thou art unwilling to die, I will slay him. And now there is a necessity for one of you two to leave life.

ANDR. Ah me! A bitter allotment and choice of life thou givest me, and I both choosing am wretched, and not choos-

[19] Andromache lays an amusing stress on the desire of Menelaus to get rid of his daughter. "Any thing for a quiet life," is the sum total of her arguments.

[20] *που* for *σου*. VOSS. DIND.

[21] *ἐξετόξευσεν* = *ἐξετοξεύθη*, or *ἐκτετόξευται*.

[22] i. e. Neoptolemus.

ing, am unhappy. O thou that doest great things for a small cause, be persuaded. Why slayest thou me? On what account? What city have I betrayed? What child of thine have I slain? And what house have I burned? I have been perforce the bed-companion of masters; and then thou wilt slay me, not him, the causer of these things; but, letting alone the beginning [of the evil], thou art hurried on to that which is the last end. Alas for these ills! O my unhappy country! How do I suffer dreadful things! Why then did it behoove me to bear children, and to impose a double burden upon this burden? But wherefore do I mourn these things, but do not weep for[23] and consider my present ills? I indeed who have seen the slaughter of Hector, dragged piteously by the chariot-wheel, and Troy in flames; and I myself have gone as a slave to the ships of the Greeks, dragged by my hair; and when I came to Phthia, I am wedded to the murderer of Hector.[24] Why then is it sweet for me to live? To what must I look? to my present or past fortunes? This one boy was alone left to me, the eye of life; him they are about to kill, to whom this act seems good. But they shall not do so for the sake of my wretched life; for in him indeed there is hope, if he be preserved; but disgrace for me not to die for my child. See, I quit the altar, and am in your hands, to slay, to kill, to bind, to hang up my neck.[25] O child, I, thy mother, wend my way to Hades, that thou mayest not die; but if thou shalt secretly flee the fate of thy mother, bear mind what I endured, [and how] I perished. And to thy father, kissing him, and shedding tears, and twining thyself around his hands, tell how I acted. Truly to all mankind their children is their life; but whoever is unexperienced [in children][26] and blames me [for this sentiment], feels less pain indeed, but happy is though hapless.

Chor. Thee do I pity, hearing; for unhappiness is piteous to all mortals, even if one be a stranger. But, Menelaus, it

[23] This is Barnes' and Matthiæ's explanation of *ἐξικμάζω*, but Dindorf condemns the reading as spurious. See his note.

[24] i. e. to Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, who slew Hector.

[25] This accumulation of infinitives is common in such passages, especially in Euripides. Perhaps Aristophanes burlesques it in Nub. 440, *τουτὶ τό γ' ἐμὸν σῶμ' αὐτοῖσιν Παρέχω τύπτειν, πεινῆν, διψῆν, Ἀνχμεῖν ῥιγῶν, ἀσκὸν δαίρειν, Εἴπερ τὰ χρέα διαφευξοῦμαι.*

[26] So Shakspeare: "he speaks to me, who never had a son."

behooves thee to bring thy daughter and this woman to an agreement, that she may be released from troubles.

MEN. Seize me this woman here, ye servants, throwing your hands around her; for she will hear no friendly words. I did indeed, that thou mightest quit the holy altar of the Goddess, hold out the death of the boy, with which I induced thee to come into my hands to be destroyed. And know that, as regards thyself, thus matters stand; but as regards this boy, my daughter shall decide, whether she will destroy or will not destroy him. But go thou into this house, that, being a born slave, thou mayest learn no longer to insult the free.

ANDR. Alas! thou hast come over me by a trick. I have been deceived.

MEN. To all proclaim it; for I do not deny it.

ANDR. Are these things deemed clever by those near the Eurotas?

MEN. Ay, and by those at Troy, that the sufferers should do in turn.[27]

ANDR. But dost thou think the Gods are no Gods, and have no care of justice?[28]

MEN. When this comes to pass, we will bear [the consequences]. But thee I will slay.

ANDR. And wilt thou too [slay] this youngling, dragging him from beneath the wing?

MEN. Not so; but I will give him to my daughter to slay, if she wish.

ANDR. Ah me! How shall I groan for thee, O child?

MEN. Certainly no confident hope awaits him.[29]

ANDR. O ye inhabitants of Sparta, most hated of mortals among all men, crafty in counsel, king of liars, concocters of evil plots, crooked, and thinking nothing soundly, but all things tortuously,[30] unjustly are ye prosperous in Greece. And what [evil] is there not in you? Are there not abundant murders? Are ye not given to base gain? Are ye not detected speaking ever one thing with the tongue, but thinking

[27] Cf. Æsch. Choeph. 313, *δράσαντι παθεῖν*, with the notes.

[28] *δίκη* here denotes the power both of taking cognizance of and of punishing offenses.

[29] i. e. the chances of his escape are small.

[30] On this charge of perfidy against the Lacedæmonians, compare Aristoph. Ach. 308, *οἷσιν οὔτε βωμὸς οὔτε πίστις οὐθ' ὅρκος μένει.* See Barnes' note.

another? A murrain seize you! But to me death is not so painful as it seems to you. For those things destroyed me, when the hapless city of the Trojans was laid waste, and my renowned husband, who ofttimes with his spear rendered thee the coward, a sailor instead of a land [soldier].[31] But now appearing as a terrible soldier against a woman, thou slayest me. Slay me then, for I will leave thee and thy daughter unflattered by my tongue. For you indeed are great in Sparta, but I in Troy. But if I fare ill, vaunt not in this; for thou too mayest fare the same.

Chor. Never will I commend the two-fold nuptials of mortals, nor children sprung from different mothers, a strife at home, and hostile grief. Let any husband be content with one bed, not shared by [another] man. For neither in states are two kingships better to bear than one, and [they are] a burden upon burden, and sedition for the citizens. Even the Muses are wont to make strife between two joint composers of a hymn.[32] And when the swift gales bear along vessels, the wisdom of two-fold minds at the helm and a collected number of experienced men are weaker than a more common mind with self-possession.[33] [Let there be] both in a house and in a city, the power of one, when they wish to find what is opportune. This the Lacedemonian [daughter] of Menelaus has proved, for she has gone through fire against another wife, and she slays the hapless Trojan girl and her son through despiteful strife. Godless, lawless, graceless is the murder. Still, O revered one, shall a change [of fortune] come upon thee for these deeds. And truly I behold the wedded pair before the house, destined by vote to death. Miserable woman, and wretched thou too, O boy, who diest for thy mother's nuptials, being no accomplice, nor guilty against the rulers.

[31] i. e. drove you in flight to the ships. Cf. Valck. on Herodot. vi. 32, referred to by Pflugk.

[32] Cf. Hesiod, ἔργ. 26, καὶ πτωχὸς πτωχῷ φθονέει, καὶ ἀοιδὸς ἀοιδῷ. It must be remembered that rewards were often given for the composition of hymns and pæans, whence much jealousy at times arose. Compare the anecdote told of Diagoras the Melian in Suidas. See Fabric. on Sextus Empir. adv. Math. ix. § 53, note s, and the similar story of Virgil and Bathyllus, in Donatus, vit. Virg.

[33] *ἃ δύνασις*, scil. ἐστί. Ἃ is the neuter plural. Understand τὸ αὐτοκρατῆ εἶναι φρένα ἑνός. Pflugk.

[*Enter* ANDROMACHE *and her son, in fetters.*]

ANDR. Behold[34] I, bound as to my gory hands with fetters, am sent below the earth.

MOLOSSUS. Mother, mother, and I under thy wing descend with thee.

ANDR. O hostile sacrifice, O rulers of the land of Phthia.

MOL. O father, come and assist those dear to thee.

ANDR. Thou wilt be then, O dear one, around the breast, and with the corse of thy dead mother beneath the earth.

MOL. Ah me! ah me! what shall I wretched do, and thou, O mother?

MEN. Go beneath the earth, for truly ye are come from the towers of our enemies. And die ye too from a two-fold necessity. Thee indeed my determination destroys, but thy son, my daughter Hermione. For truly it is great folly to spare enemies sprung from enemies,[35] when it is in one's power to kill them, and remove fear from houses.

ANDR. O husband, husband, thou son of Priam, would that I possessed thy hand and spear of alliance!

MOL. Wretched me, what strain shall I find to turn aside my fate?

ANDR. Beseech thou, drawing nigh to thy master's knees, O child.

MOL. O friend, friend, remit my death.

ANDR. I bedew my pupils with tears, I wretched am dripping away like a sunless drop from a steep rock.

MOL. Alas for me! What remedy of my ills can I find?

MEN. Wherefore dost thou fall down, beseeching with prayers me, who am as a rock or wave of the sea? For I am the natural benefactor of mine own; but I have no friendly feeling for thee; since indeed, having wasted a great part of my life, I captured Troy and thy mother, of whose [deeds] thou bearing the fruits, shall descend to nether Hades.

CHOR. And truly I perceive Peleus coming hither, directing his aged foot in haste.

PEL. I ask you,[36] and him who stands at the slaughter,

[34] Nearly equivalent to the *ὁρᾶτ' ἐμ' ὦ πολῖται* of Soph. Antig. 806.

[35] A marginal annotator in cod. Putean. aptly compared: *νήπιος ὃς πατέρα κτείνας παῖδας καταλείπει.*

[36] Cf. Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 182, *ὑμᾶς ἐρωτῶ, θρέμματ' οὐκ ἀνασχετά.*

what is this? How, and for what reason is the house troubled? What are you doing, planning things without a trial? O Menelaus, hold! hasten not without justice. Do thou lead on quickly; for, as it seems, this is not a matter of leisure for me;[37] but I wish, if I ever did, to obtain the strength of youth. First, indeed, I will breathe upon this woman, as upon the canvas, with prospering gale. Say, by what right do these lead thee and thy child, having bound thy hands; for thou art perishing like some lamb,[38] we and thy lord being absent.

ANDR. These are leading me to die with my child, O aged man, as thou seest; why need I tell thee? For I sent for thee not with the earnestness of a single message, but by innumerable envoys. But thou, I ween, hast heard of the strife within the house [proceeding] from this man's daughter, and through which I perish. And now they lead me, having dragged me from the altar of Thetis, who bore thy noble son to thee, and whom thou holdest in wondrous honor, neither having decided with justice, nor having waited for those absent from the house; but knowing my desert state, and that of my child, whom, in naught guilty, they are about to slay along with wretched me. But I implore you, old man, falling before thy knees, (for it is not possible[39] for me to touch thy beard with my hand,) deliver me, by the Gods; for if not, we shall perish, disgraceful for you old man, but miserably for me.

PEL. I bid you relax the claims, before some one suffer for it, and to let go both her hands.

MEN. But I forbid it, I, another person not inferior to thyself, and far more the lord over this woman.[40]

PEL. How? Shalt thou regulate my house, having come hither? Is it not enough for thee to rule over those in Sparta?

MEN. I took her as a captive from Troy.

PEL. But my grandson took her as his reward.

MEN. Are not mine his, and his mine?

PEL. Yea, to treat well, but not evilly, nor to slay them by violence.

[37] *μοι* must be construed with *ἔργον*, not with *ἔοικε*. DINDORF.

[38] With *ὕπαρνος* understand *οἷς*, as *ὑπόρρηνος* in Homer, *ὕπαρνοι* in Callimachus in Apoll. 53. DINDORF.

[39] Because she was bound in fetters. Schol. *ἢ ὅτι νόμος ἦν τοῖς βαρβάροις, μὴ ἅπτεσθαι τοῦ γενείου τῶν δεσπότου.*

[40] Cf. vs. 374 sq.

MEN. [Know] that thou shalt never lead her away from my hand.

PEL. But with this sceptre I will make thy head bloody.[41]

MEN. Touch me then, that you may know [your man], and draw nigh to me.[42]

PEL. What! wilt thou [strive] with men, O thou the basest, and [sprung] from the base? What share hast thou of any account among men? Thou who by a Phrygian man wast deprived of thy wife, leaving the home of thine hearth unlocked, without slaves, as if forsooth thou hadst a chaste wife in your dwelling, [when she was] the vilest of all. Nor if one of the Spartan girls wished to be chaste, could she be; they who quit their dwellings, and in company with youths with naked thighs and loose robes, practice a common race and exercises, not to be endured by me. And must one then marvel, if ye do not train up modest women?[43] You ought to inquire this of Helen; who, deserting the power that presides over friends,[44] went rioting from thy house to another land, with a young man. And then, having assembled such a crowd of Greeks, thou didst lead them against Troy for the sake of her, whom it behooved thee, finding her bad, to abhor, and not stir a spear, but to suffer her to remain there, and to give a sum for not taking her back again into thy house. But it was not in this direction thou didst waft thy mind; but thou hast destroyed many a gallant heart, and hast made old women destitute of children in their houses, and deprived hoary fathers of their noble offspring. Of whom I wretched am one; and I look upon thee, the cause of Achilles' death, as some evil genius. Who alone camest from Troy not even wounded, and carried thither and back again in the same state thy beautiful arms in their beautiful cases. And I indeed advised [my son] when marrying, neither to join alliance with thee, nor to receive into his house the foal of a bad woman; for they are wont to carry into public the reproach of the mother. Wherefore be ye mindful of this, O suitors, to take

[41] Nearly the same words occur Iph. Aul. 311.

[42] Not badly translated by Prevôt: "Toi, lâche, te mesurer avec un homme! Eh, mérites tu donc être compté parmi les hommes?"

[43] Respecting this behavior of the Spartan women, see Barnes' note. Cf. Plato de Legg. vii. p. 634, B.C. ed. Læm.

[44] Musgrave has established this interpretation with considerable learning. On such titles see Hemst. on Lucian, Timon, sub init.

[to wife] the daughter of a virtuous mother. Besides, of what insolence wast thou guilty toward thy brother, bidding him to sacrifice most foolishly his daughter! So fearful wert thou lest thou shouldst not have thy bad wife. But having taken Troy (for thither will I proceed with thee,) thou didst not slay the woman, when thou hadst her in thy hands, but when thou didst look upon her breast, casting away thy sword,[45] thou didst receive her kisses, fondling the dog that had betrayed thee, being, O thou most vile one, the slave of Venus. And then coming into the house of my child, when he is absent, thou dost ravage it, and dishonorably slay his unhappy wife and child; who, though he were thrice spurious by birth, shall make thee and thy daughter rue thy conduct. But often indeed does the dry land surpass the deep loam, and many illegitimate sons are better than genuine. But do thou take away thy child. It is better for mortals to possess a poor, but honest relative, than a base rich one. But thou art naught.

Chor. From a small beginning the tongue furnishes a mighty dispute to men; but the wise among mortals are on their guard against this — not to pick quarrels with their friends.

Men. Why then should you say that old men, and those who once seemed to be clever among the Greeks, are wise? When thou, being Peleus, and sprung from a renowned sire * * * * having joined alliance, dost speak words disgraceful to thyself, and reproachful to us, on account of a barbarian woman; whom it behooved thee to drive the way[46] beyond the streams of the Nile, and beyond Phasis, and to exhort me always [to treat her thus], being indeed from the continent [of Asia], where[47] very many of Greeks have fallen corses by the spear, and being a partner in the blood of thy son. For Paris, who slew thy son Achilles, was the brother of Hector, and this woman is the wife of Hector. And thou enterest the same house with her forsooth, and thinkest fit to have thy life at the same table, and allowest her to bring forth most hateful children in the house. On which account,[48] old man, I, wish-

[45] Cf. Aristoph. Lys. 155, who refers to this passage.
[46] With *τὴν* understand *ὁδὸν*. See Dindorf.
[47] *οὗ* = *ἐν τῇ Ἠπείρῳ*.
[48] Matthiæ, however, thinks that the idea of the poet was, *ἃ ἐγὼ παύειν θέλων καὶ κτανεῖν τήνδε*.

ing, through foresight for thee and me, to slay this woman, have her snatched from my hands. Yet come, (for it is not base to enter upon reasons,) if my daughter indeed do not bring forth, but children spring from this woman, wilt thou set them as rulers over the land of Phthia; and shall they, being barbarian by race, bear sway over Greeks? Am I not then wise, in hating what is not just? And is there wisdom in thee? And now consider this too. If you had given your daughter to any one of the citizens, and she had suffered such treatment, would you have sat in silence? I think not. But dost thou, for the sake of a stranger woman, thus bawl at thy near relations? And yet both a man and woman have equal power, when she is injured by a husband; and in like manner a husband, who has a wanton wife in his house. And the one indeed possesses great power in his hands, but the other has her affairs in the hands of her parents and friends. Is it not then right for me to assist those belonging to me? Old, old art thou. But by speaking of my generalship, you aid my cause more than by keeping silence. And Helen suffered woe[49] not willingly, but through the Gods; and this most greatly benefited Greece; for being ignorant of arms and battle, they marched on to deeds of valor. But intercourse is the teacher of all things to mortals. But if, coming in view of my wife, I abstained from killing her, I acted with moderation. And I could wish that thou hast not slain Phocus.[50] In these words I have addressed thee, with good intent, not for the sake of wrath. But if thou art swift to anger, to thee indeed there is a greater harshness of speech, but to me prudence is a gain.

Chor. Cease now, for this is far better than vain words, lest ye two err together.

Pel. Ah me! how evil is the custom in Greece! When an army has erected trophies over the enemy, they do not consider this the work of the toiling soldiers, but the general reaps the renown; who brandishing the spear, one amid ten thousand others, and doing no more than one, has greater glory. And sitting stately in office in the city, they have, although nobodies, more lofty thoughts than the people; but these [the people] are ten thousand times wiser than those, if

[49] Menelaus delicately glosses over her crime, and speaks only of its consequence. Matthiæ.

[50] See Barnes.

daring and counsel were theirs at the same time. Thus you and your brother, puffed up with pride, sate at Troy, and in the generalship there, raised up by the toils and labors of others. But I will teach you never to consider Idæan Paris less an enemy than Peleus, unless you take yourself off from this house as quickly as possible, and thy childless daughter, whom the son sprung from me shall drag through this house, seizing her by the hair; she who, being a barren heifer, will not endure others bearing children, herself having none. But if her state is unhappy in respect of children, does it behoove us to be destitute of children? Get ye away from this woman, ye servants, that I may learn whether any one will hinder me from unbinding her hands. Raise thyself up; since I, although trembling, will unloose the twisted coils of thongs. Hast thou, most base one, injured thus the hands of this woman? Didst thou fancy thou wert binding with cords a bull or lion? Or didst thou fear lest, taking a sword, she might defend herself against thee? Come hither under my arm, O child; relax thy mother's fetters. In Phthia I will train thee up, a powerful enemy to these. But if the glory of the spear and the contest of war were wanting to the Spartans, know that in other respects ye are no better than any one.

Chor. The race of old men is by nature free to act, and not easily guarded against, through its quickness of temper.

Men. Thou art borne along too prone to revilings. But I, coming to Phthia, will neither do nor suffer any thing mean through violence. And now indeed, for I have not abundant leisure, I will go home; for there is a certain city not far from Sparta, which before this indeed was friendly, but now acting with hostility. Against this I therefore wish to go out, leading an army, so as to bring it under my hand. But when I shall have settled matters there according to my desire, I will come, and in the presence of my son-in-law I present will teach, and in turn be taught reason. And if he (Neoptolemus) shall punish this woman, and hereafter act with moderation toward us, he shall receive moderate treatment in turn. But if he be wrathful, he shall meet with the wrathful, and shall receive deeds in return for deeds. But I bear thy words easily; for thou hast a voice like as a shadow, being incapable of aught except only to talk.

Pel. Lead on hither, child, standing under my arms; and

thou too, O wretched one, for, having encountered a violent tempest, thou hast come into a tranquil port.

Andr. O may the Gods give good gifts to thee, old man, and thine, for having saved my child and hapless me. But see now,[51] lest these, crouching down in a deserted place on the way, hurry me off by force, perceiving that thou indeed art aged, and me weak, and this child an infant. Consider this, lest, escaping now, we be taken afterward.

Pel. Thou shalt not bring forward the timid words of women. Go on; who will touch you? He will touch you to his cost if he does. For in behalf of the Gods, we have a command over horse troops, and many heavy-armed soldiers in Phthia. And I am still erect, and not an old man, as you think; but looking in the face of such a man as this alone, I, though an old man, will erect a trophy over him. For an old man, if he be valiant, is better than many youths. What profits it, being a coward, to have a good body?

Chor. Might I either not be born, or might I be born from good parents, and a partaker in wealthy houses; for if one were to suffer any thing difficult, there is no lack of defense to the well-born. But from those who are bruited as coming from good families, time never takes away honor and renown, the remnants of good men, but virtue shines even among the dead. But it is better to have a victory free from ill repute, than to overthrow justice with envy and might. For this is on the instant pleasant for mortals, but in time it withers, and is among the disgraces of the house. This life I commend, this also I pursue, that no power apart from justice prevail in the chambers or in the city. O aged son of Æacus, I am persuaded that thou wast present with the Lapithæ[52] at the renowned war against the Centaurs, and didst also pass in the ship Argo the humid Euxine through the marine Symplegades,[53] in glorious navigation; and, when of erst the renowned son of Jove surrounded the city of Troy[54] with slaughter, that thou didst gain a common glory, and return to Europe.

[51] I read νῦν for νῷν, with Taur. Gu. Ald.

[52] Peleus is placed among the Argonauts by Apollon. Rhod. i. 91, Hygin. Fab. 14, together with his brother Telamon. According to the latter, the death of Phocus was the cause of their leaving home.

[53] Cf. Med. 2; and Apoll. Rhod. i. 2.

[54] See Boeckh, Explic. Pind. p. 182.

[*Enter a* NURSE.]

NURSE. O dearest women, how evil succeeding evil is sent as a gift on this day. For my mistress in the house, I mean Hermione, both being left alone by her father and with the consciousness too of what a deed she has done, in having laid a plan to kill Andromache and her son, wishes to die, dreading her husband, lest, on account of her deeds, she be sent disgracefully from this house, or die, having sought to slay those whom she ought not to slay. And with difficulty do the servants, keeping watch, restrain her, wishing to suspend her neck, and they snatch from her right hand the sword, taking it away. So greatly does she grieve, and has perceived that what she has before done was not right. I indeed, then, O friends, am toiling in restraining my mistress from hanging; but do you, going within this house, release her from death; for new friends coming are more persuasive than accustomed ones.

CHOR. And truly we hear within the house the cries of the servants concerning the things which thou hast come hither to tell. But the wretched woman seems on the point of showing how much she grieves, having done dreadful things. For she is coming out from the house, fleeing from the hands of her attendants, through a desire of death.

HERM. Ah me! ah me! I will make tearing of my hair, and hostile lacerations with my nails.

NURSE. My child, what are thou doing? wilt thou maltreat thy person?

HERM. Alas! alas! go to the air, from my locks, thou slender veil.

NURSE. Child, cover thy bosom, bind together thy robes.[55]

HERM. Why must I cover my bosom with robes? I have done against my husband deeds evident, and apparent, and unconcealed.

NURSE. Dost thou grieve at having devised death against thy fellow-wife?

HERM. I mourn indeed the hostile daring I have attempted, I cursed, ah! cursed among mankind.

NURSE. Thy husband will pardon thee this offense.

HERM. Wherefore didst thou snatch the sword out of my hand? Give it back, O friend, give it back, that I may in-

[55] I prefer *πέπλους*, with Flor. A.

flict a stab right through. Wherefore do ye keep me from halters?

NURSE. But [it would not be right],[56] if I were to let you loose, not being in your senses, so that you would die.

HERM. Alas for my fate! Where for me is the friendly flame of fire? And where can I be raised to a precipice either near the ocean, or the mountain wood, that dying, I may be a care to the dead?

NURSE. Why dost thou labor thus? calamities sent by the Gods come to all mortals or now or then.

HERM. Thou hast left, thou hast left me,[57] O father, on the shore, as one alone and deserted by the marine oar. He will destroy, he will destroy me.[58] No longer will I dwell in this house of my husband. As suppliant to whose image shall I rush? or slave-like shall I embrace the knees of a slave?[59] [From the Phthian land][60] would that I were a blue-winged bird, or that pitched bark, which, the first ship that sailed, passed between the Cyanean shores.

NURSE. O daughter, I did commend neither the excess of thy conduct, when thou didst offend against the Trojan woman, nor do I now the fear which thou too greatly fearest. Thy husband will not thus reject thy alliance, persuaded by the paltry words of a barbarian woman. For he has not thee a captive from Troy, but the daughter of a good man, receiving thee with many dower gifts, and from a city not moderately blest. And thy father will not thus, as thou fearest, child, desert thee and let thee be cast out from this house. But go within, and do not appear before this dwelling, lest, child, thou incur any reproach, being seen in front of this house.

CHOR. And truly with haste of steps wends his way to us this foreign guest, in a strange garb.

ORESTES. Ye strange women, is this the house and royal roof of the son of Achilles?

CHOR. Thou knowest [rightly]; but who art thou that askest this?

[56] For this ellipse Dindorf compares Phœn. 1684, *ἀλλ' εἰ γαμοίμην, σὺ δὲ μόνος φεύγοις, πάτερ.*

[57] *μαινάδ'* is a typographical error for *μονάδ'*. Cf. Propert. "Qualis Thesea jacuit cedente carina, Languida desertis Gnosia litoribus."

[58] *δηλαδὴ πόσις* is a gloss in some of the MSS. See Dindorf.

[59] i. e. supplicate Andromache for mercy. [60] See Dindorf.

Or. [I am] the son of Agamemnon and Clytæmnestra, by name Orestes; and I am going to the oracles of Jove at Dodona. But when I arrived at Phthia, it seemed good to me to learn concerning a woman related to me, whether Hermione of Sparta is alive and faring well. For although she inhabits a country far distant from us, she is nevertheless dear.

Herm. O thou that hast appeared as a port in a storm to sailors, thou son of Agamemnon, by these thy knees, I beseech thee, pity us, whose fortunes thou beholdest faring not well. And to thy knees I apply mine arms, not less [to be respected] than garlands.

Or. Ah! what is this? Am I deceived, or do I distinctly see the daughter of Menelaus, queen of the house?

Herm. Ay, her whom Helen, the daughter of Tyndarus, brought forth in her father's house. Be not ignorant.

Or. O healing Phœbus, mayest thou grant a release from troubles. What is it? Art thou suffering ills from Gods or men?

Herm. Some from myself, some from the husband who possesses me, and others from some one of the Gods. But on all sides we are undone.

Or. What calamity, then, can befall a woman, save in respect to her nuptial bed, children not being yet born?

Herm. In this very thing I suffer. Well hast thou drawn me out.

Or. Does thy husband love some other wife instead of thee?

Herm. The captive, who once was Hector's wife.

Or. Thou tellest of an evil thing, that an husband has two wives.

Herm. Such are these matters. And then I fain would defend myself.

Or. What, hast thou plotted against a wife such things as a wife is wont?

Herm. Ay, death against her and her spurious son.

Or. And didst thou slay her? or what circumstance prevented thee?

Herm. The old man Peleus, reverencing the worse.

Or. But hadst thou any accomplice in this deed?

Herm. Ay, my father, coming from Sparta for this very purpose.

Or. And was he then worsted by the hand of an old man?

HERM. Ay, through respect [toward him], and he is gone, having left me desolate.

OR. I understand. Thou fearest thy husband because of what you have done.

HERM. Thou hast well guessed it. For with justice he will destroy me; what need I say it? But I beseech thee, invoking Jove, who regards relationship, send me as far away as possible from this land, or to my ancestral home; for these houses seem as though they had a voice,[61] to drive me away, and the land of Phthia loathes me. And if my husband, leaving the oracle of Phœbus, shall come home before [I get away], he will slay me for deeds most base, or I shall be a slave to a concubine, over whom I before lorded it.

OR. But how, as one may say it, hast thou thus erred?

HERM. The approach of bad women has undone me;[62] who puffed me up, talking these words: Wilt thou endure a most base captive in the house as the partner of thy bed? By the queen [Juno],[63] she should not in my house have enjoyed my husband, beholding the light of day. And I, hearing these discourses of the Sirens, clever, wicked, artful talkers, was vainly puffed up with folly. For why need I keep a watch upon my husband, when I had all I wanted; much wealth; and I was ruler in my palace; and I indeed might have borne legitimate children; but she illegitimate ones, half slaves to mine. But never, never, (for I will not say it once only,) is it proper for those who have their wits, and a wife, to allow women to visit the wife in their house; for they are the teachers of evil deeds. For one indeed, gaining something by it, corrupts the wife; but another, having sinned, wishes her to sin with herself,[64] and many [do this] through a violence of feelings; and hence the houses of men are troubled. Wherefore

[61] Cf. Æsch. Ag. 37, *οἶκος δ' αὐτὸς, εἰ φθογγὴν λάβοι, Σαφέστατ' ἂν λέξειεν.*

[62] Amusingly parodied by the emperor Hadrian: *πολλῶν ἰατρῶν εἰσοδοί μ' ἀπώλεσαν.*

[63] None of the commentators appear to have noticed the reference to Juno, Diana, or Venus, as guardian of the conjugal bed. ("Genialis tori Lucina, custos." Senec. Med. 1.)

[64] Compare the candid confession of Lady Sneerwell: "Wounded myself, in the early part of life, by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own reputation." School for Scandal, i. 1.

keep fast the gates of your houses with bolts and bars; for visits of women from without do no good, but rather many evils.

Chor. Greatly hast thou let loose thy tongue against thine own sex. This may be forgiven thee; but still it is fit for women to dress out women's natures.[65]

Or. It was the wise advice of him who taught mortals to hear the words of opposite sides.[66] For I, knowing the confusion in this house, and the strife between thee and the wife of Hector, have remained keeping watch, whether thou wilt remain here, or, terrified through dread of a captive woman, wish to be removed from this house. But I have come, not in respect to thy letters, but in order that, if thou gavest an opportunity of converse, as thou dost give, I might send thee away from this house. For being mine, before thou dwellest with this man through thy father's evil conduct, who, before that he invaded the boundaries of Troy, having bestowed thee on me as wife, afterward promised thee to him that now possesses thee, if he would sack the Trojan city. But when the son of Achilles returned hither, I forgave thy sire indeed; but I besought him[67] to yield up thy nuptials, relating my misfortunes and present fate, that from my relations indeed I might wed, but not easily from without, being an exile from home by such a flight as I am fleeing.[68] But he was insolent, and scoffed at me respecting the murder of my mother, and the blood-faced Goddesses. And I, rendered humble[69] by my misfortunes at home, grieved, ay, grieved indeed, but endured my calamity, and unwillingly departed, deprived of thy nuptials. Now then, since thou hast a change of fortune, and,

[65] I however prefer *νόσους*, i. e. failings. See Pflugk's note.

[66] Cf. Aristoph. Vesp. 725, *ἦ που σοφὸς ἦν, ὅς τις ἔφασκε, πρὶν ἂν ἀμφοῖν μῦθον ἀκούσῃς, Οὐκ ἂν δικάσαις*, quoted by Dindorf. See Demosth. de Cor. § 1, respecting the similar oath of jurymen.

[67] i. e. Neoptolemus.

[68] Viz. after the death of his mother Clytæmnestra. With the remainder of the story as here detailed, cf. Virg. Æn. iii. 327, sqq. with Servius, and the latter on vs. 297. Hyginus, fab. cxxiii., agrees with Euripides, except in calling the son of Andromache Amphialus. The superstitious dread in which *οἱ ἐναγεῖς* were held unfit for intermarrying with, may be seen from the treatment of the Alcmæonids at Athens. Cf. Herodot. 1.

[69] Such was the bearing of Orestes during his wanderings, on which see my note on Æsch. Eum. p. 187. The conduct of Neoptolemus was a gross violation of the *αἰδὼς* due to a fugitive for blood. Cf. Muller, Eumenides, § 51.

having fallen into this calamity, art at a loss, I will lead thee from this house, and will give thee into the hands of thy father. For relationship is a serious tie; and in troubles nothing is better than a kindred friend.

Herm. Of my nuptials indeed my father will have the care, and it is not for me to decide on this. But as quickly as possible convey me from these dwellings, lest my husband anticipate me, advancing and coming to the house; or Peleus, learning that I have deserted the house of his son, pursue me with chasings of his steeds.

Or. Cheer up. Fear not the old man's hand, nor the son of Achilles, as to the many[70] insults she has offered me. For such a snare of death, interwoven with meshes not to be moved, stands prepared for him at my hands, which I will not tell of before; but when the deed is done, the Delphian rock[71] shall know. And the slayer of a mother will teach him (if the plighted oaths of my spear-friends remain firm in the Pythian land) not to marry any [person] who is mine by right. And bitterly will he demand of king Phœbus[72] justice for his father's death; nor will change of opinion profit him, now paying the penalty to the God. But through him, and through my accusations,[73] he will evilly perish; and will be made aware of my hatred. For the deity brings the fortunes of one's enemies to an overthrow, nor allows them to have high thoughts.

Chor. O Phœbus, thou who once didst fortify the fair-walled hill at Troy, and thou, O Neptune, who on thy azure steeds dost charioteer over the ocean, on what account, having given up to Mars, whose thoughts are on war, the hand of the workman, dishonoring the instrument,[74] did ye give up wretched, wretched Troy? But ye yoked many chariots with beauteous steeds on the banks of Simois, and entered on bloody contests of men, from whence no crowns accrued; and the rulers of Troy are gone dead, nor does the flame on the altars in Troy any longer shine to the Gods midst the

[70] ὅσ' is Lobeck's emendation for ὅς.

[71] So called, from the lofty situation of the city. Pflugk compares Soph. Œd. T. 463, and Nonnus, Dionys. 13, 122.

[72] Cf. vs. 51 sqq.

[73] *διαβέβληκε γὰρ αὐτὸν, ὡς ἐπὶ πορθήσει τοῦ ναοῦ ἐληλυθότα.* Schol.

[74] I join *ἄτιμον τεκτοσύνας*, with Matthiæ, who interprets it, "*manum non honoratam, quod attinet ad fabricam*, i. e. nulla operæ in exstruendis mœnibus positæ ratione habita."

smoke of incense. And Atrides has perished through the contrivance of his wife, and she in turn hath reaped death for murder at the hands of her son. The oracular command of the God, of the God was directed against her, when the son of Agamemnon, setting out from Argos, having entered the inner recesses [of the house], became the murderer of his mother. O deity, O Phœbus, how am I to believe this? And many wives chanted their moans for unhappy children through the resounding streets of the Greeks, and left their houses for another husband. Not upon thee only, not upon thy friends, have sad griefs fallen. A disease, a disease hath Greece endured; and a thunder-bolt, causing Hades to drop with blood, has descended upon the fruitful fields of the Phrygians.

Peleus. Ye women of Phthia, signify to me inquiring, (for I heard an obscure story,) that the daughter of Menelaus had gone, leaving this dwelling. But I am come, being anxious to know whether this is true; for it behooves those who are at home to look after the fortunes of those absent.

Chor. Peleus, thou hast rightly heard; nor is it honorable for me to conceal in what ills I am; for the queen has escaped in flight from this house.

Pel. Meeting with what terror? go through [the story] to me.

Chor. Dreading her husband, lest he should cast her out of the house.

Pel. What, on account of her deadly plots against his son?

Chor. Yes, and through fear of the captive woman.

Pel. But has she left the house in company with her father, or with whom?

Chor. The son of Agamemnon has gone, leading her away from the land.

Pel. Fulfilling what hope? wishing to marry her?

Chor. Ay, and preparing death for thy son's son.

Pel. Lying in wait, or coming face to face in battle?

Chor. In the sacred temple of Loxias, together with the Delphians.

Pel. Alas! this now is dreadful. Will not some one go as quickly as possible to the Pythian dwelling, and tell our friends there the matters here, before the son of Achilles die at the hands of his enemies.

[*Enter a* MESSENGER.]

MESS. Alas! what misfortunes do I wretched come bearing to thee, old man, and to my master's friends.

PEL. Alas! how my presaging soul[75] expects something!

MESS. Thy grandson, aged Peleus, is no more, that thou mayest learn this. Such blows of swords has he received from the Delphians, and from the Mycenian stranger.

CHOR. Ah! ah! what wilt thou do, aged one? Do not fall. Raise thyself up.

PEL. I am naught, I am undone. Gone is my voice, and gone beneath me are my limbs.

MESS. Hear what has been done, if thou wouldst fain avenge those dear, having raised up your frame.

PEL. O fate, how hast thou compassed unhappy me upon the last boundary of old age! But how has the only son of my only son perished? Say, for I wish to hear what should not be heard.

MESS. When we reached the renowned soil of Phœbus, we did for three shining courses of the sun fill our eyes with sight-seeing.[76] And this was certainly suspicious. The people who dwelt [within the precinct] of the God went to meetings and assemblies. But the son of Agamemnon, passing through the city, spoke hostile words into the ears of each: "Do ye observe this man, who treads the precinct of the God fraught with gold, the treasury of mortals, a second time here upon the same errand as he before came hither, seeking to sack the temple of Phœbus?" And from hence there went an evil-sounding report through the city, and the magistrates[77] came in numbers into the council halls, and as many as had the superintendence of the treasures of the God appointed a watch in the column-girt abodes. But we, having as yet learned none of these things, taking some sheep, brought up in a Parnassian grove, went and stood at the hearths, with the guest-patrons and the Pythian seers. And

[75] So in Hamlet, "O, my presaging soul!" Æsch. Pers. 10, *κακόμαντις ἄγαν ὀρσολοπεῖται θυμὸς ἐσωθεν.*

[76] *θέα* exactly answers to our phrase, "sight-seeing." I need scarcely remind the reader of the attractions the temple at Delphi must have presented for strangers, as is evident from the Ion of Euripides.

[77] The order is, *ἀρχαί τε ἔς τε βουλευτήρια ἐπληροῦντο ἰδίᾳ θ' ὅσοι* MATTHIÆ.

some one spake these words: "O youth, what shall we crave the God for thee? For sake of what art thou come?" But he replied: "I wish to render satisfaction to Phœbus for my former error; for I once on a time demanded of him to give a satisfaction for my father's blood. And hereupon the speech of Orestes appeared to prevail strongly, to the effect that my master spoke falsely, being come with a base intent. And he goes within the dome of the temple, that, before consulting the oracle, he might make a prayer to Phœbus; and he happened to be among the burning victims. But for him a sword-armed troop, shaded with boughs of laurel, was in waiting; of whom the son of Orestes was one, the contriver of this whole plan. And he indeed, standing in [their] sight, offers a prayer to the God; but they, armed with sharp-whetted swords, privily smite the son of Achilles unarmed. And he retires back,[78] (for he was not yet wounded mortally,) and he drags himself away; and having snatched down the arms, which hung on pegs in the portico, he stood close to the altar, a valiant warrior to behold, and he shouts to the sons of the Delphians, asking this question: "On what account do ye slay me, who am come upon a pious errand? For what crime do I perish?" But of the ten thousand who stood nigh, not one uttered a word; but they pelted him with stones from their hands. And oppressed by a dense shower on all sides, he stretched forth his arms, and guarded off the attack, turning with his hand his shield hither and thither. But he naught availed; for together many darts, arrows, javelins, and two-pointed weapons drawn [from their cases], and bull-transfixing knives, fell before his feet. And thou mightest have seen a terrible dancing of thy son guarding himself against the missiles. But when they compassed him around in a circle, giving him no breathing-time, he having deserted the sheep-receiving hearth of the altar, and leaping a Trojan leap[79] with his feet, goes against them. And they, like pigeons beholding a hawk, turned their backs in flight. And many fell pell-mell, both with wounds, and [some trodden down] by each other in the

[78] Literally, "to the stern." Hesych. *πρύμνη, τὰ ὀπίσω.* It must be remembered that Orestes was not present at the death of Neoptolemus, but was only the planner of it. See Matthiæ.

[79] An allusion to the celebrated leap by which Achilles jumped from the ship to the Trojan shore. Scholiast.

narrow outlets; and an inauspicious clamor in the auspicious house was echoed by the rocks. But like a calm my master stood, radiant with shining arms, before some one uttered a dreadful, thrilling sound from the midst of the recesses, and excited the host, turning them to valor. Here the son of Achilles falls, smitten in the side with a sharp-whetted sword by a Delphian man, who with many others destroyed him. But as he falls to the earth, who did not bring the sword? Who did not throw and hurl a stone? And his whole body, of beauteous form, is wasted by savage wounds. And when he was dead, lying near the altar, they cast him out of the incense-receiving shrines. But we, having snatched him up with our hands as quickly as possible, bring him for thee to bewail and mourn with lamentations, old man, and to honor with a tomb in the earth. Thus has the king who gives oracles to others, who is the judge to all men of what is right, requited the son of Achilles, seeking to render satisfaction. And, like a bad man, he has remembered an ancient feud. How then can he be wise?

Chor. And truly hither does the king, borne in a litter, draw nigh to his house from the Delphian land. Wretched the sufferer, and wretched thou also, old man, for thou receivest the whelp of Achilles into thy house, not as thou wishest; and thyself too, having met with evil calamities, hast fallen into one fate.

Pel. Alas for me, what evil is this I behold, and receive into my dwelling with my hand. Alas for me! Alas! O city of Thessaly, we are undone, we have perished. No longer is a race, no longer are children left to me in mine house. O wretched I on account of my sufferings. To what friend turning mine eyes, shall I receive delight? O beloved mouth, and cheek, and hands, would that the deity had wrought thy death beneath Troy,[80] by the banks of Simois.

Chor. Then would he, dying, have been honored as far as these things permit,[81] old man, and thy state would thus have been more fortunate.

Pel. O marriage, marriage, which hast destroyed this house and my city! Alas! alas! O son, would that my offspring from thy bed of ill-omened name, in respect to my

[80] Cf. Æsch. Choeph. 345 sqq. and Virg. Æn. i. 98 sqq.

[81] ὡς ἐκ τῶνδ' = quantum quidem pro hoc rerum statu. Matthiæ.

children[82] and house, had never brought destruction upon thee, O child, at the hands of Hermione, but that she had sooner perished by the lightning's shaft; nor shouldst thou, being a mortal, on account of deadly arrows aimed at thy sire, have ever charged the God Phœbus with the blood of one of Jove's descendants.[83]

Chor. Woe! woe! I will begin to hymn my dead master with groans, according to the law of the dead.

Pel. Woe! woe! And I, a wretched and unfortunate old man, weep in turn.

Chor. For 'tis the fate of the deity; a God hath brought the calamity to pass.

Pel. O friend, thou didst leave thy house deserted, having bereaved the old man of children.

Chor. It behooved thee to die, to die, old man, before thy children.

Pel. Shall I not rend my hair? shall I not place upon my head the destructive beating of my hand? O city, Phœbus has deprived me of both my sons.

Chor. O thou unhappy old man, who hast suffered and seen ills, what a life wilt thou have hereafter!

Pel. Childless, solitary, having no end of ills, I shall toil through troubles to the grave.

Chor. In vain did the Gods bless thee with nuptials.

Pel. All things have fled far away from lofty boastings, and vanished.

Chor. Alone thou dwellest in a lonely house.

Pel. Nor have I a city, a city. Let this sceptre perish on the ground; and thou, O daughter of Nereus, in thy gloomy caves shalt see me falling in utter destruction on the earth.

Chor. Ha! ha! What is this movement? What deity do I perceive? Ye damsels, see, behold. Hither some Goddess, sailing along the white air, comes to the horse-pasturing fields of Phthia.

[Thetis *appears.*]

Thetis. O Peleus, I, Thetis, on account of thy former nup-

[82] See Matthiæ.

[83] *διογενεῖς* is merely the Homeric name applied to kings. See Pflugk. The order is, *μηδ' (ὤφελες) ποτε ἐπὶ τόξοσύνᾳ φονίῳ πατρὸς ἀνάψαι αἷμα τὸ διογ. εἰς Φοίβ. βρ. εἰς θεόν.*

tials [with me], am come, leaving the dwellings of Nereus. And first indeed, in thy present ills, I advise thee not to bear them too impatiently; for I also, whom it behooved to bring forth children free from grief, have lost the son whom I bare to thee, the swift-footed Achilles, the first man in Greece. But for what purpose I have come, I will explain, and do thou receive [my words]. Bury indeed this dead son of Achilles, having gone to the Pythian altar, a disgrace to the Delphians, that the tomb may proclaim his violent murder at the hands of Orestes.[81] But the captive woman, I mean Andromache, it behooves to dwell in the Molossian land, old man, being united in nuptials to Helenus, and this her son, who alone is left of the descendants of Æacus. And it behooves one king after another, sprung from him, to pass over Molossia in prosperity; for it is not fated that thy race and mine, old man, and that of Troy shall be thus overthrown. For the Gods have a care even of Troy, although it has fallen by will of Pallas. But for thee, (that thou mayest feel a thankfulness for my union with thee), I, born a Goddess, and the child of a sire a God, having freed thee from mortal ills, will make thee an immortal, imperishable God. And then, in the house of Nereus, together with me a Goddess, thou a God shalt hereafter dwell. Thence conveying thy foot dry from the sea, thou shalt behold Achilles, a son most dear to thee and me, inhabiting an insular dwelling, near the white shore within the Euxine path. But wend thy way to the divine-built city of Delphi, bearing this corse, and having hid it in the earth, coming to the hollow recess of the ancient Sepian rock, sit down, and wait, until I come, bringing the choir of the fifty daughters of Nereus to fetch thee; for thou must needs carry out what is fated; for these things seem fit to Jove. But cease from your grief for the dead; for unto all men this vote is ratified by the Gods, to die is a debt.

Pel. O revered [Goddess], O noble wife, thou daughter of Nereus, hail! These things thou doest worthy of thyself and the children sprung from thee. But I, O Goddess, will cease my grief at thy bidding; and, having buried this corse, I will go to the recesses of Pelion, where I received thy beauteous body with my hands. Is it not then one's duty to marry from the noble, and to give in marriage among the good, whoever takes good counsel? and not to have a desire for a bad bed,

[81] i. e. at his instigation, as before observed.

not even if one should carry off a wealthy dower to the house. For [thus], thou wouldst never fare ill at the hands of the Gods.

CHOR. There are many complexions of divine acts; and the Gods bring many things to pass unexpectedly; and things expected have not been accomplished; but God finds a way out of things not expected. Thus far has this matter turned out.

SUPPLIANTS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ÆTHRA.
CHORUS.
THESEUS.
ADRASTUS.
HERALD.
MESSENGER.
IPHIS.
CHILDREN.
MINERVA.

THE ARGUMENT.

This play is one of the least dramatic of our author's, but by no means deficient in good passages. Theseus at first refused to bury the bodies of the chieftains slain at Thebes, despite the entreaties of Adrastus. But, upon the arguments of his mother Æthra, he was induced to aid the Suppliants; and, having routed Creon's army, he possessed himself of the corses, which he honorably interred. Evadne, the wife of Capaneus, threw herself upon his funeral pile, and perished with him.

SUPPLIANTS.

ÆTHRA.

O CERES, hearth-guardian of this land of Eleusis, and ye ministers[1] who keep the temples of the Goddess, [I pray] that both Theseus my son may be fortunate, and the city of Athens, and the land of Pittheus, in which my father having nurtured me, Æthra, in a happy house, gives me to Ægeus, the son of Pandion, as wife, at the oracular command of Loxias.[2] For I have uttered these prayers, having looked upon these aged women, who, leaving their dwellings in the Argive territory, have fallen at my knees with the suppliant bough, having suffered a dreadful calamity. For they are bereft of seven noble sons, who have fallen round the gates of Cadmus, whom once on a time Adrastus, king of the Argives, led, wishing to have a share of the inheritance of Œdipus, with the exile Polynices, his son-in-law. But their mothers wish to hide in the earth the corses of the fallen. But those in power[3] hinder them, nor are they willing to grant the lifting-up, dishonoring the laws of the Gods. But Adrastus, having with them the common burden of a want for my assistance, lies here, bedewing his eyes with tears, bewailing both his spear, and the most ill-fated expedition which he sent from his house. And he urges me by prayers to persuade my son to become the bearer-off of the dead, and partner in the burial, either by words or the might of the spear; setting this only task upon

[1] The priests are mentioned, because it was their office to offer the same prayers as the suppliant did, in his name. See Markland.

[2] Cf. Med. 674 sqq. with the Scholiast.

[3] i. e. Creon.

my son and the city of Athens. But, coming forth from my dwelling, I chance to be sacrificing on behalf of the harvest of the earth, at this temple, where first the fruitful grain appeared bristling[4] above this earth. And holding this chainless chain of leaves,[5] I remain at the holy altars of the two Goddesses, Cora and Ceres,[6] pitying indeed these white-haired mothers bereft of their sons, and reverencing the sacred garlands. But a herald has gone for me to the city, to call Theseus hither, that he may either remove the grief of these women from the land, or may loose these suppliant bonds, doing some holy thing toward the Gods. For it is meet for such women as are wise, to do all things through the medium of men.

Chorus. I, an aged woman, beseech thee from my aged mouth, falling at thy knee, to redeem for me my children from among the dead corses, who leave their bodies in limb-relaxing death, a food for the beasts of the mountains, beholding indeed piteous tears about mine eyelids, and the wrinkled tearings of my hoary flesh with my hands. For what [shall I do]? I, who have neither laid out my dead children in my house, nor behold a mound of earth heaped up for a tomb. Thou also, O revered one, hast once brought forth a son, having made thy nuptial bed pleasant to thy husband. Share then in my feelings, and share too in proportion as I wretched grieve for those dead, whom I bore. And persuade thy son, whom we supplicate, to come to Ismenus, and to place in the hand of me unhappy the bodies of the youthful dead, and in a stone tomb. Not according to holy custom,[7] but according to necessity falling down [at thy knees], I have come with prayer to the sacrificial altars of the Gods. But we have a just cause, and thou hast some strength, so as through thy

[4] Cf. Hom. Il. Φ. 599, *ὅτε φρίσσουσιν ἄρουραι.* Virg. Georg. i. 151, "horreret in arvis Carduus." The Rharian plain was the place where corn first appeared in the Eleusinian territory, according to Pausan. i. 38.

[5] Meaning the garlands held by the women, who surrounded her. These she calls *δεσμὸν*, because religious respect compelled her to stay; *ἀδεσμον*, because the compulsion was only religious. Hermann.

[6] From the position of these Goddesses as Erinnyes, their mention here is very effective, as the rights of the dead were in question. Cf. Muller, Eumen. § 85 sq.

[7] Because not possessing *πεπλώματα θεωρικὰ*, vs. 96, as observed by Heath.

good son to remove my unhappiness. And suffering piteously, I, a wretched one beseech thee to place in my hand my dead son, that I may embrace the sad remains of my son. This new contest of groans succeeding to groans comes on; the hands of the servants sound.[8] Go, O fellow-mourners in woes, go, O ye that grieve in tune for the dance, which Hades honors. Make bloody your white nail along your cheek, and your blood-stained skin; for the affairs of the dead are an honor to the living. With many a toil this insatiate joy of mourning leads me on, like as the liquid drop flowing from the sun-trodden rock, ever unceasing of groans. For the state of dead children is naturally a thing full of pain among women in grief. Alas! alas! in death might I forget these sorrows.

THESEUS. What groans, and beatings of the breast, and dirges for the dead have I heard through their echo issuing from this temple? How a fear fluttered me, lest my mother (after whom I am coming with my foot, being a long time absent from the house) had sustained any new ill. Ha! what is this? I see a new commencement of discourse, my aged mother sitting at the altar, and with her stranger women, not having one common strain of woes; for both from their venerable eyes they let fall the piteous tear to the ground, and there are shorn locks and garments not fit for sacred rites. What mean these things, mother? 'Tis thine to inform me, and mine to hear; for I expect something new.

ÆTH. O son, these women are the mothers of the children, the seven generals who fell round the Cadmean gates; and they keep guard on me in a circle with the suppliant boughs, as thou seest, my son.

THES. But who is this who groans piteously at the portals?

ÆTH. Adrastus, as they say, king of the Argives.

THES. And are these boys around him his children?

ÆTH. No, but the sons of the dead who perished.

THES. But why have they come to us with suppliant hand?

ÆTH. I know; but henceforth the speech is theirs, my son.

THES. Thee, wrapped in men's robes,[9] I ask. Speak; having uncovered thine head, and ceasing groans; for thou advancest nothing, except by proceeding with the tongue.

[8] i. e. with mourning. Cf. Æsch. Choeph. 23, ὀξύχειρι σὺν κτύπῳ.

[9] See Markland, who clearly establishes this meaning. For πέρας I should prefer with the same scholar περᾶς—ἰών.

Adrastus. O thou victorious king of the Athenians, Theseus, I am come as a suppliant to thee and thy city.

Thes. What matter seeking, and of what having need?

Adr. Knowest thou the destructive expedition on which I went?

Thes. Ay, for thou didst by no means pass through Greece in silence.

Adr. In this I lost the chief men of the Argives.

Thes. Such things does wretched war bring to pass.

Adr. I have come to this city to crave their dead bodies.[10]

Thes. Relying on the heralds of Mercury, that you might bury the dead?

Adr. And then the slayers do not allow me.

Thes. For what do they allege, since you crave a holy thing?

Adr. What? Being fortunate, they know not how to bear it [rightly].

Thes. Hast thou, then, come to me as an adviser? or for sake of what?

Adr. Wishing thee, O Theseus, to bear away the [slain] sons of the Argives.

Thes. But where to you is Argos? were her boasts in vain?

Adr. Having failed, we are undone, and are come to thee.

Thes. Did this seem good to thee alone, or to the whole city?

Adr. All the sons of Danaus implore you to inter the slain.

Thes. But for what cause didst thou lead thy seven squadrons against Thebes?

Adr. Doing this favor for my two sons-in-law.

Thes. But to whom of the Argives didst thou give thy sons?

Adr. I did not join a native wedlock in my family.

Thes. And didst thou bestow the Argive damsels on strangers?

Adr. On Tydeus and Polynices of Thebes.

Thes. Coming into what a desire for this connection?

Adr. The riddles of Phœbus, hard to be understood, deceived me.

Thes. And what said Apollo, accomplishing a marriage for virgins?

Adr. That I should give my two daughters to a boar and a lion.

[10] Elmsley, *πάλιν* for *πόλιν*, i. e. I went out to beg the dead bodies back.

THES. But how didst thou unravel the oracles of the God?

ADR. Two men coming by night as fugitives to my gates—

THES. Who, and who? tell me, for thou speakest of two at once.

ADR. Tydeus and Polynices engaged in fight together.

THES. And didst thou bestow thy daughters on these, as on wild beasts?

ADR. Ay, having likened their combat [to that] of two wild beasts.

THES. And how came they, leaving the confines of their country?

ADR. Tydeus indeed was fleeing his country on account of a kindred murder.

THES. But in what manner did the son of Œdipus leave Thebes?

ADR. Under his father's curse, lest he should slay his brother.

THES. Thou speakest of a wise flight of his own accord.

ADR. But they who remained injured those absent.

THES. What, did his brother defraud him of his wealth?

ADR. I went to decide this, and was undone.

THES. But didst thou visit the seers, and behold the flame of victims?

ADR. Alas! thou art pursuing me to that in which I chiefly failed.

THES. Thou didst not go with the good-will of the Gods, as it seems.

ADR. Yet more! I went even against the opposition of Amphiaraus.

THES. Didst thou so easily turn away from the deity?

ADR. Ay, for the clamor of young warriors hurried me on.

THES. Thou hast exercised courage rather than discretion; which conduct indeed has ruined many generals.

ADR. But, O thou bravest one among the Greeks, king of Athens, I hold it among my disgrace, thus falling prostrate on the ground, to embrace thy knees with my hands, an aged man, once a prosperous king; but nevertheless there is need for me to yield to my misfortunes. Preserve thou the dead for me, pitying both my woes, and these the mothers of the dead children, upon whom hoary age has come with childless-

ness, and who have endured to come hither, and place their stranger foot, moving their aged limbs with difficulty, as an embassy not for the mysteries of Ceres, but that they may bury the dead; from whom it behooved them to obtain just rites, being buried by their hands. But it is wise for the prosperous to look upon poverty, and for the poor to look to the rich; emulating [the poor], that love of frugality may possess him, and that those not unhappy may look upon what is piteous; and that the poet with joy may produce the songs he produces; for if he be not thus circumstanced, he would never be able to delight others, being in troubles at home: for he has not right. Perhaps then you will say: Setting aside the land of Pelops, why dost thou impose this labor upon Athens? I am justified in explaining this. Sparta indeed is cruel and deceitful in disposition, and the other states are small and powerless; but your city alone would be able to support this labor. For it looks upon what is piteous, and possesses thee as a young and brave ruler, through lack of which many cities have perished in want of a general.

Chor. And I speak to thee the same words as this man, O Theseus, for thou to take pity on my misfortunes.

Thes. With others indeed I have labored, disputing on this question. For one has said[11] that among men the worse things are more than the better. But I hold the contrary opinion to these, that there are more good things to mortals than bad. For if this were not so, we should not exist in the light. And I praise him who regulated our life from the confused and savage state,[12] first indeed having endued it with intelligence, and then giving the tongue as the messenger of words, so as to distinguish speech, and the nurture of fruits, and for that nurture drops of rain from the sky, so that the fruits of the earth may be nourished, and may refresh the stomach.[13] And besides this, [he invented] coverings against the winter, and for

[11] A probable reference to Hom. Il. A. 576, *τὰ χερείονα νικᾷ*. Cf. Duport. Gnom. Homer. p. 8 sq.

[12] The reader who desires illustrations of this description of the early civilization of men, may consult my notes on Æsch. Prom. p. 15 sq. n. 5, ed. Bohn.

[13] Dindorf says, "telluris," but this is very indistinctly expressed. Musgrave would read *ἄρδῃ τ' ἄνυδρον* "sc. *γαῖαν*, petendam ex præcedenti versu, *et ut riget siccam*." Hermann, *αἷς τά τ' ἐκ γαίας τρέφει, Ἀρδεί τε νηδύν*.

keeping off the burning heat of the sun, and the sailing over the sea, that we might have intercourse with one another of such things as a land might want. But of things which are uncertain and which we know not clearly, seers, looking into the flame and the folds of the entrails, and from birds likewise, foretell the future. Are we not then luxurious, who are not satisfied when the deity bestows such an apparatus for life? But our wisdom seeks to be more powerful than God; and possessing haughtiness in our minds, we think to be wiser than the Gods. Of which tithe[14] thou too seemest to be, not being wise; who, forsooth, compelled by the oracles of Phœbus, thus wedded thy daughters to strangers, as though [deeming that] the Gods exist,[15] and having mingled thy family of clear blood with one polluted, thou didst bring a sore upon thine house; for it is the duty of a wise man not to join even the bodies of the unjust with the just, but to obtain in one's household prosperous connections. For the deity, deeming fortune common, is wont in the ruin of him that sickens, to destroy him that sickens not, and has done no evil.[16] But leading all the Argives on an expedition, when the seers pronounced oracles, thou didst, contemning the Gods and transgressing [their commands], by violence destroy the city, led aside by youths, who rejoice when honored, and increase wars without justice, ruining the citizens; one, in order that he may be general of the army; another, that he may wanton, having received power in his hands; but another for the sake of gain, not considering whether the multitude is at all injured by suffering these things. For there are three divisions of citizens. Some indeed are rich, and useless, and ever crave for more; but others, having nothing, and lacking the means of life, are vehement, and, giving the greatest sway to envy, let fly their evil darts against the rich, deceived by the tongues of evil leaders. But of the three classes the middle one preserves cities, watching over whatsoever order the city may appoint. And shall I then become an ally to thee? Alleging what honorable rea-

[14] Properly a decuria, or division of soldiers. Cf. Pollux, i. 10, 2, and Musgrave's note.

[15] This is opposed to *ἀτιμάσας θεοὺς* in vs. 230 sq. But I prefer Porson's emendation, *ὡς* ΕΩΝΤΩΝ *θεῶν*, in append. ad Tonp. T. iv. p. 461, ="volentibus Diis."

[16] For this sentiment cf. Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 597, sqq. and my note on Soph. Œd. Col. p. 101 sq. n. 4, ed. Bohn.

son to my citizens? Go and be well; for if you yourself have not counseled well, it is too much[17] that [your] fate should press upon us?

CHOR. He has erred, but this is in the nature of young men; and it is meet to excuse him. [But to thee, as to a physician, O king, we are come.]

[ADR. In no wise did I choose thee for a judge of my misdeeds,] nor, if I am found to have done something not aright, as a chastiser and punisher of it, O king, but that I might profit by thee. But if you do not wish it, I needs must submit to your determination. For what can I do? Come, O aged women, go your way, leaving here the dark green sward covered with foliage,[18] and calling the Gods to witness, and earth, and the fire-bearing Goddess, Ceres,[19] and the light of the sun, that the prayers made in the name of the Gods availed us not.

CHOR. * * * *[20] who indeed was the son of Pelops, but we from the Pelopeian land possess the same blood on the father's side with thee. What art thou doing? Wilt thou desert this cause, and cast out from the land old women, who have obtained nothing of what were meet for them? Do not so; for the wild beast has the rock for its refuge, and the slave the altars of the Gods, and a city tempest-tost is wont to crouch down to city; for of mortal affairs there is not one that is happy to the end. Go, wretched one, from the sacred plains of Proserpine; go, and entreat by her knees, putting forth thine hand, that she bury the bodies of our dead children, O wretched I! my sons whom beneath the Cadmean walls I lost. Alas for me! Take me, bear, escort, uplift us wretched by our aged hand. By thy beard, O friend, O thou most renowned in Greece, I wretched entreat thee, falling at

[17] There is no lacuna, as Dindorf supposes; but *λίαν* can neither bear the sense I have assigned in the translation, nor any other. Hermann reads *τί δεῖ*; I think *κακόν* is nearer the ductus linearum. The corruption might arise from *καλὸν, καλῶς*, in the terminations of the preceding lines.

[18] The Chorus throw down on the ground the branch of supplication. G. B.

[19] So called from the torch with which she sought her daughter.

[20] The attempt to fill up this lacuna in the Brubach ed. can not be regarded as of any authority, although Markland has attached some weight to the lines substituted. Pittheus is the person meant.

thy knee and hand, to take compassion on me a suppliant on behalf of my children, like some wanderer, uttering a piteous, piteous dirge; and I beseech you, my son, not in thy young years to behold my children unburied in the land of Cadmus, a joy to wild beasts. Look upon the tear on mine eyelids, who thus fall at thy knees, [craving] to obtain a tomb for my children.

THES. Mother, why weepest thou, casting thy slender garments upon thine eyes? Is it at hearing the unhappy groans of these women? for some feeling has entered my mind also. Uplift thine hoary head; do not shed tears, sitting at the hallowed hearth of Ceres.

ÆTH. Alas!

THES. It is not for thee to lament the troubles of these.

ÆTH. O unhappy women.

THES. Thou art not of their number.

ÆTH. Shall I, O son, speak something honorable both for thee and the city?

THES. Ay, since there are many wise things even from females.

ÆTH. But the word, which I conceal, tends to hesitation.

THES. Thou speakest of a base thing, to hide good [advice] from friends.

ÆTH. I will not then by silence incur blame hereafter, in that I on this occasion basely kept silence, nor, fearing lest it be useless for women to speak well, will I through timidity let go the honorable advice I have to offer. I, O son, bid thee first consider whether thou mayest not err in dishonoring the things belonging to the Gods; for in this alone thou wilt err, being right in the rest. Moreover, if it were not fitting to be bold on account of the injured, I should have kept complete silence. But now this both brings credit to thee, and to me brings no fear of recommending it, O son, that you should by thine hand bring to a compulsion violent men, and those who restrain the dead from obtaining a share of sepulture and funeral rites, and to stop them from confounding the laws of all Greece. For this it is that keeps together the cities of men, when each one well preserves the laws. But some one will say, that, through cowardice of hand, when there was an opportunity for thee to obtain a crown of glory for the city, through fear thou didst stand aloof, and that

thou indeed didst encounter a contest with a savage boar, toiling through a mean labor; but that where it behooved thee to look to the helmet, and the spear's point, thou wast found a dastard. Do not then, being my son, O child, act thus. Dost thou perceive how thy country, scoffed at for want of counsel, looks savage upon her scoffers? For amidst toils it increases. But states that quietly act in darkness, see also things darkly, through [over] care. Will you not, O son, go to the aid of the dead, and of wretched women in want. For neither do I fear for thee, setting out in a just cause; and seeing the people of Cadmus to have fared well, I am confident that it will yet cast another throw of the die; for the deity is wont to turn all things upside down.

Chor. O thou most dear to me, thou hast spoken well both for this man and myself; and this becomes a two-fold joy.

Thes. My words, O mother, which have been spoken, are correct in reference to this man, and I have pronounced my opinion of the devices through which he erred. But I also perceive this, wherein thou advisest me, that it is not suitable to my character to shun dangers. For having done many honorable deeds, I have chosen this conduct toward the Greeks, ever to be a chastiser of the bad. It is not therefore possible for me to be faint-hearted in toils. For what will the ill-disposed among mortals say of me, when thou, my mother, fearing for me, art the first to bid me undergo this trouble? I will go and do this, and will liberate the dead, having persuaded by words; but if not, this shall be brought to pass by force of the spear, if the Gods be not envious.[21] But I wish this to be approved[22] by the whole city, and it will be so, if I desire it. But by giving [the power] of consultation [to the people], I shall find the public better disposed. For truly I brought them to a monarchy, having freed this city, so as to have an equality of suffrage. But taking Adrastus as a proof of what I say, I will go to the multitude of them, and having persuaded [them of] this, having assembled the chosen youth

[21] We must, I think, read *μὴ οὐχὶ*, with Markland and Hermann, or there will be a solecism.

[22] Theseus, though possessed of monarchy, (vs. 352,) shows the extent of its limitation by the *ἰσοψηφία* in vs. 356, and the custom of laying every question before the people. I have translated *δόξει* in its forensic sense.

of the Athenians, I will come hither, and sitting in arms,[23] I will send word to Creon, begging for the bodies of the slain. But, O aged women, take away the hallowed garlands from my mother, that I may lead her to the house of Ægeus, touching her dear hand. For unhappy is that child who does not do service to his parents; since, having bestowed the fairest gift,[24] if he bestow it on his parents, he in turn receives it from his children.

Chor. Thou horse-feeding Argos, O thou my father-land, thou hast heard, thou hast heard indeed these words of a king, holy in respect to the Gods, and in mighty Pelasgia[25] and in Argos. Oh! may he, coming to the end of, and even beyond, my ills, bear off the blood-stained delight of the mother,[26] and make the land of Inachus friendly by benefiting it. A glorious adornment for cities is a pious labor, and it possesses a grateful claim[27] for evermore. What determination will the city ratify? Will it plight amity[28] with me, and shall we obtain sepulture for our children? Aid a mother, O thou city of Pallas, aid, in order that thou mayest not defile the laws of the Gods.[29] Thou indeed dost reverence justice, and assigning the weaker share to injustice, thou ever aidest every one unhappy.

Thes. Ever exercising this art, thou servest the city and myself bearing messages as herald. But do thou, passing beyond Asopus and the water of Ismenus, speak thus to the haughty ruler of the Cadmeans. "Theseus begs of thee, as a favor, to inter[30] the corses, conceiving that, as dwelling in a neighboring land, he should obtain it, and for thou to make friends of the whole people of the sons of Erectheus." And if they are willing to acquiesce, come back again; but if they

[23] Cf. vss. 664, 674.

[24] Cf. Aristot. Œcon. i. 3, *ἃ γὰρ ἂν δυνάμενοι εἰς ἀδυνάτους ποιήσωσι, πάλιν κομίζονται παρὰ δυναμένων ἀδυνατοῦντες ἐν τῷ γήρᾳ.* Markland.

[25] i. e. Peloponnesus. This is Musgrave's emendation for *μεγάλα Πελασγία*. Hermann observes, "pertinet ad hunc dativum et ad sequentia vocabulum *ὅσια*."

[26] i. e. the slain children of the Argive mothers.

[27] For this sense of *χάρις* cf. Arist. Rhet. ii. 7, 2.

[28] *Τέμνειν φίλια, secare amica*, est *secando* partes victimarum *facere amicitiam* seu fœdus. Sic *ὅρκια τέμνειν*, et *σπονδὰς τέμνειν*. Markland.

[29] For the construction cf. Æsch. Theb. 14, *θεοῖς ἀρήγειν καὶ θεῶν ἐγχωρίων Βωμοῖσι, τιμὰς μὴ 'ξαλειφθῆναί ποτε*. Matthiæ.

[30] i. e. to permit him to inter. See Markland.

refuse, this is your second address, "Receive my revel-rout shield-bearing. For the army stands at hand, and is being reviewed there in full array around the holy Callichorus.[31] And in truth the city willingly and gladly undertook this labor, when it perceived that I was willing." Ha! who comes hither to interrupt my discourse? A Cadmean herald, as it seems to one who knows not for certain. Stop! [see] whether he will free you from your trouble, and has come hither to meet my wishes.

HERALD. Who is the tyrant[32] of this land? To whom does it behoove me to convey the words of Creon, who sways the land of Cadmus, Eteocles having died at the seven-mouthed gates[33] by the hand of his brother Polynices?

THES. In the first place, O stranger, thou hast incorrectly commenced thy speech, seeking a tyrant here. For the city is not governed by one man, but is free. And the people rule by turn in annual succession, not bestowing the chief influence on wealth, but the poor man having an equal power.

HER. This one superior chance[34] thou givest us, as in the dice. For the city from which I am come, is ruled by one man, not by the multitude; nor is there any man who, puffing it up with words, can turn it hither and thither to his own gain. But he who is for the moment agreeable, and gives much pleasure, does shortly afterward some harm: and then, by new calumnies concealing his former errors, slips out of justice. And, in another way, how could a people rightly guide a city, not correctly examining the reasons[35] [alleged]? For time gives better knowledge than celerity. But a poor laborer of the soil, even if he were not ignorant through his very employment, would not be able to look to the common interest. Surely this is an unhealthy state for the better classes, when a man of no account holds dignity, a fellow who was before nothing restraining the people by his tongue!

[31] A well in Attica.

[32] i. e. tyrant, in the sense of an absolute ruler. Theseus takes it in a stronger sense, but not *in malam partem*, as in after times.

[33] Cf. Soph. Ant. 119, *ἑπτάπυλον στόμα*.

[34] i. e. thou givest us the advantage by thy own confession. Markland well observes that Euripides has in mind the conduct of the *δημαγωγοὶ* and *ῥήτορες* of his own time.

[35] I have my doubts about this reading, and, with Valckenaer, prefer Markland's *διοπτεύων*.

THES. This herald is a clever fellow and a dabbler[36] in talk. But since thou also hast exercised thyself in this contest,[37] listen; for thou hast proposed a dispute of words. There is nothing more hostile to a city than a tyrant, under whom, in the first and chiefest place, there are not laws in common, but one man, keeping the law himself to himself,[38] has the sway, and this is no longer equal. But the laws being written, the weak and the rich have equal justice, and it is in the power of the weaker to answer the prosperous in the same words, when he hears ill language, and the weaker, having a just cause, prevails over the great. And that [cry] too is of liberty, "Who, having some good counsel for the city, is willing to bring it in the middle [of all]?"[39] And glorious is the man who wishes this; but he who does not wish it, is silent. What is there more equal for a city than this? And truly where the people is the ruler[40] of the land, it delights in a supply of valiant citizens. But a man when king thinks this hateful, and slays the best men, whom he thinks are wise, fearing for his tyranny. How then can a city thus become strong, when some one removes boldness, and plucks off the choice youths,[41] like the crop from the vernal meadow? Why then should one obtain wealth and sustenance for one's children, in order to toil out more means of living for a tyrant? Or for daughters, after living a virgin's life honorably in one's house, to be a pleasant delight for a tyrant, when he wishes it, but tears for those who prepare [the delight].[42] May I no longer live, if my children be espoused by force. And these words indeed

[36] Παρεργάτης Markland regards as meaning a bad speaker, from the sense of παρὰ in composition = *prave*. It rather seems to me to denote a person who does something not properly belonging to his own craft, being as it were a παρεργον to his legitimate calling. Hence I should understand παρεργάτης λόγων to denote a kind of amateur speaker, a hanger-on of vestries and debating clubs, etc.

[37] i. e. of oratory.

[38] Person happily compares Æsch. Prom. 194, οἰδ' ὅτι τραχὺς καὶ παρ' ἑαυτῷ τὸ δίκαιον ἔχων Ζεύς.

[39] An allusion to the formula, τίς ἀγορεύειν βούλεται. Cf. Aristoph. Thes. 379. Acharn. 45.

[40] We must read εὐθύντης, with Markl. Dind.

[41] Compare the conduct of Thrasybulus in Herodotus v. 6, and of Tarquin in Liv. i.

[42] Such is Markland's explanation, which Dindorf justly esteems harsh, and would read δάκρυα δὲ τοῖς γονεῦσι, which Markland had suggested by way of explanation.

I have hurled out to thy remarks. But what requiring from this land art thou come? Thou wouldst have come to thy cost, forsooth, speaking superfluously, had not the city sent thee. For it is the duty of a messenger to speak whatever any one ordains, and to go back again as quick as possible. And for the future let Creon send some less talkative messenger than thyself to my city.

Chor. Alas! alas! how do the evil vaunt, when the deity grants them good, as though they were ever to be prosperous!

Her. I will speak now; for of what has been contested let these seem good to thee, but to me the contrary, But I, and the whole Cadmean people, forbid thee to admit Adrastus into this land; but, if he is in the land, do thou before the radiant light of the God sets, having broken the sacred mystery of the [suppliant] garlands, drive him out of this country, nor attempt to bury the dead by force, since you have nothing to do with the city of the Argives. And if indeed you obey me, without waves thou wilt steer along thy city; but if not, a mighty wave of war will be upon thee and thine allies. But consider, and do not, being wrath at my words, as forsooth possessing a free city, reply in words swelling into manual strength.[43] Hope arising from the arms is the worst thing for mortals; it has set together many cities, carrying their rage to excess. For when war is put to the vote of the city, no one any longer considers his own death, but turns away this misfortune upon another.[44] But if death were before the eyes in giving the vote, Greece, mad with war, would never have been undone. And yet all we men know which is the better of two words, the good and bad, and how much better than war for mortals is peace, which in the first place is most beloved by the Muses, and hostile to lamentations, and is delighted with a flourishing offspring, and rejoices in wealth. We fools, leaving these advantages, take up war, and we enslave, men men, and city city. But thou art benefiting the dead enemies to the Gods, burying and bearing off those whom insolence has destroyed. Does not the body of

[43] ἐκ βραχιόνων. As *brachia* and *lacerti* among the Latins, so βραχίονες among the Greeks, denotes strength, force. Markland.

[44] i. e. he thinks that he shall escape, but that his neighbor will fall. The reader may compare the reasoning of Bob Acres, Rivals, Act v. Scene 3.

Capaneus, justly fire-stricken, smoke on the upright ladders, which bringing against the gates, he swore he would destroy the city, whether a deity were willing or not?[45] Did not a chasm ingulf the augur, surrounding his four-horsed chariot with its yawn? And do not the other chieftains lie at the gates, ground by stones in the joinings of their bones? Either then vaunt that thou art wiser than Jove, or [grant] that the Gods justly destroy the wicked. It behooves then the wise first to love their children, and then their parents and country, which it befits them to increase, and not to break down. Dangerous is a daring pilot and sailor in a ship; wise is the quiet one at the opportune moment. And to my mind discretion is valor.[46]

Chor. Sufficient was Jove to punish them, but it behooved you not to offer this so great an insult.[47]

Adr. O thou most base—

Thes. Silence, Adrastus, restrain thy mouth, and do not bring out thy sayings before mine, for this fellow is not come as herald to thee, but to me. Us too it is meet to give reply. And first indeed I will answer thee in reference to your first words. I am not aware that Creon is my master, or has the greater power, so as to compel Athens to do these things. For matters would thus be flowing upward,[48] if we indeed were to be commanded. But I do not enter upon this war, I, who neither came with these into the land of Cadmus; but I think fit to bury the corses of the dead, not doing injury to the city, nor bringing on manslaying contests, but observing the law of all the Greeks in general. What of these things is not honorable? For even if ye have suffered something at the hands of the Argives, they are dead; ye have repelled the enemy with credit to yourselves, but with disgrace to them, and justice is accomplished.[49] Allow the dead to be now

[45] Cf. Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 427. All this passage is spoken ironically.

[46] So Falstaff in Shakspeare says, "The better part of valor is discretion."

[47] The denial of sepulture.

[48] For this proverbial phrase see Bergler on Alciphron, Ep. iii. 33. Compare Virg. Georg. i. 199, "Sic omnia fatis In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri." Æn. ii. 169, "Ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri Spes Danaum." Med. 410, *ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί, καὶ δίκα καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.*

[49] Hermann renders, *et vindicta finita est*, comparing Soph. Œd. Col. 574, *χώ λόγος διοίχεται, nihil, quod dicam, reliquum est.*

hidden in the earth. For from whence each [particle] entered into the body, thither has it gone, the spirit indeed toward the sky, but the body to earth.[50] For we do not possess this [body] as our own save for to dwell in it during life, and then [the earth] that nurtured it must needs receive it. Dost thou think to do harm to Argos, by not burying the dead? By no means. This is a common question for all Greece, if any one, defrauding the dead of what they ought to obtain, shall keep them unburied; for it bears a reproach to the brave, if this law be laid down. And to me indeed thou hast come, threatening terrible words; but ye are afraid of the dead, if they be hidden in the earth. Lest what should happen? Lest being buried they dig up your land, or in the recesses of the earth bring forth children, from whom some revenge will come? A foolish waste, forsooth, of the tongue is this, to fear wicked and empty terrors. But, O ye vain ones, learn the ills of mankind. Our life is a struggle; and some of mortals are quickly prosperous, but some hereafter, and some already. But fortune wantons; for by the unhappy it is honored, in order that he may be fortunate; but the prosperous raises it aloft [with praise], fearing that its gale should leave him. It behooves us then, knowing these things, both being moderately injured, to bear it not with wrath, and to do such injuries as hurt not the state. How then can it be? Permit us, who wish to act piously, to bury the corses of the dead. Or plain is my conduct afterward. I will go and bury them by force. For never shall it be spread abroad among the Greeks, that the ancient law of the Gods, coming to me and to the city of Pandion, was violated.

Chor. Be of good cheer. At least while preserving the light of justice, thou wilt escape from many [evil] words of men.

Her. Dost thou wish that I briefly confer with thee?

Thes. Speak, if you wish aught. For truly thou art not prone to silence.

Her. Thou shalt never take the children of the Argives from our land.

[50] Cf. Valcken. Diatr. § vi. So Phocylid. Gnom. p. 107, in Poett. Min. *Πνεῦμα γὰρ ἐστὶ θεοῦ χρῆσις θνητοῖσι καὶ εἰκών. Σῶμα γὰρ ἐκ γαίης ἔχομεν καὶ παντες ἐς αὐτὴν Λυόμενοι κόνις ἐσμὲν, ἀὴρ δ' ἀνὰ πνεῦμα δέδεκται.*

THES. And hear me in turn, if you are willing.

HER. I will hear; for it is meet to give a turn.

THES. I will bury the dead, taking them out of the Asopian land.

HER. Then thou must first run a risk amidst shields.

THES. I indeed have endured many other labors.[51]

HER. Did then your sire beget thee to be equal to all?

THES. Ay, as many as are insolent: but the good we chastise not.

HER. Thou and thy city are wont to do many things.

THES. And therefore laboring much, it prospers much.

HER. Come, that the spear of the sown race may catch thee in the city.

THES. What warrior sprung from a dragon would be valiant?

HER. Thou shalt know by suffering, but now thou art yet a youth.

THES. Thou shalt not move me to be angered in mind by thy braggart words. But depart from the land, taking with thee the vain words thou broughtest. For we do no good [by dallying]. Let every man full armed, and mounted in chariots, and let trappings on the foam-distilling mouths of the single horses, be moved toward the Cadmean earth. For I will go to the seven gates of Cadmus, myself having the sharp steel in my hand, myself the herald. But I bid thee remain, Adrastus, and not to mix up thy fortunes with me; for I with mine own fortune will lead my army, renowned with a renowned spear. One thing only it behooves thee; to have [as allies] all the Gods who revere justice; for these things joined together give victory. But valor profits mortals naught, unless one have the deity willing.

SEMICHORUS. O wretched mothers of wretched chieftains, how does pale fear at my heart disturb me!

SEM. What new voice is this thou utterest?

SEM. How will the armament of Pallas determine the question?

SEM. Dost thou mean through the spear, or by agreement of words?

SEM. That would be profitable; but if contests of the sword, combats and breast-smiting blows again appear in the field [of

[51] On ἕτερος—ἄλλος cf. Dind. on Orest. 345.

battle], wretched, what account shall I, the cause of this, take on myself?

SEM. But some fate may in turn seize upon him that is glorious in prosperity. This confidence comes around me.

SEM. Thou indeed speakest of the Gods as just.

SEM. For what other beings distribute events?

SEM. I see much variety in the ordinations of the Gods to mortals.

SEM. Ay, for thou art overcome by thy former fear. Justice calls for justice, and death for death, but the Gods, themselves possessing the bound of all things, give a respite from evils.

SEM. Would that, quitting the water of Callichorus, we could in any way come to the fair-towered plain.

SEM. If any one of the Gods would make me winged, that I might come to the city of the two rivers.[52]

SEM. Thou wouldst see, thou wouldst see the fortunes of thy friends.

SEM. What hap, what fate can await the warlike king of this land?

SEM. Again we call upon Gods already invoked; but this is the best confidence in fear.

SEM. Alas! Jove, thou husband of our ancient mother, the heifer [daughter] of Inachus.

SEM. Be thou for me a propitious ally to this city.

SEM. Thy glory,[53] thy statue placed in the city, I bear away, having been insulted, to the pyre.

[*Enter a* MESSENGER.]

MESS. O women, I am come having many pleasant things to tell, both being myself saved, (for I was taken captive in the battle where the troops of the seven dead chieftains engaged, near the stream of Dirce,) and bearing news of Theseus' victory. But I will free you from a long discourse, for I was the servant of Capaneus, whom Jove has reduced to ashes with his fire-darting bolt.

[52] i. e. Asopus and Ismenus.

[53] This passage is very awkward. Musgrave's explanation, in brief, is as follows. By *ἄγαλμα* is metaphorically designated the bodies of the generals slain and deprived (*ὑβριαθέν*) of sepulture. While living, they were in a manner the foundation of the city [*ἱδρυμα πόλεως*].

CHOR. O dearest man, thou tellest well concerning thy return, and the report of Theseus. But if the army also of the Athenians is safe, thou wilt tell all things agreeably.

MESS. It is safe, and has fared as Adrastus ought to have fared with his Argives, when having led forth from Inachus, he attacked the city of the Thebans.

CHOR. But how did the son of Ægeus, and those who shared in the enterprise, raise up the trophies of Jove. Say, for being present [there] thou wilt delight the absent.

MESS. The shining beam of the sun, a clear rule, fell upon the earth, and at the Electrean portals I stood a spectator, having possessed myself of a wide-seeing tower. And I perceive three tribes of three [troops of] warriors; first, an arm-bearing mass stretching upward to Ismenus' banks, as indeed was a report, and the king himself, the renowned son of Ægeus, and with him, drawn up on the right wing, the inhabitants of ancient Cecropia, and the people of the Parali[54] equipped with the spear, close by the fountain of Mars, and the crowd of horsemen drawn up in equal number at the flanks[55] of the encampment, and the chariot-vehicles below the hallowed monument of Amphion. But the people of Cadmus stood before the fortifications, placing behind them the dead, about whom was the contest. And horsemen to horsemen were opposed in arms, and chariots to four-horsed chariots. And the herald of Theseus spoke these words to all: "Keep silence, ye people; in silence hear, ye ranks of the Cadmeans: we are come for the dead, wishing to bury them, observing the law of all the Greeks, and not wishing to cause bloodshed. And Creon made no counter proclamation to these words, but sate in silence yet in arms. But the drivers of the four-horsed chariots forthwith began the battle, and driving their chariots past each other, they set down the warriors [within them] in the array of battle. And they indeed fought with the steel, but they (the drivers) turned back[56] the horses for the contest, against the warriors. But Phorbus, who was chieftain of the single horses of the Erectheidæ, seeing the confusion of the chariots, and they

[54] i. e. the inhabitants of the coast. On the disposition of the army see the copious notes in Dindorf.

[55] Literally, "hem, border."

[56] On these manœuvres see Hermann.

also, who guarded off the cavalry of Cadmus, joined battle, and conquered, and were worsted [in turn]. But seeing, and not hearing these things, (for I was on the spot where the chariots and their riders were contending,) I know not which of the many ills there present I shall narrate first; whether the dust rising up to heaven, (how much it was,) or of [the horsemen] who were borne away up and down by the traces, and[57] the flowing of the shed blood, some indeed falling, but others tumbling, like divers, with violence to the earth from their broken seats, and leaving their life amid the wrecks of chariots. But when Creon beheld the army from hence[58] conquering with its cavalry, seizing a spear in his hand, he goes on, before faint-heartedness seized his allies. And truly the troops of Theseus were not spoiled by fear; but they went forward, having snatched up their shining arms,[59] and striking upon the whole centre of the [opposing spear, the enemy] slew, were slain, and confirmed with hearty shouts the cheer to one another: "Strike, press the spear against the sons of Erectheus." And the manly band, sprung from the dragon's teeth, was a terrible wrestler; for it made our left horn give way; but their [left], worsted by our right, takes to flight, and the contest was balanced equally. And at this [moment] one might praise our general; for he did not care[60] only for this the successful side, but he went to that part of his own army which was in trouble, and burst forth a loud voice, so that the ground under him echoed: "O youths, if ye do not restrain these sturdy spears of the sown men, the state of Pallas is no more." And boldness sprang up among the whole army of the Greeks, and he himself, taking his Epidaurian weapon with its terrible head, with a whirl he slings it about, reaping and mowing down at once with the wood necks and the heads with helmets placed upon them. And with difficulty they somehow put the feet [of the Thebans] to flight. But I shouted, and danced, and clapped my hands; but they turned toward the gates. And there was noise and lamentation

[57] The construction is irregular. It should have been ἢ φ. αἵμ. ῥοὰς.

[58] This is Hermann's excellent emendation for γε τοὐνθενδ.

[59] These lines are either out of place, or spurious, as Dindorf considers. The participle συμπατάξαντες must refer to the Thebans.

[60] κυνέας is the accusative plural, and κάρα ἐπικείμενον (sing. for plur.) = *capita, quæ galeas impositas habent.* So τραγῳδοὶ ἐπικείμενοι κράνη. Lucian de Gymn. p. 285. MARKLAND.

through the city, of youths, of old men, and in terror they filled the temples. But, when it was in his power to have got within the walls, Theseus forbore, for he said he had not come as about to sack the city, but to demand the dead. Such a general it is needful to choose, who is both brave in dangers, and hates an insolent people; who, faring well, and seeking to scale the highest steps of ladders, lose the prosperity it was in their power to enjoy.

Chor. Now, beholding this unhoped-for day, I deem that there are Gods, and I think that I have less of calamity, since these have paid the penalty.

Adrastus. O Jove, why in truth do they say that hapless mortals are wise? For upon thee do we depend, and we do such things as thou dost happen to will. For by us Argos was once not to be endured; and we ourselves, being many and youthful in strength, and Eteocles proposing an agreement, and offering moderate terms, we did not wish to accept them. But he, on the other hand, being then fortunate, like a poor man receiving newly-acquired wealth, became insolent; and again, the unwise people of Cadmus were undone in their insolence. O vain of mortals ye, who stretching the bow beyond what is fitting, and justly suffering many ills, will not be persuaded by your friends, but by circumstances. And ye cities, when ye have the power of turning from troubles by discourse, decide matters by bloodshed, not by words. But why (do I say) this? I wish to know how thou wast preserved; then I will ask the rest.

Mess. When disturbance stirred up the city with the spear, I passed through the gates, through which the army had entered.

Adr. And do ye carry out the dead, on whose account the contest was?

Mess. Ay, all the seven who led the renowned battalions.

Adr. How sayest thou? But where is the other multitude of slain?

Mess. They are given to the tomb in the dells of Cithæron.

Adr. By their side or ours? Who buried them?

Mess. Theseus, where is the shady Eleutherian rock.

Adr. But the dead, whom he did not inter, where leaving hast thou come?

Mess. Near at hand. For near is all that has been toiled for.

ADR. Did the servants bear them with disgust from the battle-field?

MESS. No servant presided over this toil.

ADR. * * * *

MESS. Thou wouldst have said [that he was a noble man], if thou hadst been present, when he tended the dead.

ADR. Did he himself wash the wounds of the wretched [corses]?

MESS. Ay, and he spread the couches, and covered their bodies.

ADR. A terrible office, and fraught with unseemliness.

MESS. But what is unseemly to men in each other's troubles?

ADR. Alas! how I wish to have died with them!

MESS. Thou mournest in vain, and drawest tears from these [women].

ADR. I think so indeed, but they themselves teach [me to weep]. But come, I will uplift my hand, going to meet the dead, and I will pour forth tear-flowing strains of Hades, addressing my friends, of whom being bereft, do I weep miserable in solitude. For this waste [of life] having once befallen mortals, it is not possible to recover the soul of man; but there are roads to wealth.

CHOR. Some things are well, but some unhappy; to the city indeed is a good report, and to the leaders of the army honor from the spear is doubled; but to me it is bitter to behold the limbs of my children; yet an honorable spectacle, if indeed I shall behold an unhoped-for day,[61] having seen the greatest grief of all. Would that time, the ancient sire of days, had made me ever unmarried up to this time. For what need had I of children? For then I should not have expected to suffer this excessive calamity, if I had been free from the yoke of nuptials. But now I behold a most evident evil, being deprived of my dearest sons. But now I behold these bodies of my departed sons. Wretched me! Would that I might have died with these children, descending into a common Hades.

ADR. O mothers, raise aloud a groan for the dead beneath the earth, utter a response having heard my groans.

[61] *ἄελπτον ἀμέραν*, because their sons' bodies are restored to the rites of sepulture; *ἄλγος μέγιστον*, because they were slain. MATTHIÆ.

CHOR. O sons, O bitter address for loving mothers, I address thee the dead.

ADR. Alas! alas!

CHOR. Ay, I indeed, for my woes.

ADR. Alas.

CHOR. * * *

ADR. We have suffered, ah!

CHOR. The worst griefs of trouble.

ADR. O Argive city, do ye not behold my fate?

CHOR. We too they behold,[62] the wretched one, reft of my children.

ADR. Bring hither the blood-dripping bodies of the unhappy, slain not fitly, nor by fit persons,[63] by whom the contest was finished.

CHOR. Give [them to me], that adjusting my hands for embraces I may place my children in my arms.

ADR. Thou hast, thou hast—

CHOR. Enough weight of woes.

ADR. Alas!

CHOR. But dost thou not say so for the parents?[64]

ADR. Listen to me.

CHOR. Thou groanest for the troubles of both.

ADR. Would that the ranks of the Cadmeans had slain me in the dust.[65]

CHOR. But [would] that my person had never been yoked to wedlock with any man.

ADR. Behold this sea of troubles, O hapless mothers of children.

CHOR. With our nails are we furrowed, and on our heads have we poured ashes.

ADR. Alas! alas for me! for me! Would that the plain

[62] After Adrastus had said *τὸν ἐμὸν πότμον οὐκ ἐσορᾶτε*, it would be more likely for the Chorus to say, *ὁρᾶτε δῆτα κἀμὲ*, than to change to the third person. Such, too, is the constant manner of response in these sort of lyric passages.

[63] Alluding particularly to Eteocles and Polynices. Cf. Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 907 sqq. and 935, *διατομαῖς οὐ φίλαις Ἐριδι μαινομένᾳ, Νείκεος ἐν τελευτᾷ.*

[64] I have ventured to read this line interrogatively, as otherwise I can not understand it.

[65] *ἐν κονίαισιν*, "in the bustle of war." Æsch. Ag. 63, *πολλὰ παλαίσματα καὶ γνιοβαρῆ Γόνατος κονίαισιν ἐρειδομένου.*

of the earth might swallow me; would that a whirlwind might seize me, and a flame of fire sent by Jove fall on my head.[66]

Chor. Bitter nuptials hast thou witnessed, and a bitter prophecy of Phœbus. Upon thee hath come the mournful Erinnys, leaving the lonely home of Œdipus.[67]

Thes. † Being[68] about to ask thee, when thou wert exhausting thy lamentations for an army, I will let go, and omit my words there, in reference at least to thine affairs; but now I ask Adrastus,† From whence were born these soldiers surpassing all mortals in noble spirit? Tell me, since thou art wiser, to these youths of the citizens, for thou art skilled in this. For I saw greater deeds of daring done by them, than one can describe in words, by which they hoped to take the city. But one thing I will not ask thee, lest I incur a debt of derision, viz. against whom each of these was fitted in the fight,[69] or [from whose] spear of the enemy he received a wound. For these stories are vain both for the hearers and the speaker, who, having gone out in battle, while spears were thickly moving before his eyes, would tell clearly who was a brave man. I could neither ask this question, nor believe those who dare to answer it. For a man who stands confronted to

[66] Cf. Virg. Æn. iv. 24. Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat, Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras, Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam." Compare the following brilliant passage of a modern dramatist:

> "Why sleep the thunder-bolts?
> If from my heart's abyss a cry may rise
> To the empyreal throne, heav'n hear me now!
> If there be fiercer fire than fell remorse,
> Dart on me living flames that I may die!
> Scorch up my veins, and turn my brain to lead,
> Make me a stone, or nothing!"
>
> Bedingfield's Madeline, Act iii. Sc. 2.

[67] So we find "Œdipodes" in Stat. Theb. i. 48. For the Erinnys of Œdipus cf. Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 976, 1055, with Agam. 1190, 1468. Soph. Ant. 603.

[68] I have obelized this very corrupt passage, which Dindorf considers as imperfect, as well as corrupt. See his notes. As far as the present text goes, Beck truly says, "Lectionis hujus loci prodigium non interpretaretur totus haruspicum ordo."

[69] A sneer at the minute descriptions of the chieftains in the Sept. c. Th. Æschylus. Cf. Phœn. 751, Ὄνομα δ' ἑκάστου διατριβὴ πολλὴ λέγειν.

the enemy, would with difficulty be able to see what is just necessary.

Adr. Hear then indeed; for truly to me not displeased dost thou permit to speak the praise and just laudation of these, for whom I wish [to do so]. Seest thou him through whom the shaft of Jove has flown? This man is Capaneus, who indeed possessed great means, but was least of all proud of his wealth, and entertained thoughts no higher than a poor man, avoiding such as spurning bare sufficiency, reveled in [sumptuous] tables; for he said that the good was not in the food of the belly, but that a moderate portion was sufficient. And he was a true friend to friends both present and absent; of which persons the number is not great. [He was of] an unlying temper, an affable address, having no vain intent either toward his servants or citizens. But I speak [now] of this second man, Eteoclus, another who practiced goodness. He was a youth, deficient indeed in means, but he possessed the greatest honors in the Argive land. And when his friends often offered gold, he would not receive it into his house, so as to make his manners slavish, being a bondsman to wealth. But he hated those that erred, not the city; since a city is naught to blame, being in ill repute through a bad helmsman. But the third of these, Hippomedon, was of this kind by nature. Being a youth, he ventured at once not to turn himself to the pleasures of the Muses, to softness of life, but inhabiting the fields, giving hard practice to his nature, he rejoiced in manliness, both going to huntings, and rejoicing in horses, and stretching the bow with his hands, desiring to render his body useful to the city. But this other, the son of Atalanta, Parthenopæus, most surpassing in form, was an Arcadian indeed; but coming to the streams of Inachus, he passed his boyhood at Argos. And having been trained up there, he first of all, (as becomes guests sharing another state,) was not troublesome to nor envied by the city, nor given to strife of words, from whence a man most chiefly becomes a disagreeable citizen and guest. But standing in a battalion, like an Argive born, he defended the country, and whenever the city was faring well, he rejoiced; but bore it ill, if it was at all unfortunate. And having many lovers, and not fewer among the women, he kept guard not to sin. But the great praise of Tydeus I will sum up in brief. In words he was

not renowned, but in the fight [a cunning sophist, and [cunning] to devise wise things].[70] But though inferior in counsel to his brother Meleager, he obtained equal renown through the art of the spear, finding an exact science in the shield. His temper [was] ambitious; but his thoughts rich in deeds, not equally so in speech. From the words thus spoken, O Theseus, marvel not that these dared to die before the towers [of Thebes]; for to be trained up not badly brings the shame [of disgrace]. And every one who has studied good deeds is ashamed to be called a bad man.[71] But valor is a thing to be learned; since a child is taught to say and hear those things of which it has not the knowledge. And such things as a boy learns, these he is wont to remember till old age. Do ye then educate your children well.

Chor. Alas! my child, unhappy did I bear thee, enduring pangs in labor. And now Hades possesses the labors of hapless me; and I, a wretched mother, have no child to cherish my old age.

Thes. And truly the Gods, having snatched away the noble son of Œcleus alive into the recesses of the earth, chariot and all, clearly give him an eulogy. But, in praising the son of Œdipus, I mean Polynices, we should not tell an untruth. For he was a guest of mine, before that, having left the city of Cadmus, in voluntary exile he passed over to Argos. But dost thou know what I wish thee to do concerning these things?

Adr. I know not, save one thing, to yield obedience to thy words.

Thes. Capaneus, who was stricken by the fire of Jove—

Adr. What, dost thou wish to bury[72] him apart, as a sacred corse?

Thes. Yes, but all the others on one single pile.

Adr. Where then wilt thou place a memorial for him apart?

Thes. Here, having erected a tomb close by the house.

[70] An obviously spurious line, as detected by Porson.

[71] In comparing the characters of the seven chieftains as given respectively by Æschylus and Euripides, it will be well to remember that Æschylus preferred the more terrible attributes of violent courage and anger, as essential to the Titan grandeur of his poetry, while Euripides, as the philosopher poet, handled the domestic habits, and dwelt upon the training of the same characters.

[72] i. e. to burn his body. See Markland.

Adr. This labor then shall be the task of my servants.

Thes. But these [corses] our [task]. But let the load of corses approach.

Adr. Come, O wretched mothers, near your children.

Thes. By no means, Adrastus, dost thou say this fittingly.

Adr. How is it not fitting for mothers to touch their children?

Thes. They would perish, if they beheld these changed to another color: for bitter is the sight of corses even at the time of death.[73] Why then do you wish to add griefs to these?

Adr. Thou prevailest. It behooves you to remain patiently, for Theseus says well. But when we have put them on the fire, ye shall take the bones to yourselves. O wretched ye of mortals! Why do ye possess spears and cause slaughter against each other? Cease. But having ceased from toils, guard the cities, quiet with the quiet. The affair of life is small, but it behooves one to pass through this as easily as possible, and not with toils.

Chor. No longer [am I] possessed of fair children or fair offspring, nor have I a share of happiness among the Argive mothers, nor will Diana who presides over childbirth salute us childless. And our life is unhappy, and like some wandering cloud, I flit beneath the stormy winds. We seven wretched mothers brought forth seven sons, the most renowned among the Argives; and now without son, without child I grow old most miserably, deemed neither among the dead, nor among the living,[74] but having some lot apart from [both] these, tears are left for me; the sad memorials of my son lie at home, shorn tresses and garlands of hair, and libations to those gone dead, songs, which golded-haired Apollo receives not. And wakened betimes by groans, I shall ever with tears bedew the damp folds of my robe upon my breast. And truly I perceive here the couch of Capaneus, and his sacred tomb, and without the dwelling the offerings of Theseus to the dead, and Evadne, the renowned wife of this man that was slain by lightning, near at hand, whom king Iphis,

[73] i. e. the appearance of the dead is terrible even at the very time of death; how much the worse, after six days had elapsed, when they were changed and deformed! See Markland.

[74] Cf. Soph. Ant. 850, *ἰὼ δύστανος, οὔτ' ἐν βροτοῖς οὔτ' ἐν νεκροῖσιν Μέτοικος, οὐ ζῶσιν, οὐ θανοῦσιν.*

begat as his daughter. Why stands she on the sky-towering rock which rears its height above the house, treading her way hither.

Evadne. What light, what radiancy did the sun then bear in his chariot, and the moon in the ether, where the swift-moving nymphs[75] drive their lamp through the night * * * when for the nuptials of me and my brazen-armed spouse Capaneus the city of Argos raised aloft a song of good fortune. In swift course frantic I have come from my house, to possess the flame of fire and seeking the same tomb, to rest in Hades my wearisome life and the toils of life. For sweetest is the death to die in company with dying friends, if the deity indeed decree this.

Chor. And truly thou beholdest this pile, near which thou standest, the treasure-chest[76] of Jove, where thy husband lies, subdued by the flashing thunder-bolts.

Evad. I indeed see the end where I am standing; and the good fortune of my journey befalls me; but for the sake of good repute I will rush from this rock, leaping among the flames, and amid the glaring fire having mingled my body dear to my husband, placing my skin near his, [I will come] to the chambers of Proserpine, never by life betraying thee who art dead beneath the earth. Farewell the light, and nuptials. May some[77] union in rightful marriage befall my descendants in Argos, unto whom a faithful wedded husband is loved by a wife with the uncorrupted breath of a noble soul.

Chor. And truly hither thy father himself draws nigh, the

[75] As the nymphs attend Diana, so the moon may be said to have similar attendants. This is Markland's explanation. But if we remember that the Pleiades, Hyades, and other constellations, were nymphs who had obtained a place in the heavens, there is little difficulty about the epithet. See my note on Æsch. Ag. 4.

[76] This seems merely to mean that as Jove had caused the death of Capaneus, so his funeral pile contained what was pleasing and grateful to Jove. The commentators have overlooked the sense of *θησαυρὸς*=a casket, treasure-chest. Cf. Bos and Wetst. on Matth. ii. 11.

[77] Dindorf's text and notes are alike disfigured by the typographical mistake *ὅσιος δ'* for *ὅσοις δ'*. But, as Hermann observes, *εἴθε—φανῶσιν* is a solecism, and he would read *ὅθεν μή τινες . . . . τέκνοισιν ὅσοις Ἔστιν εὐν*. But the metre will scarcely correspond with the strophic verse 1006. In explaining the passage I have followed Heath. *Συντηχθεὶς ἔρωτι*, which would have been the simple expression, is amplified, and joined with *ἀλόχῳ*, as in fragm. incert. *πᾶσα γὰρ ἀγαθὴ γυνὴ Ἥτις ἀνδρὶ συντέτηκε*.

aged Iphis to a new discourse, which not having known before, he will be grieved to hear.

IPHIS. O thou unhappy woman, and I unhappy old man, I am come, having a two-fold grief in my house; being about to pilot into his father-land my son Eteoclus, who died by the spear of the Cadmeans, and seeking also my daughter, who, the wife of Capaneus, has hurried out of sight from my dwelling, wishing to die with her husband. For the previous time indeed she was kept guarded in the house; but since I, in present troubles, have relaxed the watching, she has gone. But I suppose she is most likely to be here. Say, if ye have seen her.

EVAD. Why dost thou ask these women? Here I upon this rock, and like some bird, am arranging an unhappy balance[78] above the pile of Capaneus, O father.

IPH. My child, what gale [has borne thee hither]? What is this garb? For sake of what, quitting thy house, hast thou come into this land?

EVAD. Thou wouldst conceive anger on account of my plans, if thou didst hear them. But I would not have thee hear, O father.

IPH. What! Is it not right for thy father to know?

EVAD. Thou wouldst be an unwise judge of my resolution.

IPH. But on what account dost thou deck thy body in this adornment?

EVAD. This garb has some new design, O father.

IPH. [Ay, it must,] for thou art not in becoming mourning for thy husband.

EVAD. [No,] for I am dressed for some newly-devised matter.

IPH. And dost thou then appear near the tomb and pile?

EVAD. For here indeed I come a glorious conqueror.

IPH. Conquering what conquest? I wish to learn from thee.

EVAD. All women, whom the sun beholds.

IPH. In the works of Minerva, or in wisdom of mind?

EVAD. In virtue; for dying I shall lie with my husband.

IPH. What sayest thou? What is this unsound enigma that thou showest?[79]

[78] The force of *κουφίζω* seems to be, "I am endeavoring to arrange so as to fall easily."

[79] I prefer *σημαίνει*, with Markland.

Evad. I will leap upon this pyre of dead Capaneus.

Iph. O daughter, speak not this word before many.

Evad. This very thing I desire all the Argives to know.

Iph. But I will not acquiesce in thy doing this.

Evad. 'Tis all the same. For thou shalt not succeed in seizing me with thy hand. And truly my body is let go, a thing to thee not pleasant, but to me and my husband who is burned with me.

[*She casts herself from the rock upon the funeral pile.*]

Chor. Alas! O woman, thou hast done a dreadful deed.

Iph. I wretched am undone, ye daughters of the Argives.

Chor. Woe! woe! Suffering these wretched things, thou wretched wilt behold a deed of all daring.

Iph. Thou canst not find another more wretched.

Chor. Alas thou wretched! Thou hast shared a part of the fate of Œdipus, old man, both thou and my unhappy city.

Iph. Alas! why is not this [permitted] to mortals, twice to be youths, and old men again, in turn? For in our houses indeed, if any thing is not in a good state, we put it right by after thoughts; but age it is not in our power [to amend]. But if we twice were youths and old men, if any one erred, obtaining a two-fold life, we should correct it. For I, perceiving others begetting children, was both a great lover of children, and was undone with my desire [of them]. But if I had come to this, and, having begotten [children], had experienced what it is for a father to be deprived of his offspring, I should never have fallen into this coil which now [I suffer], I who, having begotten and given life to the noblest of youths, am after that now bereaved of him. Be it so. What does it behoove wretched me to do? To go home? And shall I then behold much desolation of my house, and destitution for my life? Or shall I go to the dwelling of this Capaneus? Most pleasant indeed [it was] to me before, [when] my daughter was yet living; but she is no more, who ever used to press my beard to her mouth, and held this head in her hand. But nothing is sweeter to an aged sire than a daughter; for the souls of males are greater, but less sweet for coaxings. Will ye not with all haste conduct me into the house, and give me to darkness, where, with fastings wasting away my aged frame, I may perish? What will it avail me to touch the bones of

my child? O age, difficult to combat with, how, possessing thee, I hate thee, and hate whoever desire to lengthen out existence; with food, with drink, and with spells turning aside the stream, so as not to die, whom it became, since they naught benefit the earth, to pass away in death, and make way for the young.

Chor. Alas! hither already are the bones of my slain sons carried. Take hold, ye servants, of a tottering old woman, (for I have no strength through grief for my children,) and one who has lived for a long time, and is wasting away with many griefs. For what greater suffering than this canst thou find for mortals, than to behold their children dead?

Boy. I bear, I bear, O miserable mother, the remains of my father from the pile, a weight not light, indeed, for woes, but placing mine all in a little space.[80]

Chor Woe! woe! whither art thou bearing a subject of tears for the loving mother of the slain, and a little mass of cinders in place of bodies[81] once renowned in Mycenæ?

Boy. Alas! alas! And I wretched, reft of my unhappy sire, shall lead an orphan life receiving a lonely home, not [cherished] in the arms of the sire who gave me life.

Chor. Alas! alas! For where is the labor of my children, where the joy of nuptials, and the nurture given by a mother, and the sleepless duties of the eye, and the fond applications of the face?

Boy. They are gone; thy children are no more, mother; they are gone. The sky now possesses them wasted in the smouldering of the flame, and they have winged their rapid flight to Hades.

Boy. Father, hearest thou the wailings of thy children? shall I ever hereafter, shield in hand, avenge thy death?[82]

Chor. May it be so, my child.

Boy. Yet with God's will may satisfaction for my sire befall me. Not yet does this foul deed slumber.[83]

[80] Cf. Æsch. Ag. 443, *πυρωθὲν ἐξ Ἰλίου φίλοις πέμπει βαρὺ ψῆγμα δυσδάκρυτον ἀντήνορος σποδοῦ γεμίζων λέβητας εὐθέτους*, which served almost as a pharaphrase of the present passage.

[81] Cf. Æsch. Ag. 54, *δεμνιοτήρη πόνον ὀρταλίχων ὀλέσαντες*.

[82] I read *ἀντιτίσομαι*, with Canter, Dind. Matthiæ vainly defends the common reading.

[83] i. e. it is not forgotten.

CHOR. Alas! Enough of groans for my fortune, and enough of griefs is present to me.

BOY. Will the stream of Asopus yet receive me, a general of the Danaids in golden armor, avenger of my dead father?

BOY Still do I seem to behold thee,[84] father, in my sight.

CHOR. Placing a sweet kiss upon thy chin.

BOY. And the cheering order of thy words—

CHOR. Is gone, borne in the air.

BOY. And the griefs of two he hath left to his mother.

CHOR. But grief for thy sire will never quit thee. I have so great a weight as that which has undone me. Come, to my breast I press [my son's] ashes.

BOY. I weep, hearing the most hateful word. It has touched me to the soul.

CHOR. O child, thou art gone; no more shall I behold thee, the dear darling of thy mother.

THES. Adrastus, and ye women of the Argive race, behold these children bearing in their hands the bodies of their excellent sires, which I recovered. With these I and the city present thee. But you it behooves to be mindful to preserve gratitude for these, seeing what things ye have obtained from me. And to these children I have secretly spoken the same words, that they honor this city from one generation to another continually, handing down the memory of what things ye have obtained. But Jove be witness, and the Gods in heaven, of what things being accounted worth by us, ye wend your way.

ADR. Theseus, we are conscious of all the good that thou hast done for the land of the Argives standing in need of benefactors. And we shall feel a gratitude never growing old; for having been treated nobly, we ought to treat you so in return.

THES. What other things does it behoove me to minister to you?

ADR. Fare thee well, for thou and thy city are worthy.

THES. This shall be; and mayest thou too obtain the same.

MINERVA. (*suddenly appearing*) Hear, O Theseus, these

[84] Hamlet, i. 2.

"My father, methinks I see my father.
Horat. Where, my lord?
Haml. In my mind's eye."

commands of Athena, which it behooves thee to fulfill, and having done so, to benefit your own interests. Give not these bones to these boys to bear to the Argive land, letting them go thus easily; but in requital for thy toils and those of the city, first receive an oath. And this must Adrastus needs swear; he is the fit person, being the ruler, to plight an oath on behalf of the whole land of Danaus' sons. And the oath shall be—that never shall the Argives bring to this land a hostile panoply; and that, if others come, they will place their spears in the way. But if, deserting their oath, they shall come against this city, lead the invocation that the land of the Argives may perish evilly. And learn from me [the place] in which it behooves thee to slay the victims. You have a brazen-footed tripod within your house, which once on a time Hercules, having upturned the foundations of Troy, setting out upon another exploit, bade thee place at the Pythian hearth. On it, having cut the three throats of three sheep, write the words of the oath on the hollow vessel of the tripod, and then give it to the God of Delphi to preserve, as a memorial of oaths, and a witness to Greece. But the sharp sword by which thou shalt have cut their necks, and slain the victims, do thou hide in the recesses of the earth near the seven funeral pyres of the dead; for being shown, it will, if they ever come to the city, cause terror to them, and an unfortunate journey back again. And having done these things, send the corpses out of the land. But leave the holy inclosures, where their bodies were purified with fire, to the God, by the Isthmian three ways.[85] To thee indeed I have spoken thus; but to the sons of the Argives I speak [thus]: When ye are of age, storm the city of Ismenus, avenging the death of your sires who fell, both thou, Ægialeus, being appointed a youthful general instead of thy father, and thou the son of Tydeus, whom thy father named Diomede, coming from the Ætolians. And as soon as your chins are shaded by a beard, you must rush, a brass-armed host of the sons of Danaus, against the seven-gated fortress of the Cadmeians. For bitter shall ye come against them, the nurtured cubs of lions, ravagers of the city. And it can not be otherwise. But being called Epigoni through Greece, ye shall give a subject

[85] This is Tyrwhitt's emendation for Ἰσθμιας θεοῦ. Apollo is meant, as is understood from vs. 1203. Dindorf.

of song to those hereafter, such an armament, by the grace of God, shall ye send forth.

THES. Mistress Minerva, I will obey thy words; for thou settest me right, so as not to err. And this man I will bind to myself by oaths; do thou but set me right. For while thou art well inclined to the city, we shall for the future dwell in safety.

CHOR. Let us on our way, Adrastus. Let us give oaths to this man, and to his city. For they have before labored in a manner worthy to be respected by us.

HELEN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HELEN.
TEUCER.
CHORUS.
MENELAUS.
OLD WOMAN.
MESSENGER.
THEONOE.
THEOCLYMENUS.
MESSENGER EXTRAORDINARY.
CASTOR AND POLLUX.

THE ARGUMENT.

HERODOTUS states that Helen never was at Troy at all, but that a phantom was sent in her stead, she herself being carried into Egypt. Upon this tradition Euripides has constructed the following play.

As long as Proteus was king of Egypt, Helen remained unmolested, but upon his death his son Theoclymenus tried to obtain her in marriage. In despair she took refuge at the tomb of Proteus, where she met with Menelaus, who had been shipwrecked on the coast. A recognition took place, and by the aid of Theonoe, they effected their escape under a pretense of paying funeral rites to the drowned Menelaus. Upon discovering how he had been deceived, Theoclymenus, enraged with his sister Theonoe for not acquainting him with the fact that Menelaus was really alive and present, would have slain her; but was prevented by the intervention of the Dioscuri.

HELEN.

HELEN.

THESE indeed are the fair virgin-streams of the Nile, which, in the place of heaven-sent showers, waters the plain of Egypt, when the white snow melts [over] the fields.[1] But Proteus, while he lived, was the ruler of this land, inhabiting the island Pharos, but the king of Egypt; who marries Psamathe, one of the virgins of the sea, when she had left the bed of Æacus. And she bears two children to this house, Theoclymenus, a male, [so called] because forsooth he passed his life reverencing the Gods, and a virgin noble in form, the pride of her mother while she was an infant, but when she arrived at an age ripe for nuptials, they call her Theonoe;[2] for she knew all things divine, both things that are and shall be, receiving the gift from her ancestor Nereus. But to me indeed there is a country-land, not unrenowned, Sparta, and my father is Tyndarus. And there is a certain story that Jove flew down upon my mother, assuming the form of a swan; that, pretending to flee from an eagle's pursuit, accomplished

[1] I have softened the harshness of the parallelism *πέδον—γύας*. See Pflugk, who well observes that the poet designates Egypt by the river, quoting Strabo xv. p. 691, *ὀρθῶς καὶ ὁμώνυμον τῇ Αἰγύπτῳ φησὶ λεχθῆναι τὸν Νεῖλον ὁ Νεάρχος*. So Milton, Paradise Lost, i. 342,

> "That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
> Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile."

The lover of a "screaming burlesque" will do well to read the humorous parody of this whole prologue in Aristoph. Thesm. 855 sqq., where Innesilochus, the brother of Euripides, appears as Helen. For some amusing remarks on the incongruities and drolleries of this play, see Schlegel, Lect. x. p. 141, ed. Bohn, who calls it "the merriest of all tragedies."

[2] Eidothea, in Hom. Od. Δ. 365.

stealthy nuptials, if this story be true. And I was called Helen; and I will narrate the evils which I have suffered. There came [to a contest] of beauty in the Idæan recess, before Alexander, three Goddesses, Juno, and Venus, and the Jove-born virgin, wishing to undergo his judgment of their form. Now Venus, holding forth my beauty, (if misfortune is beautiful,) so that Alexander may marry it, prevails; and the Idæan Paris, quitting his cattle-stalls, came to Sparta, as about to possess my bed. But Juno, indignant that she does not surpass the Goddesses, gave my nuptials with Alexander to the winds; and gives to the son of king Priam not me, but a breathing image formed of ether,[3] making it like myself. And he thinks (vain thought!) that he has me, not having me. And other devices of Jove go along with these evils. For he brought war upon the land of the Greeks, and on the wretched Phrygians, that he might lighten mother earth of a crowd and multitude of mortals, and might make known the mightiest in Greece.[4] And I was placed in the power of the Phrygians, not myself indeed, but my name, as a prize of the spear for the Greeks. And Hermes, taking me up in folds of ether, having hidden me in a cloud, (for Jove did not neglect me,) settled me in this house of Proteus, having chosen out the most temperate of all mortals, in order that I might preserve the bed of Menelaus undefiled. And I indeed am here; but my wretched husband, having assembled an army, is hunting out my ravishers, setting out to the fortresses of Troy. And through me many souls have perished at Scamander's stream, and I, the sufferer of all, am accursed, and seem, having deserted my own husband, to have lit up a great war against the Greeks. Why then do I yet live? I have heard this saying from the God Hermes, that I shall yet dwell in the renowned land of Sparta with my husband, he having learned that I did not come to Troy, so that I could not spread my couch for any [other]. As long, therefore, as Proteus beheld this light of the sun, I was held sacred from nuptials; but when he was hidden in the gloom of the earth, the son of the deceased hunts me down to marry me. But respecting my husband of old, I have fallen a suppliant at this monument

[3] Read ἄπο, with Reiske, Dind. With the following passage compare my note on Æsch. Ag. 415 sqq.

[4] i. e. Achilles. Compare the notes of Barnes and Matthiæ.

of Proteus, that it may preserve my bed for my husband; so that, if throughout Greece I bear a name of ill repute, my body at least may not pay the debt of shame here.

TEUCER. Who has the rule over these fortified dwellings? For the house is fit to be guessed as one of wealth, since both the porticoes are regal, and the mansion well turreted. Ha, ye Gods, what sight have I seen? I behold that most hated, murderous image of a woman, who has undone me, and all the Greeks. The Gods abhor thee, in as far as thou hast the likeness of Helen! But if I had not held my foot in a strange land, with this stone[5] well-aimed thou shouldst have died, as the consequence of thy likeness to the daughter of Jove.

HEL. Why, O wretched man, dost thou, whoever thou art, loathe me, and hate me for her misfortunes?

TEUC. I was wrong, and yielded more to wrath than became me; for all Greece hates the daughter of Jove. But excuse me for my words, O lady.

HEL. But who art thou? from whence hast thou turned thyself to the plains of this earth?

TEUC. One of the unhappy Greeks, O lady.

HEL. It is not then to be wondered if you hate Helen. But who art thou, of whom (born)? It behooves thee to speak.

TEUC. My name is Teucer; and the father, who begat me, is Telamon; and Salamis is the country that nurtured me.

HEL. Why then dost thou visit these fields of the Nile?

TEUC. I have been driven an exile out of my father-land.

HEL. Thou must be unhappy. And who casts thee out of thy country?

TEUC. Telamon, my father. Whom could you have more friendly?

HEL. Through what? for the matter carries with it some calamity.

TEUC. My brother Ajax, dying in Troy, was my ruin.

HEL. How? not, surely, deprived of life by thy sword?

TEUC. A leap upon his own sword destroyed him.

HEL. Being mad? For who in his senses would dare this thing?

TEUC. Knowest thou a certain Achilles, the son of Peleus?

HEL. He once on a time came a suitor for Helen, as we hear.

[5] But Elmsley, with the approbation of Dindorf, elegantly corrects πτερῷ.

TEUC. He dying, caused among his allies a strife for his arms.

HEL. And what ill then does this become to Ajax?

TEUC. Through another receiving the arms, he removed himself from life.

HEL. Then thou art sickening at his woes?

TEUC. Ay, because I did not perish together with him.

HEL. And didst thou arrive, O stranger, at the renowned city of Troy?

TEUC. Ay, and having destroyed it, myself was destroyed in turn.

HEL. For is it already burned and consumed with fire?

TEUC. Ay, so that there is not a clear vestige of the walls.

HEL. O miserable Helen, through thee the Phrygians have perished.

TEUC. Ay, and the Greeks besides; and great evils have been done.

HEL. How long a time has the city been destroyed?

TEUC. About seven fruit-bearing circles of years.

HEL. And how long was the other time you remained in Troy?

TEUC. Many moons, passing through ten years.

HEL. And did you take the Spartan woman?

TEUC. Menelaus led her away, seizing her by the hair.

HEL. Didst thou behold the unhappy woman? Or dost thou speak from hearsay?

TEUC. Ay, as I see thee with my eyes,[6] nothing less.

HEL. Consider lest ye had a vision sent by the Gods.

TEUC. Speak of some other subject, no longer of her.

HEL. Are ye thus certain in your opinion?

TEUC. [Yes,] for I saw her myself with mine eyes, and my mind sees her.

HEL. And is Menelaus now in his dwelling with his wife?

TEUC. He is not yet in Argos, nor at the streams of Eurotas.

HEL. Alas! thou hast told this ill to those to whom thou art speaking.[7]

TEUC. It is rumored that he is vanished with his wife.

HEL. Was there not the same voyage for all the Greeks?

TEUC. There was; but a tempest drove each different ways.

[6] But see Dindorf. [7] Ambiguously, meaning herself.

HEL. On what surface of the ocean main?

TEUC. As they passed the midway waves of the Ægean road.

HEL. And from this time does no one know of Menelaus' arrival?

TEUC. Not one; but it is rumored through Greece that he is dead.

HEL. We are undone. But is the daughter of Thestias alive?

TEUC. Dost thou mean Leda? She indeed is gone dead.

HEL. What, did the disgraceful reputation of Helen destroy her?

TEUC. They say so, having fitted her noble neck to the noose.

HEL. But are the sons of Tyndarus alive, or not alive?

TEUC. They are dead, and are not dead; for there are two stories.

HEL. Which is the better one? O wretched I on account of my troubles!

TEUC. They say that they two, likened to stars, are Gods.

HEL. Well hast thou spoken this. But what is the other [report]?

TEUC. That by suicide on their sister's account they breathed out life. But enough of discourse, I do not desire to grieve twice. But, in the matter on account of which I came to this regal house, desiring to see the prophetic Theonoe, do thou aid a stranger, that I may obtain oracular responses, how I may steer my ship's sail prosperously to the sea-coast land of Cyprus, where Apollo foretold that I should dwell, giving it the island name of Salamis, for the sake of my former country.

HEL. The voyage itself will show, O stranger; but do thou, quitting this land, fly, before the son of Proteus, who rules this land, sees thee. For he is absent, trusting to his hounds, in beast-slaying huntings. For he murders whatever Grecian stranger he takes. But for what reason, do not thou seek to learn, and I keep silence. For what should I avail thee?

TEUC. Well hast thou spoken, O lady; and may the Gods give thee a reward for thy good counsel. But thou, possess-

ing a form like Helen's, has not a like disposition, but very different. But ill may she perish, nor come to the streams of Eurotas; but mayest thou be ever fortunate, lady.

HEL. O thou that art beginning a mighty piteous strain of woes, what groan shall I vie in uttering? Or what song shall I commence, with tears, with lamentations, or mourning? Woe! woe! ye Sirens, winged youthful virgins, daughters of Earth, would that ye might come to [join with] my groans, having the Libyan pipe, or the syrinx; tears connected with my lamentable woes, sufferings with sufferings, and dirges with dirges; and may Proserpine send companies of singers in harmony with dirges, deadly, deadly, that by tears she may receive from me the favor of the dead who have perished, beneath her gloomy dwelling.[8]

CHOR. Around the blue-surfaced ocean I chanced to be warming in the sun's golden rays my purple garments,[9] on the tufted herbage, and on the fresh-sprung reeds, whence (I heard the plaintive, unmusical elegy) some nymph uttered a piteous cry, lamenting with mournings whatever it was she shrieked forth, like a Naiad on the mountains, uttering a wandering sad strain,[10] and beneath the rocky dells she bemoans the ravishment of Pan.

HEL. Alas! alas! ye Grecian girls, prey of the barbarian ship, a sailor of the Greeks has come, ah! has come, bearing to me tears upon tears, the destruction of Troy, a care for the hostile flame, through me the many-slayer, through my name of many troubles. And Leda in the noose has received her death through grief for my shame. And my much-wandering husband perishing at sea is no more, and the twin-born glory of their country, Castor and his brother, have left, vanishing, vanishing, the horse-trodden plains, and the gymnasia of reedy Eurotas, a fit toil for youths.

CHOR. Alas! alas! O, for thy fortune of much grief, and thy fate, O lady. A life not to be lived has been thy lot, has

[8] The tears of men are the gift and honor (*χάριτες*) of the dead. Pflugk, whose interpretation of the whole passage I have followed.

[9] To improve their color. Musgrave quotes Pollux, i. 49, *χαίρει δὲ ἡλίῳ ὁμιλοῦσα τῆς πορφύρας ἡ βαφή, καὶ ἡ ἀκτὶς αὐτὴν ἀναπυρσεύει, καὶ πλείω ποιεῖ καὶ φαιδρότεραν τὴν αὐγήν.*

[10] *νόμον* is Matthiæ's correction for *γάμον*. He translates: *tanquam nympha, quæ ob vim a Pane sibi illatam vociferatur.*

been thy lot, when by thy mother Jove begot thee, conspicuous in the sky, with the snow-colored plumage of a swan. For what of ills is wanting to thee? And what life hast thou not endured? Thy mother indeed is no more, and the twin beloved sons of Jove are not faring prosperously; and thou beholdest not thy country-land, and through the city goes a report, that bestows thee, honored lady, on a barbarian bed. But thy [husband][11] has quitted life amid the waves of the sea, nor wilt thou ever again bless thy father's house and the Goddess of the brazen house.[12]

HEL. Alas! alas! who was it[13] of the Phrygians, or who from the Grecian land, that cut down the pine causing tears to Troy? Whence having fitted together the destructive bark, the son of Priam sailed in a barbarian ship to my hearth, after my ill-fated beauty, that he might obtain me in marriage. And the crafty, many-slaying Venus, bringing death upon the sons of Danaus and Priam, [sent him]. O wretched for my calamity! But she who sits on golden thrones, Juno, the dignified spouse of Jove, sent the swift-footed son of Maia, who carried me off through the air, while gathering fresh rosebuds in my robe, that I might visit Minerva of the brazen temple, and has placed me unhappy in this land, for an unhappy strife, a strife to the sons of Priam with Greece. And my name has, near the streams of Simois, an ill report in vain.

CHOR. Thou hast, I know, grievous sufferings; but it is expedient for thee to bear the necessary events of life as easily as possible.

HEL. Ye dear women, to what a fate have I been yoked! Did not my mother bring me forth as a prodigy to men? For neither Greek nor barbarian woman has given birth to a white vessel of younglings, in which they say Leda begot me by Jove. For my life and affairs are a prodigy; in part through Juno; but of some my beauty is the cause. Would that, being sponged out, like a picture, I might again in turn receive a foul appearance instead of a fair one; and would that the evil chances, which I now endure, the Greeks had forgotten, but

[11] πόσις may be supplied from the preceding λέχεσι.
[12] i. e. Minerva, who had a brazen temple at Sparta.
[13] Phereclus, according to Homer, Il. E. 59.

preserved the good [in memory] as they preserve my bad.[14] Whosoever therefore, looking to one fate only, is ill-treated by the Gods, it is a thing heavy indeed, but may nevertheless be borne; but I lie amidst many calamities. First indeed, not being unjust, I am in ill repute; and this is a greater evil than the truth, when any one is charged with evils he does not possess.[15] Then the Gods have removed me from my country-land to barbarian customs; and bereft of friends, I have become a slave, born of free parents; for among barbarians all are slaves, save one. But one anchor alone has supported[16] my fortunes, that my husband would some time come, and release me from ills. He is dead, he is now no more. And my mother is dead; and I am her murderess, unjustly indeed; yet is that injustice mine.[17] And my daughter, who was the ornament of mine house and self, grows gray in unwedded virginity; and the Dioscuri, the reputed twin sons of Jove, exist no more. But having all things unfortunate, I am dead in circumstances, but not in deed. And what is the last of all—if I were to arrive at my country, I should be confined by bars, persons thinking[18] that [the real] Helen had come, who had been at Troy with Menelaus. For if my husband were alive, I should be recognized, proceeding to the proofs by tokens, which would be evident to us alone. But now there neither is this [hope], nor will he be ever saved. Why then do I longer live? In what misfortune am I deficient? Shall I, choosing nuptials as a release from ills, live with a barbarian husband, sitting at a wealthy table? But when a

[14] Elegantly rendered by Woodhull:

"Think but of what redounds not to my honor,
And still remember my ideal shame."

Compare King Henry the Eighth, iv. 4:

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

[15] I can not better illustrate this sophism than by the words of Joseph Surface. "Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance —without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for, when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it." School for Scandal, iv. 3.

[16] I prefer ὤχει, with Musg. Dind.

[17] i. e. I am falsely charged, yet can not disprove it.

[18] δοκοῦντες dixit quasi præcessisset μ' εἴγοιεν. Matthiæ.

husband is bitter to a stranger woman, even to be saved is bitter. 'Tis best to die? How then shall I die honorably? Unseemly indeed are hangings aloft, and even among slaves it is thought unbecoming; but cutting the throat has something noble and glorious, and of little account is the time to free one's self from life.[19] For into such a depth of woes have we come; since other women are fortunate indeed through their beauty, but me has this very thing undone.

CHOR. Do not, Helen, think that the stranger, whoever he be who has arrived, has told all things truly.

HEL. And yet he stated clearly that my husband had perished.

CHOR. Many words may be spoken even to a false purport.

HEL. Ay, and, on the contrary, clear ones to a true.[20]

CHOR. For thou art carried to calamity rather than to good.

HEL. For a fear, surrounding me, leads me to apprehension.

CHOR. But how hast thou a kind reception in this house?

HEL. All are my friends save he who seeks my nuptials.

CHOR. Do then, knowest thou what? Quitting the seat of the monument—

HEL. To what discourse or advice art thou slowly coming?

CHOR. Going into the house, inquire of Theonoe, who knows every thing, as the virgin is descended from the marine daughter of Nereus, concerning thy husband, whether he is yet alive, or has quitted the light; and having well ascertained the fact, regulate your joy and lamentation according to your fortunes. But before thou knowest aught rightly, what will it profit thee to be in sorrow? But be persuaded by me; quitting this tomb, mix in company with the virgin, from whom thou wilt know all. When thou hast in these dwellings the power of learning the truth, why dost thou look farther? And I too wish to enter the house with thee, and with thee to learn the prophecies of the virgin, for it is meet that a woman should with a woman labor.

[19] i. e. it little matters whether I die now, or some time hence.

[20] *ἀληθείας* is governed by *διὰ*, to be taken from the preceding *διὰ ψευδῶν*. DINDORF. But see Herm.

Hel. Friends, I receive your advice. Go, go into the house, that thou mayest learn my troubles within the house.

Chor. Thou callest one not slowly willing.[21]

Hel. Alas! unhappy day, what tearful story shall I unhappy hear?

Chor. Do not, O dear one, anticipate lamentations like a prophetess of woes.

Hel. What has my wretched husband endured? Does he behold the light and the four-horse chariot of the sun, and [look] up to the tracks of the stars? or does he possess the lot of earth among the dead below the earth?

Chor. Set down the future, whatsoever it shall be, to the better side.

Hel. For I have called upon thee, I have sworn by thee, the damp Eurotas, green with reeds, that if this report concerning my husband's death be true—

Chor. What unintelligible words are these?

Hel. I should wish for the deadly hanging for my neck; or, I would cause to approach the sword-slaying violence of a throat-cutting slaughter, in a contest of the very steel driven within [and] through my flesh;[22] a sacrifice to the triple yoke of Goddesses, and to the son of Priam who cultivated the pipe in Ida near his cattle stalls.[23]

Chor. Elsewhere may these ills be averted; but may thy state be fortunate.

Hel. Alas! wretched Troy, thou art perishing through deeds not done,[24] and wretched things hast thou undergone. But in the gift Venus has produced much blood and many tears, and griefs on griefs, tears on tears, †[25] sufferings she received.[26] And mothers have lost their children, and virgins related to the dead have shorn their tresses around the Phrygian wave of Scamander. And Greece has shouted forth and uttered a cry, a cry, and has placed her hands on her head, and with her nails has wetted her soft-skinned chin, and with bloody blows. O thou virgin, once happy in Arcadia, Callisto,

[21] Elmsl. *με δις* for *μόλις*.

[22] Hermann takes these words as=*ἡ ξιφ. δίωγμα* (i. e. *ξίφος*) *λαιμ. σφ. ἔσω διὰ σαρκὸς πελ. αὐτοσ. ἀμίλλα.*

[23] A very corrupt passage.

[24] i. e. my supposed abduction.

[25] Dindorf thinks this passage imperfect. See his note.

[26] Burges, *ἄχε' ἐπ' ἄχεσιν ἔβαλε*, for *ἔλαβε*, i. e. "has hurled."

who with four-footed limbs didst once approach the bed of Jove, how much more hast thou obtained than my mother; who in the form of a hairy-limbed beast changed the griefs of thy sorrow, in the form of lioness with savage eye.[27] And she too [more], whom once on a time Diana cast out of her chorus, the stag with golden horns, the Titanian daughter of Merops, on account of her beauty. But my person has destroyed, has destroyed the towers of Troy, and the Greeks who perished.

MENELAUS. O Pelops, who at Pisa didst once successfully contend with Œnomaus in the contest of cars with four steeds, would that, when thou, being sawn asunder, didst furnish a banquet for the Gods, thou hadst quitted life among the Gods, before thou hadst ever begotten my father Atreus; who, by his union with Aerope begat Agamemnon and myself, Menelaus, a renowned pair. For I think (and this I speak not in boast) that I directed the largest armament sent by oars against Troy, leading as a king the expedition, not by force, but ruling over the willing youths of Greece. And one can number up some who are now no more, and some who, joyfully escaping from the sea, are bearing the names of the dead home to their dwellings. But wretched I am wandering on the marine wave of the dark-blue sea through all the time [since] I sacked the towers of Troy; and, seeking to go to my country, I am not granted by the Gods to obtain this. But I have sailed to the deserted and inhospitable retreats of Libya; and when I am near my country, again the breeze drives me back, and never does a favorable wind come upon my sail, so that I may reach my country.[28] And now, a miserable shipwrecked mariner, I have, after losing my friends, fallen out upon this land; but my vessel is broken against the rocks into a great number of wrecks. And the lowest plank was [alone] left of the varied joinings, upon which I was with difficulty saved, through an unexpected fortune, and Helen too, whom I have dragged away from Troy. I know not however

[27] I am inclined to think that Euripides has here followed a scheme of mythology different from that of other writers; and I am therefore little disposed to believe that λεαίνης is corrupt, as Hermann supposes. The student will find copious, but most unsatisfactory, details of the fables to which Euripides alludes, in the notes of Barnes and Musgrave.

[28] Compare the speech of the first witch in Macbeth, i. 4.

the name of this country and the people; for I was ashamed to fall in with the crowd, so that they should inquire about these my squalid garments, and I conceal through shame my misfortunes. For when a man [once] in a lofty station fares ill, he is wont to fall into an unusual state worse than he who has been unhappy of old. But necessity wears me down; for neither is food at hand, nor garments round my body; but this may be conjectured,[29] [seeing] I am girt round in the thrown-out sheets of the ship. But my former robes, and splendid coverings, and luxurious vestments, the sea has snatched away. But having hidden in the recesses of a cave the woman who is the cause of all my troubles, I am come [hither], having compelled my surviving friends to guard my wife. And I am traveling alone, seeking what is advantageous for my friends there, if perchance I can by a discovery lay hold of it. But perceiving this dwelling, surrounded with battlements, and the majestic portals of some wealthy man, I have approached. And there is a hope that sailors may receive something at least from a wealthy house; but of those who have not the means of life, none, even if they wished, could have the power to assist. Ho! what porter will come from the house, who will tell my troubles [to those] within?

Old Woman. Who is at the gates? Wilt thou not betake thyself from the house? nor, by standing at the gates of the vestibule, give trouble to the masters? Or wilt thou die, being a Greek by birth, for whom there is no regard?

Men. O aged dame, well dost thou speak all these words. May I—for I will obey—but defer your speech.[30]

Old W. Away! for this duty is laid on me, stranger, that no Greek approach this dwelling.

Men. Hold; do not stretch forth thine hand, nor drive me away by force.

Old W. For thou art persuaded of naught that I say. Thou art the cause.

Men. Tell it to thy masters within.

Old W. To thy cost, I think, I should tell thy words.

Men. I am come, a shipwrecked stranger, a race to be not without an asylum.

Old W. Go, then, to some other house instead of this.

[29] viz. from his wretched appearance. [30] See Herm.

MEN. Not so; but I will pass by within; and do thou be persuaded by me.

OLD W. Know that thou art troublesome, and thou wilt soon be pushed away by force.

MEN. Alas! where are my renowned armaments?

OLD W. There, perhaps, thou wast a man to be worshiped, not so here.

MEN. O fortune, how unworthily have I been dishonored!

OLD W. Why dost thou bedew thine eyelids with tears? Wherefore art thou in grief?

MEN. In reference to my former happy fortunes.

OLD W. Wilt thou not, then, going away, give thy tears to thy friends?

MEN. But what country is this? And of whom are these the regal abodes?

OLD W. Proteus inhabits these dwellings, but the land is Egypt.

MEN. Egypt? O wretched me! whither indeed have I sailed?

OLD W. Why is the race of the Nile to be blamed by thee?

MEN. I find no fault with it. I mourn my fate.

OLD W. Many fare ill, not thou, forsooth, alone.

MEN. Is the king you name in the house?

OLD W. This is his monument; but his son rules the land.

MEN. Where then is he? Is he from home or in the house?

OLD W. He is not within; but he is most hostile to the Greeks.

MEN. Having what cause, from which I suffer?

OLD W. Helen, the daughter of Jove, is in this house.

MEN. How sayest thou? What tale hast thou told? Tell it me again.

OLD W. The daughter of Tyndarus, who was once at Sparta.

MEN. Coming from whence? What meaning has this affair? (*aside.*)

OLD W. Journeying hither from the Lacedæmonian land.

MEN. When? Surely I have not been robbed of my wife out of the cave. (*aside.*)

OLD W. Before that the Greeks came to Troy, O stranger.

But go from the house, for there is in the dwelling a calamity, by which the royal house is disturbed. And thou hast come at no opportune time; for if my master catch thee, death will be thy guest. For I am well inclined to the Greeks, not so [bitter to them] as the bitter words I have uttered, fearing my master.

Men. What shall I speak? what shall I say? for I hear of present calamities following the past; if I indeed have come, bringing my wife, who was taken captive, from Troy, and she is preserved in the cave; but some other woman, having the same name as my wife, dwells in this house. She [the old woman] said indeed that she [Helen] was born the daughter of Jove. But perhaps there is some man by the banks of Nile, possessing the name of Jove? For in heaven there is but one. But where on the earth is Sparta, save only where are the streams of Eurotas with beautiful reeds? And the name of Tyndarus is applied to him alone. But what land bears the name of Lacedæmon, and what of Troy? I indeed have naught to say. For many persons, it seems, in the wide earth possess the same names, and city the same with city, and woman with woman. There is nothing then to be wondered at; nor, again, will I fly from the fear held forth by that woman. For there is no man so barbarous in disposition as that, having heard my name, he will not bestow food. Renowned is the flame of Troy, and I, Menelaus, who kindled it, am not unknown in the whole earth. I will wait for the ruler of the house; and [this resolution] has for me a two-fold protection. If indeed he be a cruel wretch, I will, having concealed myself, go [back] to the wreck; but if he yields to any softness, I will crave the things conducive to my present misfortunes. But being a king one's self, it is the extreme of evils for us wretched to beg of other kings for sustenance; but it needs must be. For it is not my saying, but the saying of wise men: naught has a greater power than terrible necessity.

Chor. I heard the prophetic maiden, who appeared and gave out the oracles to the royal household,[31] how that Menelaus has not yet passed through murky Erebus, being hidden

[31] i. e. to Helen. If we suppose Menelaus also to be meant, since he did not consult the oracle, we must treat *τυράννοις δόμοις* as the dativus commodi.

in the earth; but that, still worn down on the waves[32] of the sea, he has not yet touched the ports of his country land, wretched in his wandering of life, friendless of friends, upon all manner of lands drawing nigh his foot[33] with the marine oar, from the Trojan land.

HEL. Hither I am come again to the seat of this tomb, having learned pleasing news from Theonoe; who knows all things truly. For she says that my husband, yet dwelling in the light, beholds the light,[34] but wanders, having sailed through innumerable seas, hither and thither; and that he will come not unexercised in wanderings, when indeed he shall obtain an end of his troubles. But one thing she did not say, whether on his arrival he will be saved. But I stood off from clearly asking this, being delighted, since she said that he was preserved for me. And she said that he was somewhere near this land, having been cast shipwrecked with a few friends. Ah! wilt thou come to me? How longed-for wouldst thou come! Ha! who is this? surely I am not stealthily attacked through the devices of the impious son of Proteus! Shall I not, like a swift foal, or Bacchanal of the God, unite my limbs with the tomb? But this is some man, savage in appearance, who seeks to take me.

MEN. Oh thou who art striving forward with terrible[35] hastening to the base of the tomb and the burning cakes,[36] remain; why dost thou fly? How, after showing thy person to my view, dost thou bring astonishment and an inability to speak!

HEL. I am wronged, O women; for I am kept off from the

[32] Macbeth, i. 3.

"Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;
Though his bark can not be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest toss'd."

[33] Does not *ποδα χριμπτόμενος* rather mean "landing," literally, "drawing nigh the sheet rope?"

[34] Pflugk's defense of this most clumsy pleonasm fails to convince me of its genuineness. I should condemn the verse *ἦ πάντ' ἀληθως οἶδε, φησὶν ἐν φάει*, as a decided interpolation, introduced by some copyist, who did not perceive that the sentence *πόσιν . . . εἰσορᾶν* is governed by *λέγειν*, implied in *λόγους*.

[35] Schæfer on Bos Ellips. p. 68, *δειλὸν* for *δεινὸν*.

[36] Musgrave quotes Pollux iv. 78, *ὁ δὲ ὀρθοστατὴς, ἱεροῦ ἄρτου τὶ εἶδος*.

sepulchre by this man; and he wishes, having seized me, to give me to the tyrant from whose nuptials I fled.

MEN. We are not thieves, nor ministers of bad men.

HEL. And yet thou hast an unseemly garb around thy body.

MEN. Stay thy swift foot, dismissing fear.

HEL. I stay it, since indeed I touch this place.

MEN. Who art thou? What sight, lady, do I behold in thee?

HEL. And who art thou? for the same question possesses me.

MEN. I never saw a frame more like—(*aside.*)

HEL. O Gods, for a God it is to recognize those dear. (*aside.*)

MEN. Grecian art thou, woman, or one of the country?

HEL. Grecian; but I also wish to know thy [country].

MEN. I perceive thee, lady, most like to Helen.

HEL. And I thee, indeed, to Menelaus; nor know I what to say.

MEN. Thou hast well recognized a most ill-fortuned man.

HEL. O thou who after a long time hast come into the hands of thy wife!

MEN. Of what wife? Touch thou not my garments.

HEL. She whom Tyndarus my father gave thee.

MEN. O thou light-bearing Hecate, send favorable visions.

HEL. In me thou beholdest not a night-seen minister of Hecate.

MEN. No one man is born husband of two wives.

HEL. And of what other marriage-bed art thou the lord?

MEN. [Of her] whom a cave hides, and [whom] I am carrying off from the Phrygians.

HEL. None other than myself is thy wife.

MEN. Am I then in my senses, but mine eye at fault?

HEL. For dost not thou, seeing me, think that thou seest thy wife?

MEN. Thy body is like [to hers]; but clearness of decision is wanting to me.[37]

HEL. Consider. But in this[38] no man is a better judge than you.

[37] *μ' ἀποστερεῖ = οὐ συμπαρέπεταί μοι.* PFLUGK.

[38] *τὸ δ' οὐδείς* is an emendation of Wyttenbach's, received by Dindorf, but, in my opinion, hardly satisfactory.

MEN. Thou art like [her]. This at least I will not deny.

HEL. Who other than thine eyes shall teach thee?

MEN. In this I am at fault, that I have another wife.

HEL. I came not to the Trojan land; but it was a spectre.

MEN. And who makes bodies capable of sight?[39]

HEL. The ether; whence thou hast a wife made by a God.

MEN. Which of the Gods was the moulder? for thou tellest unexpected things.

HEL. It was an exchange effected by Juno, that Paris might not receive me.

MEN. How then wast thou here and at Troy at the same time?

HEL. My name might be in many places, but not my body.

MEN. Let me go; I have come possessing griefs enough.

HEL. What, wilt thou leave me, and bear away that vain spouse?

MEN. Ay, and fare thee well, because thou art like Helen.

HEL. I am undone; having found thee, I shall not possess a husband.

MEN. The might of my labors there[40] persuades me, not thou.

HEL. Woe's me! Who was ever more wretched than I? Those dearest desert me, nor shall I ever come to the Greeks nor to my country.

MESSENGER. (*entering*) Menelaus, after seeking thee, I find thee with difficulty, having wandered about the whole of this barbarian land, sent by thy surviving friends.

MEN. What is the matter? Are ye plundered by the barbarians?

MESS. [I am come], having a marvel [to tell of], less in name than in fact.

MEN. Say; since by this haste [of thine] thou bearest some new tidings.

MESS. I say that thou hast vainly undergone innumerable toils.

MEN. Thou weepest ancient ills. But what is your news?

MESS. Thy wife has departed to the folds of the sky, wafted from view; and she is hidden in heaven, having quitted the sacred cave, where we were guarding her, [and] having

[39] i. e. living figures. Menelaus was no Frankenstein.

[40] i. e. at Troy.

spoken thus much: "O miserable Phrygians, and ye all Greeks, through me, by the art of Juno, ye died at the banks of Scamander, thinking that Paris, who had not Helen, did have her. But I, after I had remained as long a time as it behooved me, preserving the decree of fate, will go to heaven my father; but the hapless daughter of Tyndarus has vainly borne evil reports, being in nothing guilty." O hail! thou daughter of Leda, thou wert here. But I told of thee as having gone to the recesses of the stars, naught knowing that thou bearest a winged body. I will not again permit thee to mock us; since vainly at Troy didst thou give troubles to thy husband and allies.

MEN. This is it. The true words of this woman have come together. O longed-for day, that has given thee to me to receive in my arms.

HEL. O Menelaus, most dear of men, the time indeed is ancient, but the pleasure is lately near at hand. With delight have I received my husband, friends, throwing around [him] my loving hand after a long lapse of light-bearing days.

MEN. And I [embrace] thee; but having many things to tell of common interest, I know not with which I now shall first begin.

HEL. I rejoice, and I, bird-like, am uplifted as to the hair erect on my head,[41] and I shed the tear [of joy]. But around thy limbs I cast my hands, now that I receive delight. O husband, O sight most dear!

MEN. I do not blame thee.[42] I possess my wife, the daughter of Jove and Leda, whom by lamplight her twin brothers on their white steeds blessed, ah! blessed in former times; but the Gods conveyed thee from me.

HEL. But the deity leads on to another fortune better than this, and evil has brought thee and me to good, O husband, after a long season; but nevertheless may I enjoy my fortune.

MEN. Mayest thou indeed enjoy; in this same prayer I join, for of the two one can not be wretched, the other not.

HEL. My friends, my friends, we no longer mourn past evils, nor do I grieve. I have, I have my husband, for whom I have waited, waited to come for many a year.

[41] Woodhull: "Joy raises my exulting crest, these tears Are tears of ecstasy."

[42] *οὐκ ἐμέμφθην*, I am no longer dissatisfied.

MEN. Thou hast me, and I have thee; but having with difficulty passed through numberless years, I perceive the plans of the Goddess. But my joyous[43] tears have more of joy than grief.

HEL. What can I say? Who of mortals would ever have hoped for this? I hold thee unexpected to my breast.

MEN. And I thee, who wast thought to have come to the Idæan city and unhappy towers of Troy. By the Gods, how wast thou removed from mine house?

HEL. Alas! alas! to a bitter commencement thou art coming; alas! alas! and a bitter report art thou tracking.

MEN. Speak; for all that is brought to pass by the Gods may be listened to.

HEL. I abhor the story; what kind shall I introduce?

MEN. Yet speak. Sweet is it in truth to hear of labors.[44]

HEL. Not to the couch of a barbarian youth with a flying oar,[45] and with the winged love of lawless nuptials [did I go].

MEN. For what deity,[46] or what fortune robbed thee of thy country?

HEL. The son of Jove, of Jove, O husband, has caused me to approach the Nile.

MEN. Marvelous things [thou tellest] of the sender. O fearful tale!

HEL. I have wept, and I now wet mine eyelids with tears. The wife of Jove has destroyed me.

MEN. Juno? Desiring to add what of ills?

HEL. Alas! for my woes, for the baths and fountains, where the Goddesses beautified their forms, [and] where came the trial.

MEN. Did Juno bring on thee these ills on account of that trial?

HEL. [Ay], that she might take away love—

MEN. How? Speak.

[43] But *χαρμονᾶν*, Elmsley's emendation, is preferred by Dindorf, and almost by Pflugk.

[44] i. e. of labors past. Cf. Androm. p. 18, *ἀλλ' ἡδύ τοι σωθέντα μεμνῆσθαι πόνων*.

[45] Cf. Catull. iii. 4, "sive palmulis Opus foret volare, sive linteo."

[46] It is perhaps worth while to observe that the early classical meanings of *δαίμων*, especially in Euripides, are most elaborately discussed and illustrated by Rudolf on Ocellus Lucanus iii. § 3, n. 3.

HEL. From Paris, to whom [Venus] had by her nod given me.

MEN. O wretched one.

HEL. Wretched, wretched one! Thus she caused thee to approach Egypt.

MEN. Then she gave a phantom in thy stead, as I hear from you.

HEL. But for the sufferings, the sufferings at home, O mother, woe is me!

MEN. What sayest thou?

HEL. My mother is no more. Through me, an ill-wedded disgrace! she fastened the strangling noose.

MEN. Ah me! And is thy daughter Hermione alive?

HEL. Unwedded, childless, O husband, she with shame laments my nuptials no nuptials.

MEN. O Paris, who hast utterly destroyed my house, these things have destroyed both thee and myriads of brazen-armed Greeks.

HEL. But me, ill-fated, accursed, the God cast out from my country, from my city, and from thee, in that I, not leaving, left thy house and couch for shameful nuptials.

CHOR. If ye can meet with prosperous fortune hereafter, it will avail against the past.

MESS. Menelaus to me also give some of the pleasure, which I too am hearing, but do not clearly possess.

MEN. Thou too, old man, share our discourse.

MESS. Is not this the authoress of our troubles at Troy?

MEN. Not she, we were deceived by the Gods, having a sad[47] image of vapor in our hands.

MESS. What sayest thou? Did we then vainly undergo toils for a cloud?

MEN. This was the deed of Juno, and the strife of the three Goddesses.

MESS. And is this woman really and truly thy wife?

MEN. Herself; believe this on my assertion.

MESS. O daughter, how variable is the Deity, and inscrutable! But well I ween he turns things around, bearing them hither and thither. One man toils; another, who has not toiled, in turn evilly perishes, possessing firmly nothing of his fortune, which is only for the time being. For thou and thy

[47] Valck. ὑγρὸν, moist.

husband did share in troubles, thou indeed in words, but he in his ardor for the deeds of the spear. But hastening, when he hastened he obtained naught, but now he fares most fortunately, having obtained good spontaneously.[48] Then thou hast not disgraced thy old father and the Dioscuri, nor hast thou done such things as are reported! Now I again renew the hymeneal rite, and call to mind the torches, which I bore, running beside the four-horsed chariot: and thou in thy car quitted thy happy home with this man as his bride. For base is that man who regards not his masters' affairs, and does not rejoice[49] and grieve together in their good and ill. May I, indeed, although born a servant, be numbered among generous slaves, not having the name, but the mind of a freeman. For better is this than, being one man, to be subject to two evils, both to have a bad disposition, and to be taunted by others as the slave of neighbors.

Men. Come, O aged man, many labors hast thou performed near my shield, having toiled through them with me; and now having shared in [the news of] my prosperity, go, tell the tidings to our surviving friends, how you have found these matters, and in what state of fortune we are. And [bid them] stay on shore, and wait for my contests that remain, and which I expect, and to keep watch [if] we can by any means steal away this woman from the land, in order that by coming to one point of luck, we may, if we can, be saved from the barbarians.

Mess. These things shall be, O king. Although I have witnessed how trivial and how full of falsehoods are the words of seers. There is nothing sound in the flames of fire, nor in the voices of winged birds. And foolish indeed it is even to suppose that birds can benefit mortals. For neither Calchas said nor signified to the army, when he saw his friends dying on account of a cloud, nor Helenus; but the city was destroyed in vain. You will say it was because the deity did not wish it [that they should speak]; why then do we consult seers? It behooves us, sacrificing to the Gods, to ask for good things, but to let alone prophecies. For this was invented as naught

[48] The construction is slightly inverted, the sense being *ἔχων αὐτόματα, πράσσει εὐτυχέστατα.*

[49] After *ξυγγέγηθε* supply *ἀγαθοῖς*. Such a zeugma is common in proverbial phrases.

but a bait to life; and no one, being a sluggard, ever grew rich on divinations. For discernment and prudence are the best of prophets.[50]

Chor. My opinion, too, concerning prophets tends to the same point with this old man's. If one has the Gods as his friends, he has the best divination in his house.

Hel. Be it so. Thus far matters stand well; but to learn how thou, O hapless man, wast saved from Troy, is indeed no profit; but there is a certain desire for friends to hear the troubles of friends.

Men. In truth thou hast asked me many things in a single sentence and by a single road. Why should I tell thee of the shipwrecks in the Ægean Sea, of the fires lighted in Eubœa by Nauplius,[51] and of Crete, and of Libya, to which cities I turned my course, and of the look-outs of Perseus.[52] I could never satisfy thee with the story, and telling thee my troubles I should still grieve. In suffering I was troubled; and I should thus be pained twice.

Hel. Thou hast spoken more fitly[53] than I asked thee. But, leaving all [other matters], tell me one thing. For how long a time hast thou been tossed in marine wanderings upon the surface of the sea?

Men. Year after year[54] in addition to the ten years at Troy, I have passed through seven revolutions of years.

Hel. Alas! alas! a long time thou tellest, O hapless one. And being preserved from thence, thou art hither come to death.[55]

Men. How sayest thou? What wilt thou say? How hast thou undone me, woman!

Hel. Thou wilt perish by the man whose house this is.

Men. Having done what deed worthy of this misfortune?

Hel. Thou art come unexpected and a hinderance to my nuptials.

[50] For the sentiment of Menander, p. 78, *ὁ πλεῖστον νοῦν ἔχων Μάντις τ' ἄριστός ἐστι σύμβουλος θ' ἅμα*, see Barnes' note, Duport. Gnomol. Homer, p. 72.

[51] Cf. Serv. on Virg. Æn. xi. 260.

[52] At one extremity of the Egyptian Delta. Cf. Herod. ii. 15.

[53] i. e. with greater prudence than I showed in asking the question.

[54] Literally, "year-wise, computing by years."

[55] Dindorf has omitted the line *φεῦγ' ὡς τάχιστα τῆς δ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς χθονός*, with Valckenaer.

MEN. What, has some one wished to wed my wife?

HEL. Ay, and to work that insult on me, which I have undergone.[56]

MEN. Some one of private influence, or ruling the land?

HEL. The son of Proteus, who governs this country.

MEN. This is that riddle which I heard from the servant.

HEL. Standing at what barbarian portals?

MEN. These, from whence I was driven like a beggar.

HEL. And wast thou craving sustenance? O wretched me!

MEN. The matter indeed was such, but it had not this name.

HEL. Thou knowest then, as you seem, all about my nuptials?

MEN. I know; but this I know not, whether thou hast escaped the nuptials?

HEL. Know that thy bed has been preserved inviolate for thee.

MEN. What evidence [is there] of this? for thou tellest pleasant things, if true.

HEL. Dost thou behold the unhappy seat of me a suppliant at this tomb?

MEN. I see a couch strewn on the ground, O wretched one; but what have you to do with it?

HEL. Here I have kept beseeching an escape from nuptials.

MEN. Through lack of an altar, or after barbarian customs?

HEL. This has been defense for me equal to the temples of the Gods.

MEN. Is it not then allowed me to ship thee homeward?

HEL. The sword, rather than my bed, will await thee.

MEN. Thus I shall be the most wretched of mortals.

HEL. Do not then be ashamed [to flee], but escape from this land.

MEN. Leaving thee? I have destroyed Troy for thy sake.

HEL. For it is better than for my bed to cause your death.

MEN. Thou speakest unmanly acts, and unworthy of Troy.

HEL. Thou wilt not slay the king, as thou perhaps aimest at.

MEN. Has he then a body invulnerable to the sword?

HEL. Thou wilt see; but to dare what is impossible is not the part of a wise man.

[56] Viz. as a slave. Cf. vs. 283, *δούλη καθέστηχ', οὐσ' ἐλευθέρων ἄπο*. MATTHIÆ.

MEN. Shall I then in silence give him my hands to bind?

HEL. Thou art come to a difficulty, and there is need of some contrivance.

MEN. For better is it to die by doing than by not doing.

HEL. There is one hope, by which alone we may be saved.

MEN. To be purchased, or dared, or depending upon words?

HEL. If the tyrant were not to hear of thy arrival.

MEN. And who will tell [him] of me? He will not surely know who I am.

HEL. Within he has an ally equal to the Gods.

MEN. Some oracular voice shrined in his dwelling?

HEL. No, but his sister; they call her Theonoe.

MEN. A name for oracles; but say, what is she doing?

HEL. She knows all, and will tell her brother thou art present.

MEN. Then I shall die; for it is impossible for me to lie concealed.

HEL. If we could both by any entreaties persuade her—

MEN. To do what thing? Into what hope dost thou lead me?

HEL. Not to tell her brother of your presence in the land?

MEN. And having persuaded her, could we separate our footsteps from the land?

HEL. Easily, in common with her, but not by stealth.

MEN. It is thy work; since a woman is fitted for a woman.

HEL. She shall not have her knees untouched by my hands.

MEN. But what if she will not receive our entreaties?

HEL. Thou wilt die; and I unhappy shall be wedded by force.

MEN. Thou wouldst be a traitress. Thou usest that force as a pretense.

HEL. But I have sworn a sacred oath by thine head.

MEN. What sayest thou? that thou wilt die, and never change thine husband?

HEL. Ay, and with the same sword; and I will lie beside thee.

MEN. On these terms touch then my right hand.

HEL. I touch it, [swearing] that if thou diest, I will quit this light.

MEN. And I, deprived of thee, will end my life.

HEL. How then shall we die, so as to obtain renown?

MEN. Having slain thee on the back of the tomb, I will slay myself. But first we will engage in a mighty contest for thy bed; and let him who will, draw nigh. For I will not disgrace my renown at Troy; nor shall I returning to Greece obtain much reproach, who deprived Thetis of Achilles, and have seen the death of Ajax the son of Telamon, and the son of Neleus;[57] but for my own wife's sake shall I not think fit to die? Ay, most decidedly, for if the Gods are wise, they will with light earth[58] cover in the tomb the valiant man, who has fallen by the enemy, but cast the craven beneath a hard mound of earth.

CHOR. O Gods, at length may the race of Tantalus be prosperous, and be freed from ills.

HEL. Alas! me wretched. For thus am I in fortune, O Menelaus. We are undone. The prophetic Theonoe is coming out of the palace. The house resounds, as the bars are loosened. Fly; but how canst thou fly? For both absent and present she knows that thou hast come hither. O wretched one, how am I undone! For thou, after being preserved from Troy, and from a barbarian land, will, coming to barbarians' swords, fall again.

THEON. (*followed by two female attendants*) Do thou indeed lead the way, bearing the light of lamps, and with sulphur purge the holy consecrated[59] recess of the air, that we may receive the pure breath of heaven. And do thou in turn purify with cleansing flame the path, should any one have violated it, by treading with impious foot; and shake the pine-brand, that I may pass through. But both of you, having performed this law of mine, take back the flame of the hearth into the dwelling. Helen, what, how stand my divinations? Thy husband Menelaus is plainly come hither,

[57] This is Musgrave's necessary emendation for Θησέως, for Acamas and Polymestor both returned safe from Troy.

[58] Cf. Alc. 462, *κούφα σοι χθὼν ἐπάνωθε πέσοι*, with Monk's note. PFLUGK.

[59] I read *θείου δὲ σεμνόθεσμον αἰθέρος μυχόν, sulphure lustra ætheris recessum sanctis legibus consecratum*, with Pflugk and Dindorf. *μυχὸν αἰθέρος* seems equivalent to *πτυχαὶ*, as in vs. 44. On the custom see Musgrave. For *θείον* Pflugk compares Hom. Od. X. 481. Ψ. 50. So Lysippus apud Polluc. vii. 11, *ἐπιγνάψας καὶ θειώσας τὰς ἀλλοτρίας ἐπινοίας*. Cf. Feith. Antiq. Homeric. i. 6, § 2. Lomeier de Lustrat. xix. p. 249 sq.

deprived of his ships, and of thine image. O wretched one, from what toils having escaped didst thou come, nor knowest whether thou wilt return home, or remain here. For there is a strife among the Gods; and a council concerning thee will be this day sitting near Jove.[60] Juno, indeed, who before was hostile to thee, is now well inclined, and wishes to bring you safe to your country with this [your wife], that Greece may learn that the nuptials of Paris, the gift of Venus, were pretended nuptials. But Venus wishes to destroy thy return, that she may neither be convicted, nor be seen to have purchased [the palm of] beauty by a foolish marriage with Helen. But the result rests with me, whether, as Venus desires, having told my brother thou art here, I shall destroy thee; or, on the other hand, siding with Juno, I save thy life, concealing thee from my brother, who appoints me to tell him of this, when thou chancest to arrive at this land. Who will go to tell my brother that this man is here present, that I may be safe?

Hel. O virgin, I fall a suppliant at thy knee, and am sitting at a seat[61] not blest, both on my behalf and this man's, whom with difficulty at length having found, I am on the very point of seeing dying. Tell not to thy brother that this my husband is come into these most loving hands; but save him, I beseech thee; and for thy brother do not desert thy piety, purchasing base and unjust thanks. For the deity hates violence, and orders all men to obtain what may be acquired, not through plunder.[62] For the heaven is common to all mortals,[63] and the earth, on which it behooves us dwelling in our houses, not to have other men's goods, nor to seize them by force. But Hermes, by the will of heaven[64] indeed, but sadly for me, has given me to thy father to preserve for this my husband; who is pres-

[60] Or rather, "will sit by Jove." Παρέδρος may be illustrated from Ovid. Met. i. fab. 4, 5 sqq. Virg. Æn. x. 2 sqq. With reference to the σύλλογος θεῶν, or "consensus Deorum," cf. Arnaud, de Diis Παρέδροις, § 7.

[61] Cf. Phœn. 300, γονυπετεῖς ἕδρας προσπιτνῶ σ' ἄναξ. Soph Œd. T. 2, τίνας ποθ' ἕδρας—θοάζετε.

[62] ἐς ἁρπαγάς = οὐχ ὥστε ἁρπάζειν. Hipp. 276, ἀσιτεῖ δ' εἰς ἀπόστησιν βίου. Matthiæ.

[63] The verse ἑατέος δ' ὁ πλοῦτος ἀδικός τις ὤν, has been thrown out by Herm.

[64] μακαρίως.

ent and desires to take me away. How then, dying, can he take me away? And how could he ever restore the living to the dead? Now consider the will of the deity and of thy sire, whether the deity and the deceased would wish or not wish to restore again the property of their neighbors. I think [they would]. It behooves thee not to attach greater weight to thy silly-minded brother than thy good father. But if, being a prophetess, and believing there are Gods, thou shalt break through thy father's justice, and do favor to thine unjust brother, 'tis base indeed that thou shouldst know all things divine, what is, what is not, but not know things just. But deliver wretched me from the ills in which I lie, giving this as a by-deed of fortune; for there is no one among mortals who hates not Helen; I who am bruited through Greece as having betrayed my husband, and dwelt in the wealthy mansions of the Phrygians. But if I come to Greece, and again tread the land of Sparta, they hearing, [and] seeing, that it was by the contrivance of the Gods they perished, and that I was not the betrayer of my friends, will again on the contrary restore me to [the repute of] modesty, and I shall dower my daughter, whom no one marries; and quitting my bitter wanderings here, I shall enjoy the wealth that is in my house. But if indeed this man dying had been consumed on the funeral pile, I should with my tears have cherished him being far away; but shall I now be deprived of him, who is alive and well? Not so, O virgin; but I implore thee this; grant me this favor, and imitate the manners of thy just sire. For this is the fairest renown for children, whosoever being sprung from a good father, arrives at the same manners as his parents.

Chor. Piteous indeed are the words just spoken, and pitiable too art thou. But I desire to hear from Menelaus what words he will speak on behalf of his life.

Men. I could not endure to fall prostrate at your knees, nor to bedew mine eyelids with tears; for, becoming a craven, I should very greatly disgrace Troy.[65] And yet they say that it is the part of a man well born to shed the tear from his eyes in misfortunes. But not even this honorable act, if honorable it be, will I choose before a courageous soul. But if indeed it seems good to thee to save a stranger, and me who

[65] i. e. my deeds at Troy, as in vs. 845, τὸ Τρωϊκόν γὰρ οὐ καταισχυνῶ κλέος.

justly seeks to recover my wife, restore her, and moreover, save me; but if it does not seem good, I shall be not wretched now for the first time, but often [before], and thou wilt appear a wicked woman. But those things which we deem worthy of us, and just, and which will chiefly touch thine heart, I will gladly say near this monument of thy sire. O thou old man, who dwellest in this stone tomb, restore [her]. I demand back of thee my wife, whom Jove sent hither for thee to preserve for me. I know that thou being dead canst never make us restitution, but this woman will not think fit that her father, who was once most glorious, should hear reproaches, being called upon from below, for she now has the power.[66] O nether Hades, thee too I invoke as ally, who hast received for the sake of this woman many bodies that fell by my sword, and thou hast thy reward. Either then give them back again to life, or compel this woman who seems to be better than her impious sire, to give back my nuptials. But if ye rob me of my wife, I will tell thee what arguments she has omitted. By an oath, O virgin, (that thou mayest know it,) we are bound first to do battle with thy brother; and he or I must die; the word is simple. But if he does not in the fight oppose foot to foot, but seeks [to slay] by starvation us suppliant at this tomb; it has been determined by me to slay this woman, and then to drive this two-edged sword to my heart, upon the summit of this tomb, that streams of blood may trickle down the burial-place; and we shall afterward lie, two corses on this polished tomb, an undying grief to thee, and reproach to thy sire. For neither thy brother nor any one else shall wed this woman; but I will take her away for myself, if not to my house, at least to the dead. What is this? turning myself to woman by tears, I shall be an object of pity rather than a man to act. Slay, if please thee; for thou wilt not slay me ingloriously; but rather indeed be persuaded by my words, that thou mayest be just, and I may recover my wife.

CHOR. It is for thee, O damsel, to decide the question. But do thou give judgment so as to please all parties.

THEON. I am both born to act piously, and willing to do so; and I love myself, and I would not stain the renown of my father; nor would I grant a favor to my brother by which

[66] *κυρία* is explained by vs. 887, *τέλος δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν, κ. τ. λ.*

I shall appear infamous. But in me there is by nature a great shrine of justice; and having this from Nereus, I will endeavor to preserve Menelaus. And since Juno wishes to benefit thee, I will place my vote on the same side; and may Venus be propitious to me, although she has never marched with me:[67] and I will endeavor to remain a virgin forever. But as to the matters of which thou hast spoken as a disgrace to my father at this tomb, there is the same language on my part. I should be guilty of injustice, should I not restore [thy wife]; for he would, if living, have given back to her to possess thee, and thee to [possess] her. For in sooth there is vengeance for these matters both among the dead, and to all men above. The mind of the deceased lives not indeed, but has an immortal intelligence, falling into the immortal ether. That I may not, then, make a long speech, I will be silent as to the things thou hast besought me; nor in folly will I ever be a fellow counselor with my brother; for I benefit him, though not seeming to do so, if from impiety I make him holy. Do ye then yourselves find out an escape; and I, getting out of the way, will keep silence. But begin ye from the Gods, and beseech Venus indeed to let thee return to thy country; and that Juno's resolves may remain in the same state, which she entertains for the safety of thee and thy husband. But thou, my deceased father, as far as I have strength, shalt never be called impious instead of pious. (*Exit* Theonoe.)

Chor. No one, being born unjust, has ever prospered; but in justice are there hopes of safety.

Hel. Menelaus, we have been saved by the virgin; but henceforward it behooves thee, producing reasons, to combine a common contrivance for our safety.

Men. Hear then indeed. Thou hast long been in the dwelling, and hast been bred up with the attendants on the king.

Hel. Why dost thou say this? for thou bringest hopes as though about to do something for our common good.

Men. Couldst thou persuade any one of those who guide the four-horse chariots, so as to furnish us with a car?

Hel. I might persuade; but what flight can we take, being ignorant of the plains and the barbarian land?

Men. You mention a thing impossible. Come; what if,

[67] i. e. I have never been acquainted with her rites.

hiding myself in the house, I were to slay the king with this two-edged sword?

HEL. His sister would not suffer it, nor be silent, if thou wert about to slay her brother.

MEN. But neither is there a ship, in which flying we might be saved, for the sea possesses the one we had.

HEL. Listen, if even a woman can say aught wise. Art thou willing to be reported dead in words, not being dead?

MEN. 'Tis a bad omen; but if I gain by saying so, I am ready to die in report, not dying.

HEL. And truly we will excite pity in the impious [king] by female cuttings of hair and groanings.

MEN. But what means of safety does this furnish for us? For there is something of simplicity in the design.

HEL. I will request the tyrant of this land to make a burial in an empty tomb,[68] as though you had died by sea.

MEN. And suppose he permits; how then shall we, having given an empty tomb to my body, be saved without a ship?

HEL. I will urge him to bestow a ship, in which he will place adornments for thy coffin to be thrown into the arms of the deep.

MEN. How well hast thou spoken of this, save in one thing, should he bid thee make the burial on the land! The pretense will bring nothing with it.

HEL. But we will say that it is not the custom in Greece to inter on land those who die at sea.

MEN. In this again thou art right; then shall I sail with thee, and place the adornments on board the same bark?

HEL. It behooves thee especially to be present, and thy sailors, who escaped from the shipwreck.

MEN. And truly if I lay hold of a ship at anchor, man shall stand by man sword in hand.

HEL. It behooves thee to decide on all this. Only let there be escorting breezes to the sail, and to the ship a course.

MEN. It will be so; for the Gods will put a stop to my troubles. But from whom wilt thou say thou hast learned I am dead?

HEL. From thee. And do thou say that thou alone hast

[68] θάψαι is used in four different senses in Euripides: 1. to inter or bury; 2. to permit to be interred; 3. to honor with an empty tomb or memorial, as in this passage; 4. to burn the dead bodies. See Beck's index.

escaped death, sailing with the son of Atreus, and that you saw him perish.

Men. And truly these rags, the coverings of my body, will bear witness concerning the wreck of the ships.

Hel. [Things] have happened opportunely, which formerly were inopportunely lost; and that unhappiness may perchance fall out happily.

Men. But does it behoove me to enter the house with thee, or shall we sit quiet at this tomb?

Hel. Stay here; for even if he seek to do thee any wrong, this tomb and thy sword will protect thee. But I, going into the house, will shear my locks, and will exchange my white garments for black. And on my cheek I will throw the nail, [drawing] blood from the skin. For great is the struggle, and I perceive two inclinations of the balance; for I must either perish, if I be detected in my plans, or come to my country and preserve thy life. O hallowed Juno, who reclinest on the bed of Jove, give two unfortunate beings a rest from their toils, we beseech thee, stretching our hands direct up to heaven, where thou dwellest amid the varied spanglings of the stars. And thou, who didst obtain [the prize of] beauty for my nuptials, thou Venus, daughter of Dione, do not destroy me. For enough is the injury, wherewith thou hast injured me before, presenting among the barbarians my name, not my body. But if thou wilt slay me, suffer me to die in father-land. Wherefore art thou insatiate of ills, practicing loves, deceits, and cunning devices, and philters causing blood in houses? But if thou wert moderate, in other respects thou art the sweetest of Goddesses to men. I speak not in vain.

Chor. On thee I call, who sittest in thy seat of song[69] beneath the foliaged nooks; thee, the musical bird of sweetest warbling, the plaintive nightingale. Come, O thou that through thy dun cheeks[70] dost trill thy lay, a partner in my dirge, and singing the tearful toils of hapless Helen and of the Trojans under the spears of the Greeks; Paris,[71] who came,

[69] I have treated *μουσεῖα καὶ θάκους* as a hendiadys. On the meaning of *μουσεῖα* see Pflugk on vs. 174.

[70] Expressed by Aristophanes, Av. 211 sqq.

[71] Join *ὃς ἔμολεν—ἔδραμε—Πάρις αἰνόγαμος*, transposing the name; for the natural order would be this: *ἐλθὲ ἀείδουσα πόνους Ἑλένας τὰν, Ἰλ. τε πόνον, Πάριν αἰνόγαμον, ὃς ἔμολεν.*—Pflugk.

who came to the plains [of Greece] with barbarian oar, who coursed the waves, bringing from Lacedæmon thy nuptials unhappy to the sons of Priam, when he had obtained [thee] by the gift of Venus. But many of the Greeks, having breathed out their life by the spear and hurlings of stones, possess sad Hades, having caused the mourning locks of their wives to be shorn; and dwellings exist without bridegrooms. But a man with a single bark[72] having kindled up a burning flame, around sea-girt Eubœa, [and] having fallen upon the Capherian rocks and the marine coasts of the Ægean, destroyed many, having lit up a deceitful light.[73] But the mountains of Malea were without ports, when there rushed far from his country on the gale of the winds [a man] bearing in his ship in barbarian guise a prodigy, no prodigy, but strife on strife to the Greeks, a cloud, the divine image sent by Juno. Whether it was a God, or not a God, or something between,[74] who of mortals can aver,[75] having searched out to the very end, so as to discover, who [indeed] perceives the counsels of the Gods flitting hither and thither in unexpected, contradictory turns of fate? Thou art the daughter of Jove, O Helen, for thy winged sire begat thee in the bosom of Leda. And yet[76] thy report through Greece is that of an unjust wretch, a betrayer, a faithless, godless one; nor have I [to say] what is clear among mortals. I find the word of the Gods to be true. Foolish ye, as many as obtain [the renown of] valor

[72] Because Nauplius was carried from Troy to Eubœa in a ship.—Hermann. If we read *ἀμφιρύταν* with Matthiæ, *κατὰ* must be supplied.

[73] *βαρβάρου στολᾶς* can not, I think, signify "classi adversus barbaros profectæ," as Pflugk supposes, and there seems little doubt that a new sentence should commence at *ἀλίμεν'*. I have therefore adopted Hermann's bold, but, I think, certain emendation, *ἀλίμενα δ' ὄρεα* (the old reading) *Μάλεα, βαρβάρου στολᾶς ὅτ' ἔσυτο πατρίδος ἀπ. χειμ. πνοᾷ, τ. ὁ. τ. ἔριν ἔριδι Δαναῶν*. He observes, "vel sententia ostendit, *ἀλλὰ* ineptum esse, quia isti inter se opponi nequeunt. Est id a metricis adjectum, cum excidisset *ἔριδι* post *ἔριν*. Id metro strophico confirmatur. *Ἔριν* dicit belli ad Trojam, *ἔριδι* autem refertur ad procorum Helenæ inter se contentionem."

[74] Cf. Æsch. Prom. 115, *τίς ὁδμὰ προσέπτα, μ' ἀφεγγὴς, θεόσυτος, ἢ βρότειος, ἢ κεκραμένη*.

[75] Hermann has rewritten this passage, but, I think, with little necessity.

[76] Such is the sense of *καὶ*, according to Pflugk, but Dindorf rightly reads *νῦν δ' ἰάχησαι*.

by war, foolishly resting from the toils of mortals[77] in the spears of valiant war. For if the contest of blood is to determine [men's quarrels], never will strife leave the cities of men; which[78] left the dwellings of the land of Priam, when it was in their power to decide by words the strife concerning thee, O Helen. But now they indeed are the care of Hades below, and fire, like the lightning of Jove, has fallen on their walls, bringing sufferings on sufferings in calamity to miserable Troy.[79]

[*Enter* THEOCLYMENUS, *from hunting.*]

THEOC. O hail, thou tomb of my sire; for I have interred thee at the outlets [of my palace] for the sake of my addressing it. For ever on going out and coming into the house, this thy son Theoclymenus addresses thee. Do ye indeed, O servants, remove the dogs and the nets for the wild beasts into the regal dwelling. But I indeed reproach myself much, in that we do not punish the bad with death. And now I learn that some one of the Greeks is openly come to this land, and has escaped[80] the notice of the watch, either as a spy, or seeking to steal away Helen. But he shall die, if indeed he be but caught. Ha! I find, it seems, every thing evilly done; for the daughter of Tyndarus, having left empty her seat at the tomb, has been convoyed away from this land. Ho! open the doors, remove the horses from the stable,[81] ye servants, and bring out the chariots, that, as far as trouble is concerned, the bride, whom I aim at, may not escape me, being carried off from this land. Stop! for I see her, whom I meant to pursue, present in the house, and not fled away. Thee I address. Why hast thou put black garments on thy form in exchange for white? and from thy noble head hast shorn the locks, having brought

[77] There is something wrong here. κτᾶσθε δορὸς ἀλκαίου τε λόγχαις, Herm. Dind. πόθους θανάτων, Seidler.

[78] What is meant by αἳ? Matthiæ says, "puto ἔριδες vel ἅμιλλαι." But this would be exactly the reverse of the truth. But I by no means hold for altering ἔλιπον, with Hermann and others. I have very little doubt that the only correction wanted is ἃ (scil. ἔριδι=δι' ἔριν) Πριαμίδ, i. e. "through which the sons of Priam left the earth, (i. e. died,) when they might," etc.

[79] Dindorf seems right in regarding this verse as a gloss.

[80] The Greek ἀφιγμένος φανερὸς ἦν, ἀφίκετο δὲ λάθων τοὺς σκοπούς. PFLUGK.

[81] λύεθ' ἱππικὰς φάτνας.

[upon them] the steel? and why art thou weeping and bedewing thy cheek with tears? Is it through being persuaded by nightly dreams that thou lamentest, or having heard some report from home art afflicted in thy mind with grief?

Hel. My lord, for now I address you by this name, I am undone; my state is vanished, and I am nothing now.

Theoc. And in what state of calamity art thou? What has befallen?

Hel. Menelaus, alas! how shall I say it?—is dead for me.

Theoc. I rejoice not indeed at thy words, but in some respects I am fortunate. How dost thou know? Does Theonoe tell thee this?

Hel. Both she says so, and he who was present when he perished.

Theoc. What, has any one come, who tells this clearly?

Hel. He has come. And may he come, as I should wish him to come.[82]

Theoc. Who is it? Where is he? that I may learn more clearly?

Hel. This man, who sits crouching at this tomb.

Theoc. Apollo! how conspicuous he is in unhappy garb!

Hel. Alas! I fancy my husband too has such another.

Theoc. But of what country is this man, and whence has he come to this land?

Hel. A Greek, one of the Achæans, a fellow-voyager with my husband.

Theoc. By what death does he say Menelaus died?

Hel. Most piteously, amid the wet surges of the main.

Theoc. Sailing where in the barbarian seas?

Hel. Falling among the harborless rocks of Libya.

Theoc. And how did not this man perish, sharing in the ship?

Hel. The worse are sometimes more fortunate than the good.

Theoc. But where leaving the fragments of his ship, is he present?

Hel. Where I wish he had perished, and not Menelaus.

Theoc. He is no more. But in what bark came [this man]?

Hel. Sailors met with and took him up, as he says.

[82] An equivoque, as in vs. 1205, 1215, 1225.

THEOC. Where indeed is the evil sent to Troy instead of thee?

HEL. Thou meanest the image of cloud. It is gone to the sky.

THEOC. O Priam, and land of Troy, how vainly have ye perished!

HEL. And I shared the calamity with the sons of Priam.

THEOC. But has she left her husband buried, or hides him in the earth?

HEL. Unburied, alas! me wretched for mine ills.

THEOC. On this account hast thou shorn the locks of thy yellow hair?

HEL. For he is dear, whoever he is, being here.

THEOC. Is this calamity rightly bewailed?

HEL. Would it be a light thing for thy sister to die?

THEOC. No indeed. How then? Wilt thou still dwell at this tomb?

HEL. Why dost thou mock me, and not leave alone the dead?

THEOC. Thou art faithful to thy husband, flying from me.

HEL. But not so longer. Now begin my nuptials.

THEOC. Thou hast come [to this determination] late, but nevertheless I commend this.

HEL. Knowest thou then what to do? Let us forget all that has passed.

THEOC. On what condition? For let favor come in return for favor.

HEL. Let us plight a truce, and be thou reconciled to me.

THEOC. I yield up my hostility to thee, and let it fly away.

HEL. By thy knees then, since thou now art a friend—

THEOC. Seeking what thing, hast thou stretched out thyself as a suppliant to me?

HEL. I desire to inter my dead husband.

THEOC. But what interment is there for the absent? Wilt thou inter his shade?

HEL. It is a custom with the Greeks, whosoever dies at sea—

THEOC. To do what? The sons of Pelops in sooth are clever at such things.

HEL. To bury in empty shrouds of vestments.

THEOC. Bury then. Raise a tomb where thou wilt in this land.

HEL. We do not thus inter sailors who have perished.

THEOC. How then? I am deficient in the customs of the Greeks.

HEL. Into the sea we cast what are due to the dead.

THEOC. What then shall I furnish thee for the dead?

HEL. I know not; for I am unskilled [in such matters], having before been happy.

THEOC. O stranger, thou hast indeed brought an acceptable message of words.

MEN. Not so to me indeed, or to the dead.

THEOC. How do ye inter the corses of those who die at sea?

MEN. According as each person has means at hand.

THEOC. Speak in respect to expense, whatever you wish, for this woman's sake.

MEN. The blood of a victim is first offered to the dead.

THEOC. Of what victim? tell me, and I will comply.

MEN. Decide thou thyself. For whatever thou shalt give, will suffice.

THEOC. Among the barbarians indeed the custom is a horse or bull.

MEN. In giving it indeed, give thou nothing mean.

THEOC. We do not lack these [beasts] in our rich herds.

MEN. And biers empty of the body are brought [well] spread.

THEOC. This shall be; but what other thing is it the custom to offer?

MEN. Brazen-wrought arms; for he loved the spear.

THEOC. These, which we shall give, will be worthy the sons of Pelops.

MEN. And the other beautiful fruits which the soil bears.

THEOC. How then? In what way do ye cast them into the wave?

MEN. A ship, and those who stand at the oar, must be present.

THEOC. And how far does the ship put out from land?

MEN. So far, that the surge [around the keel] can scarcely be seen from land.

THEOC. Why indeed, and from what cause, does Greece respect this custom?

MEN. So that the waves may not cast the oblations back to land.

THEOC. A swift going Phœnician oar shall be furnished.

MEN. It will be well, as a favor at least to Menelaus.

THEOC. Wilt thou be sufficient to do these things without this [woman]?

MEN. This is the office of a mother, a wife, or of children.

THEOC. It is the task of this woman, as you say, to inter her husband.

MEN. It is piety at least not to rob the dead of their due.

THEOC. Be it so; it is for my interest to train up a pious wife. But going into the house, I will bring forth adornments for the dead, and I will send thee away from the land not with empty hands, having done these things as a favor to this woman. But having brought me good tidings, instead of thy ragged garb thou shalt receive vesture and food, so as for thee to return to thy country, since indeed I see thee now in a wretched plight. But do thou, O wretched one, not for things which can not be mended,[83] * * * * wasting away thyself. But Menelaus has his lot; for thy husband, being dead, can never live [again].

MEN. 'Tis thy task, O damsel. It indeed behooves thee to love thy present husband, but to let alone him that is dead, for this is best for thee under circumstances. But if I arrive in Greece, and obtain safety, I will cause thee to cease from thy former reproach, if thou be such a woman to thy consort as it becomes thee to be.

HEL. These things shall be, nor shall my husband ever find fault with me; but thou, being near, shalt thyself know this. But, O wretched one, go within, and obtain a bath, and change thy dress. Without delay I will do thee a kindness; for thou wilt with better will perform the rites due to Menelaus, if thou meetest with such things from me as is befitting.

CHOR. Once[84] on a time with hurried step the mountain-

[83] Dindorf seems to have acted injudiciously in marking this lacuna, when the simple conjecture of Elmsley, *τρύχου σεαυτὴν*, received by Pflugk, fully completes the sense.

[84] The opinion of critics since the time of Heath seems to be almost unanimous in condemning this Chorus as an unsuitable introduction from another play. See however Pflugk's note.

roaming mother of the Gods rushed through the woody groves, and the river stream of waters, and the deep-roaring billows of the sea, in anxious desire of her departed daughter, not to be named.[85] And the Bacchic cymbals sending forth a piercing clang, loudly shouted, when the Goddess, having yoked her chariot to wild beasts, [sought] her who had been snatched away from out the circles of virgin dances; and with [her] were damsels, with feet as swift as the storm; Diana with her bow, and the Gorgon in complete armor with her spear. But [Jupiter], looking down from his heavenly [seat], brought to pass another fate.[86] But when the mother ceased from her swift many-wandering toils, seeking out the stealthy tracks[87] of her daughter's abduction, she passed indeed the snow-fed heights of the Idæan nymphs, and she casts [herself] down in grief upon the rocky snow-covered thickets, and not with plowings fertilizing for mortals the plains of the earth destitute of grass,[88] she destroys the race of the people; and sends not fresh pasture of rich-leaved tendrils for the flocks. And the life of cities failed; and the sacrifices of the Gods ceased, and cakes burned not on the altars, and she stopped the dewy fountains of crystal waters from gushing forth,[89] raving through grief for her daughter. But when she put a stop to the banquets of the Gods and of the human race, Jove, softening the bitter wrath of the mother, said: "Go, ye holy Graces, go, comfort with your voices[90] the grief of Ceres[91] in wrath for her daughter; and ye Muses with the hymns of the dance, and the skin-stretched drums with earthly[92] sound of brass.

[85] i. e. Proserpine. Respecting the confusion of Ceres and Cybele, see Pflugk.

[86] Throughout this difficult passage, the bracketed words are but an uncertain attempt to fill up the sense. I must refer the reader to Dindorf's collection of notes for a selection of conjectures, none of which appear to meet the difficulty completely. The supplement of Ζεὺς and ἐδράνων after vs. 1317, is due to G. Burges on Troad. p. 196.

[87] But Matthiæ reads *μαστεύουσ' ἀπόρους*.

[88] i. e. *ὥστε ἄχλοα εἶναι*.

[89] *ἐκβαλεῖν* is intransitive, according to Pflugk. In the next line L. Dindorf reads *ἀλάστῳ*.

[90] But for *ἀλαλᾷ* Bothe reads *ἀλᾶν*. We must read *ἐξαλλάξατ'*, with the old editions.

[91] *τᾷ* for *τὰν*. L. Dind.

[92] *χθονίαν*, because rebounding along the earth. Translate "pealing," "rumbling."

Then first the fairest of the deities, the Goddess Venus, both smiled, and received in her hands the deep-toned flute, delighted with the strain. Him, whom[93] it is neither lawful nor pious, thou hast inflamed in marriage-beds [with love], and thou, O daughter, hast obtained[94] the wrath of the mighty mother, not reverencing[95] the sacrifices of the Gods. Of much power indeed are the dappled skins of deer, and the green of the ivy wound on the sacred wands, and the circular whirling of the rhombus[96] in the air, and the hair wildly disheveled in honor of Bacchus, and night-vigils for the Goddess. †But well did the Moon overcome her in the day. Thou alone prevailest in beauty.†[97]

HEL. In respect to matters in the house we are fortunate, O friends; for the daughter of Proteus, who aids our escape, having been asked about my husband being present has not told her brother; but for my sake says that he, having died, beholds no longer the light. Most beautiful arms indeed has my husband snatched up; for the weapons he was about to let down into the sea, these he himself bears, placing his noble hand on the handle [of the shield], and taking the spear in his right hand, as indeed jointly toiling in a favor to the dead. And before the deed he has his body equipped in arms for battle, as being about to plant a trophy over numberless barbarians by his hand, when we embark on the oared ship. And having changed his shipwrecked dress for robes, I decked him out, and gave his skin to the bath, a washing in the river dew after a long time. But I must be silent; for he that thinks he has my nuptials ready to his hands is coming out of the house; and we crave thy good-will, (*to the Chorus,*) controlling thy tongue, that, if we can, ourselves being saved, we may save thee also.[98]

THEOC. Go forth in order, as the stranger directed, O servants, bearing the marine burial offerings. O Helen, do

[93] I have followed the common reading, only substituting *ὃν* for *ὧν*, with Canter. But *ἐπύρωσας θαλάμοις* can not bear the meaning assigned in the common interpretation. The most plausible conjecture seems to be Dindorf's *ὃν* (i. e. Pluto) *οὐ θέμις σ' οὐδ' ὁσία Ἐπώρσας ἐν γᾶς θαλάμοις.*

[94] Rather "iram cohibuisti," as evident from vs. 1358 sqq. DINDORF.

[95] *συσσεβίζουσα*, Seidl. Dind., which yields better sense.

[96] *ῥόμβον*, Musgrave, quoting Schol. Apol. Rhod. i. 1139, *Ῥόμβος, τροχίσκος, ὃν στρέφουσιν ἰμᾶσι, τύπτοντες, καὶ οὕτως κτύπον ἀποτελοῦσι.*

[97] Versus corruptissimi. DINDORF.

[98] Remove the comma after vs. 1388, and restore *κρατεῖν τε*. DIND.

thou, if I seem not to speak ill to thee, be persuaded; remain here. For being present thou wilt do the same things to thy husband as if thou wert not present. For I fear lest some wild passion, seizing thee, induce thee to cast thy body into the billows of the sea, struck with the fond remembrance of thy former spouse; for greatly dost thou bemoan him, though not present.

HEL. O thou new husband mine, it is necessary to honor one's first nuptials and marriage connections. But I, through loving my husband, would even die with him. But what gratification is it to him for me to die with the dead? Let me then go myself and give a burial to his corse; and may the Gods bestow what I wish on thee, and on this stranger, because he aids me in this toil. But thou shalt have me such a wife in your house as is fitting; since thou art benefiting Menelaus and myself; for these matters indeed are coming to a certain fortune. But command who is to give us a ship, in which we may convey these things, that I may receive the favor fully.

THEOC. (*to an attendant*) Go then, and give to these a Sidonian ship of fifty oars, and men to stand at the oars.

HEL. Will not this man who adorns the tomb govern the ship?

THEOC. It particularly behooves my sailors to attend to him.

HEL. Order it again, that they may clearly learn it from thee.

THEOC. Again I order it, ay, and a third time, if it is pleasing to you.

HEL. Mayest thou profit [by it], and I by my plans.

THEOC. Do not now waste too much thy form with tears.

HEL. This day to thee shall prove my gratitude.

THEOC. The matters of the dead are naught; but the labor is in vain.

HEL. There is both there and here of the things I mention.

THEOC. Thou shalt find me no worse a husband than Menelaus.

HEL. Thou art in naught to blame, it is the business of fortune only.

THEOC. This rests with thee, if thou givest thy good-will to me.

HEL. I shall not now be taught to love my friends.

THEOC. Dost thou wish that I myself, joining in the task, should send out the expedition?

HEL. By no means. Be not a servant to thy servants, O king.

THEOC. Well then! I leave alone the laws of the sons of Pelops; for my dwelling is pure; since Menelaus did not here breathe out his life. But let some one go and tell my officers to bear the bridal gifts into my palace. And it behooves the whole land to resound with joyous hymns, the hymeneal song of me and Helen, that it may be to be envied. But do thou, O stranger, go and give to the arms of the sea these things in honor of the former husband of this woman. Again hasten to the house, having [with you] my wife, that, after you have enjoyed the nuptial feast of this lady with me, thou mayest set sail for thine home, or remaining, mayest be happy.

MEN. O Jove, thou art called both Sire and a wise God; look upon us, and remove us from our troubles. But strenuously assist us who are dragging our circumstances against a crag; and if you touch us with even the tip of your finger, we shall come to that pitch of fortune whither we fain would come. But enough of the labors we have before labored. Hear me, O Gods, that I may obtain many good things, free from pain.[99] For I deserve not always to fare ill, but to walk with step erect. But bestowing one favor on me, ye will render me hereafter fortunate.

CHOR. O thou swift Phœnician oar of the Sidonian [ship], mother[100] of frothy billows; thou that delightest in rowing, chorus-leader of the dolphins that gambol pleasantly, when the sea is quiet in its breezes, and the cærulean daughter of Ocean, Galaneia, thus speaks: "Stretch forth your sails, leaving them to the sea-breezes, and seize your oars of fir, O sailors! Ho! sailors, escorting Helen to the safe-harboring shores of the house of Perseus.[101] Perchance thou mayest meet with the daughters of Leucippe by the river wave, or

[99] I read *κέκλησθέ μοι, θεοὶ, πολλὰ χρῆσθ' ἐμοὶ τυχεῖν κἄλυπ'*, with Herm. Dind. The common reading is destitute of meaning. Pflugk has attempted the following interpretation: "testes vos sæpe adhibui, Dii, ut quam essem probus quamque idem miser cognosceretis." (In Hermann's correction *τυχεῖν* is without regimen.)

[100] i. e. causing them to rise. See Musgrave's note. [101] Mycenæ.

before the temple of Pallas, joining after a long season in the dances and revels of Hyacinthus, a nightly delight, with whom [Hyacinthus] Phœbus contending, unwillingly slew him with the quoit-end; whence[102] the son of Jove ordered the Lacedæmonian land to hallow a day for the sacrifice of oxen; and the heifer,[103] whom ye two left in your house * * * * for whose nuptials the torches have not yet shone. Would that we might wing through the air, like[104] Libyan birds in flocks, that quitting the winter storm, return, persuaded by the very old voice[105] of their leader, who screams aloud, as he flies over the unwetted and fruitful plains of the land. O ye winged long-necked sharers of the course of the clouds, go ye beneath the middle Pleiads and nightly Orion, and proclaim the news, lighting on Eurotas, that Menelaus will return home, having captured the city of Dardanus. May ye come, O sons of Tyndarus, driving your horse-chariot through the sky, under the eddyings of the stars, ye who dwell in heaven, preservers of Helen, upon the dark-blue wave of the sea, and the cærulean foam of the waves whitening on the sea, sending to sailors gentle gales of winds from Jove. And avert from your sister the disgrace of barbarian nuptials, which she possessed, troubled on account of the Idæan contest, she who came not to the towers of Troy erected by Phœbus.[106]

Mess. O king, we have found matters in the house[107] in the worst state, so that thou wilt hear perhaps new troubles from me.

Theoc. But what is it?

Mess. Seek the suitorship of another wife, for Helen has gone out of this land.

Theoc. Raised aloft on winds, or with her foot treading the land?

[102] *δθεν* for *τᾷ*, Hermann's emendation, seems to be required both by the sense and the metre, omitting the following *δὲ*. The rest of the passage follows Matthiæ's text, but Dindorf would restore the old reading, *τροχῷ τερμόνι* = "orbiculari acie," according to Heath.

[103] Hermione, the daughter of Menelaus and Helen, is meant, whence Hermann and Dindorf write *λιπέτην*. The lacuna prevents any conjecture as to the sense.

[104] But Herm. Dind. *γενοίμεθ' ὅθι*.

[105] See Barnes and Musgrave on these migrations of cranes.

[106] Cf. Troad. 5 sqq.

[107] See Dindorf.

MESS. Menelaus, who himself came reporting his own death, has conveyed her away from the land.

THEOC. O thou who hast told dreadful things. And what guiding of a ship conveyed her from this land? for thou tellest incredible things.

MESS. [The ship] indeed which thou gavest to the stranger; and he has gone away, having thine own sailors, that thou mayest briefly learn.

THEOC. How? I am anxious to know; for I come not into the expectation that one single hand could overcome so many sailors, with whom thou wast sent.

MESS. When the daughter of Jove, after quitting this royal dwelling, went to the sea, most cleverly did she, placing her delicate step, bemoan her husband, though present, and not dead. But when we arrived at the inclosure of thy dockyards, we hauled out the best-sailing Sidonian ship, having a measure of fifty seats and oars, and work succeeded work. For one placed the mast, another the oar[108] in his hand; and at the same time the white sails were [arranged], and at the same time the rudder let down with thongs. And during this labor some Grecian fellow-sailors, with Menelaus, watching for this very opportunity, drew nigh the shore, clad in the garb of shipwrecked mariners, of fair form indeed, but shabby to behold. But the son of Atreus, seeing them present, addressed them, alleging a feigned grief: "O unhappy men, how, and from what Grecian vessel are ye come, having shattered your bark? Will ye bury with me the dead son of Atreus, whom absent this, the daughter of Tyndarus, honors with an empty tomb?" But they, shedding tears in a feigned guise, went on board the ship, bearing sea-offerings to Menelaus. But to us indeed this was suspicious; and [we said] to each other, that there was a multitude of those that came on board; yet we kept silence, obeying thy orders; for having commanded that the stranger should rule the ship, thou hast caused all this confusion. And the other things indeed we easily raised and placed within the ship; but the foot of the bull would not ad-

[108] *πλώτην ταρσόν τε* is a pleonasm for which we have no English, unless we say, "the oars and their tips" (*τὸ τελευταῖον τῆς κώπης πτερὰ καὶ ταρσοί*. Pollux, i. 90). Herm. "remos remigiumque." In the next line *εἰς ἓν ἦν* is probably corrupt, but I have followed Hermann's interpretation, although the words will not bear it.

vance steadily along the gangway, but he bellowed, rolling around his eyes; and curving his back, and louring between his horns, he kept us off from touching him. But the husband of Helen called out: "O ye that did ravage the city of Troy, will ye not rush on, in Grecian manner, and seizing[109] on your youthful shoulders heave the body of the bull up to the prow, (and at the same time he drew his sword,)[110] an offering to the dead?" And they, coming at his bidding, seized on the bull, and bearing it, they placed it on planks. And Menelaus, stroking down the neck and forehead of the bull with a single band, persuaded it to embark on the ship. At length, when the ship had received all things, Helen, having completed the number of the ladder's steps with her fair-ankled foot, sate down on the mid-deck, and near her Menelaus, in word indeed no longer living; but the rest of the crew in equal numbers on the right and left, man sate by man, having their swords concealed under their garments; and the waves were filled with the shouts, as we heard the voice of the boatswain. But when we had got out neither very far from, nor near to, the land, thus asked the guardian of the helm: "Shall we sail farther onward, stranger, or is it well? for the government of the ship is thy charge." But he replied, "Enough for me." Drawing then his sword with his right hand, he went to the prow, and while he stood over the neck of the bull, of no one dead indeed had he a remembrance, but, as he cut the throat, he prayed: "O thou that dwellest in the seas, thou Ocean Neptune, and ye pure daughters of Nereus, preserve me and my wife inviolate from this land to the Nauplian shore." But a stream of blood darted into the wave, propitious to the stranger. And some one said: "This voyage is treacherous, let us sail back to Naxia; do thou give the command, and do thou turn the rudder." But after the slaughter of the bull the son of Atreus, standing up, called out to his allies: "Why delay ye, flower of the land of Greece, to slay, to kill the barbarians, and to cast them from the ship into the waves?" But to thy sailors the boatswain shouts a contrary cry; "Will ye not on? will not one seizing a remaining plank, another having broken a bench, and another tear-

[109] ὥσει is "he will push."

[110] Musgrave rightly perceived that these words are spoken parenthetically.

ing an oar from its row-lock, make bloody the head of these hostile strangers?" And they all jumped up erect, one party having ship's spars in their hands, but the other swords. And the ship streamed with gore. But there was the cheering cry of Helen from the prow, "Where is the renown of Troy? Show it against barbarian men." And in their haste they fell, and some rose up [again]; but others thou mightest have seen lying dead. But Menelaus, equipped in arms, watching wherever his allies were troubled, bore thitherward the sword in his right hand, so that they dived from the ship, and he caused the oars to be deserted by thy sailors; and going to the helm, the king bade them guide the ship for Greece. And they raised the mast, and favorable gales sprang up, and they are gone from the land. But I, escaping death, let myself down into the sea near the anchor. And as my strength began to fail, some one, stretching forth a rope, drew me up, and landed me on shore to bear this news to thee. But there is naught more useful to mortals than a wise distrust.

Chor. I never thought, O king, that Menelaus could thus have deceived thee and us, as he has deceived us, being present.

Theoc. O wretched me, taken in a woman's toils, my nuptials have fled from me. But if indeed the ship could be taken by pursuit, I would have toiled and perchance caught the strangers. But now I will revenge myself on my sister, who has deceived me; for, seeing Menelaus in the house, she told me not. Never then shall she deceive another man by her prophecies.

Chor. Ho thou! whither art thou stirring thy foot, O master; to what deed of blood?

Theoc. Whither justice bids me. But get out of the way.

Chor. I will not let go thy garments, for thou hastenest to great evils.

Theoc. But wilt thou rule thy masters, being a slave?

Chor. Yes; for I am wise—

Theoc. But not for me, if ye will not let me go—

Chor. I will not then let thee go—

Theoc. To slay my most base sister—

Chor. But yet most pious.

Theoc. Who has betrayed me?

Chor. An honorable betrayal, to do just deeds.

THEOC. Giving my bride to another?
CHOR. To one who had a greater right.
THEOC. But who has a right over mine?
CHOR. He who received her from her sire.
THEOC. But fortune gave her to me.
CHOR. And fate has taken her away.
THEOC. Thou hast no right to judge of my affairs.
CHOR. Yes; if I speak better.
THEOC. We are governed; do not govern!
CHOR. Ay, to do holy acts; but not unjust.
THEOC. Thou seemest to have a wish to die.
CHOR. Kill me, but thou shalt not kill thy sister with our consent, but myself; since to generous servants it is most glorious to die for their masters.

CASTOR AND POLLUX. (*appearing*) Restrain the passion by which thou art not rightly hurried on, O Theoclymenus, king of this land. We, who call on thee, are the twin sons of Jove, whom Leda once bore, with Helen, who has fled from thine house. For thou art wroth about a marriage not fated for thee; nor does the virgin, sprung from the Goddess daughter of Nereus, thy sister Theonoe, do thee wrong, honoring the will of the Gods, and her father's just commands. For up to the now present time it was destined that she should always dwell in thine house. But after the foundations of Troy have been overturned, and she has furnished her name to the Gods, it no longer behooves her to be yoked in the same nuptials, but to arrive at her home, and dwell together with her husband. But do thou keep off the black sword from thy sister, and consider that she has done these things prudently. Now we have long since [endeavored to] preserve our sister even before this, ever since Jove made us Gods; but we were too weak for fate and the Gods at once, to whom it seemed fit that matters should be thus. To thee indeed I speak thus; but to my sister I enjoin, "Sail with thy husband; and ye shall have a favorable wind; and we, thy twin brothers, riding by you over the main, will preserve and send you to your country. But when thou shalt have turned [the course] and ended thy life, thou shalt be called a Goddess, and with the Dioscuri share libations, and with us receive gifts from men; for thus Jove wills. But where first the son of Maia lodged thee, having removed thee from

Sparta, having from the abodes of heaven stolen [an image of] thy person, lest Paris should marry thee, there stretches a guard-coast territory along Acte,[111] I mean the island, that shall hereafter, among mortals, be called Helené. And by the Gods it is destined for the wanderer Menelaus to inhabit the islands of the blessed; for the Gods do not detest the noble; but toils are rather for the countless multitude.

THEOC. O ye twin sons of Jove and Leda, I will indeed let go my former wrath concerning your sister; and I will not slay my sister. But let her go to her home, if it please the Gods. But know ye both that ye are born from the same kindred blood as the best and chastest of sisters. And fare ye well, for the sake of your most noble sister's mind, which is not in the nature of many women.

CHOR. Many are the forms of things connected with the deities, and many things the Gods perform contrary to our expectations. But those things which we looked for are not accomplished; but the God hath brought to pass things not looked for. Thus has this matter turned out.

[111] Like *σκοπιὰ*, *φρουρά* is used of a rugged, rocky place on the seashore. This island lay a little above the Sunian promontory.

ELECTRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PEASANT.
ELECTRA.
ORESTES.
PYLADES (A DUMB PERSONAGE).
CHORUS.
CLYTÆMNESTRA.
OLD MAN.
MESSENGER.
CASTOR AND POLLUX.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE return of Orestes from exile, and his revenge upon Clytæmnestra and Ægisthus for the murder of Agamemnon. The subject is the same as that of the "Choephoræ" of Æschylus, and the "Electra" of Sophocles, but is handled with much less dramatic skill, while the development is tedious and inartistic.

ELECTRA.[1]

PEASANT.

O ANCIENT Argos of the land,[2] [and] ye streams of Inachus, whence once on a time king Agamemnon, conducting the war, in a thousand ships sailed to the Trojan land. And having slain Priam, the ruler over the Trojan land, and taken the renowned city of Dardanus, he came back to this Argos, and in the lofty temples placed very many spoils of the barbarians; and there indeed he was prosperous; but at home he perishes by stratagem at the hands of his wife Clytæmnestra, and by the hand of Ægisthus, son of Thyestes. And he indeed, having left the ancient sceptre of Tantalus, is no more; but Ægisthus reigns over the land, having his wife, the daughter of Tyndarus. But they whom he left in his dwelling when he sailed to Troy, the male Orestes, and the female blossom of Electra, the former the old guardian of his father stole away, when, [by name] Orestes, he was about to perish by the hand of Ægisthus, and gave him to Strophius to train up in the land of the Phocians.[3] But the latter [Electra] remained in the house of her father. Her, as soon as the blooming season of youth arrived, the first men of the land of Greece wooed as suitors. But fearing lest she should bring forth to any of the chieftains a son, who might take vengeance for Agamemnon, Ægisthus kept her in his house, nor united her

[1] I can promise the student but little satisfaction, the general reader still less, from the perusal of this very poor play. An able comparison of its merits with the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles on the same subject, will be found in Schlegel's ninth lecture.

[2] γῆς is redundant. See MATTHIÆ.

[3] A mixture of the expressions ἔδωκε, ὥστε τρέφειν ἐν τῇ γῇ, and ἔπεμψεν εἰς γῆν.

to any bridegroom. But since this matter also was fraught with much dread, lest she should privily bear children to any noble man, when he wished to slay her, her mother, though cruel-minded, yet saved her from the hand of Ægisthus. For in regard to her husband's death she had a pretense;[4] but she feared that by the death of her children she herself might die. Upon this, then, Ægisthus devised such a contrivance. He mentioned a sum of gold for him who should slay Orestes; who indeed was away from the land in exile; but to me he gives Electra to have as a wife, I being born of Mycenian sires; (and on this account, indeed, I am not liable to reproach, for I am noble at least in race, but yet poor in means, from whence a noble descent is lost;) that giving her to a humble person, he might have little fear. For if a man possessing dignity had obtained her, he would have roused up the death of Agamemnon, that now sleeps, and justice would then have come upon Ægisthus. But never did this man (Venus is my witness!) dishonor her in his bed, but she is still a virgin. For I am ashamed at having received the child of a prosperous family, to do her an insult, not being by birth worthy [of her]. But I bewail the wretched Orestes, who is nominally related to me, if ever, returning to Argos, he shall behold the unhappy nuptials of his sister. But whoever says that I am foolish, because, having received a young virgin into my house, I touch her not, let him know that he measures continence by a bad rule of sentiment, and that he himself is such an one.

Elec. O sable night, nurse of golden stars, during which, bearing this vessel placed on my head, I go in quest of river water; not indeed because I am reduced to so great necessity, but that I may show to the Gods the insult of Ægisthus, and may utter lamentations to the mighty ether for my sire. For the all-destructive daughter of Tyndarus, my mother, has cast me out of her house, doing a favor to her husband; and having borne other children to Ægisthus, she accounts Orestes and me as things unimportant in her house.

Pea. But why, O hapless one, dost thou labor thus for my sake, submitting to toils, when thou before wast well brought up, nor ceasest this, when I entreat you?

Elec. I deem thee a friend equal to the Gods, for in mine ills thou hast not behaved insolently. But it is a great good

[4] Viz. the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

fortune for mortals to find a physician in an evil calamity, as I obtain thee. It behooves me then, even unbidden, lightening thy toil to the utmost of my power, that thou mayest more easily bear it, to partake in thy labors. And thou hast work enough without; but matters within doors it behooves me to make ready. For it is sweet for a laborer entering from without, to find things within [his house] aright.

PEA. If indeed it seems fit to thee, go, for the streams are not far from this house. But I at dawn of day will drive my steers into the corn-lands, and sow the fields. For no slothful man, having the Gods continually in his mouth, will be able to obtain a livelihood without labor.

ORESTES. Pylades, for thee indeed I above all men account a faithful friend and guest to me; and thou alone of my friends hast respected me, Orestes, faring as I fare, having suffered terribly at the hands of Ægisthus, who, with my all-abandoned mother, destroyed my sire. But I have come from the oracles of the God to the Argive threshold, no one being conscious, in order to punish the slaughter of my father by slaughter. But during this night having gone to the tomb of my sire, I both gave tears, and made offerings of my hair, and sacrificed at the tomb the blood of a slain sheep, unknown to the tyrants who sway this land. And within the walls, indeed, I advance not my foot; but I came to the boundaries of this land framing two projects,[5] that I may turn away with my foot to another land, should any one of the watch recognize me while seeking my sister, for they say that she living is united in nuptials and does not remain a virgin, in order that I may converse with her, and, obtaining her for an assistant in the slaughter, may learn clearly the matters within the house. Now therefore, for morn is raising her shining face, we will turn our footsteps out of this track. For either some plowman or some domestic woman will appear to us, of whom we may inquire whether my sister dwells in this place. But—(for I see some servant coming hither, with shorn hair, bearing a burden of water)—let us sit down, and learn from this female slave, if we can receive any intelligence as to the matters for which, O Pylades, we are come to this land.

[5] I have taken Woodhull's translation in preference to transcribing the tedious notes of Matthiæ and Seidler, which the student will find in Dindorf's collection.

ELEC. Hasten on the course of my foot,[6] O hour; O, go thou on, go on, weeping. Alas! for me, for me. I was born of Agamemnon, and Clytæmnestra, the hateful daughter of Tyndarus, gave me birth, and the citizens call unhappy me Electra. Alas! alas! for my hapless toils and hateful life. O father, but thou indeed art lying in Hades, murdered by thy wife, and by Ægisthus, O Agamemnon. Come! raise the same lamentation, lead off the delight of many tears. Haste on the course of my foot, O hour; O go thou on, go on, weeping. Alas! for me, for me. What city,[7] what house, O unhappy brother, dost thou serve, leaving thy poor sister in her chambers amid saddest calamities resulting from her sire? O, mayest thou come as a releaser to wretched me from these toils, O Jove, Jove, and as an avenger to thy father of blood most hateful, having neared thy wandering foot to Argos. Let me put down this vessel, taking it off my head, that I may loudly utter gloomy mournings to my sire, a sounding song of Hades, for Hades. O father, to thee beneath the earth I utter lamentations, which ever day by day[8] I ply, gashing my loved neck with my nails, and striking my hand upon my shorn head, on account of thy death. Woe! woe! tear the head, and like some tuneful swan by the river stream calls upon her dearest sire, who has perished in the crafty meshes of a net, so do I mourn thee, my hapless sire, having been washed as to thy flesh with a last bath, in the most piteous bed of death. Alas! for me, for me, for the bitter cutting by an axe, O sire, and the bitter plot on thy return from Troy! Not with mitres nor with garlands did thy wife receive thee; but having made thee[9] the scoff of Ægisthus with the two-edged sword, she obtained her cunning paramour.

CHORUS. O Electra, daughter of Agamemnon, I have come

[6] Electra addresses herself. Possibly *ποδὸς ὁρμάν* may mean "the course of thy foot," i. e. of time. *Χρόνου πόδα* was one of the *γόνιμα ῥήματα* of Euripides, according to Aristoph. Ran. 100. Such appeals to time are common, as in Juliet's soliloquy, Act iii. Sc. 2. Perhaps *ὦρα—κατακλαίουσα* = "thou time of woe."

[7] *λατρεύω* is found with an accusative in Iph. Taur. 1115, and Suidas gives the same construction, but with reference to ecclesiastical writers. I do not feel satisfied with Dobree's *τίν' ἀν' οἶκον*, and think that the accusative is used, as if *τίνα πόλιν οἰκεῖς* had been in the mind of the poet. Such would be the natural question, but Electra, considering the probably dependent state of her brother, uses a more emphatic word.

[8] Cf. Æsch. Choeph. 24 sqq.

[9] Understand *σέ* after *θέμενα*.

to thy rustic home. A certain milk-drinking Mycenian herdsman treading the mountain has come, has come; and he brings word that the Argives are proclaiming the third day of the feast, and all the virgins are about to make procession to Juno.

ELEC. Not for splendid doings, O friends, nor for golden necklaces, am wretched I elate in mind, nor forming dances together with Argive nymphs shall I beat my foot whirled round. With tears I dance, and tears are the daily care for wretched me. Look at my matted locks, and these rags of my garments,[10] whether they become the royal daughter of Agamemnon, and Troy, which remembers once being taken by my sire.

CHOR. Great is the Goddess;[11] but come, and from me receive[12] richly-woven robes to wear, and golden additions of ornament for thy beauty. Dost thou think, that, not honoring the Gods, thou wilt overcome thine enemies by thy tears? Not with groans, but with prayers, worshiping the Gods, wilt thou obtain a happy day, O daughter.

ELEC. No one of the Gods hears the voice of [the] wretched, nor the sacrifices offered of old[13] by my sire. Alas! both for the dead, and for the living wanderer, who, I ween, dwells in some other land, wandering wretched to the slaves' hearth,[14] being sprung from a renowned sire. But I myself in a poverty-stricken abode am dwelling, pining away at heart, a fugitive from my ancestral halls, dwelling[15] on the mountain rocks. And my mother dwells wedded in bloody nuptials to another.

CHOR. Helen, thy mother's sister, has the blame of many ills upon the Greeks and thine house.

ELEC. Alas! O women, I cease from my lamentations. Some strangers having a station close by[16] the house rise up from their ambush. Let us escape with flight of foot from

[10] Cf. *ὑφασμίτων λακίδες*. Æsch. Choeph. 34.

[11] i. e. Juno. This is a common formula. See Comm. on Acts xix. 34, *μεγάλη ἡ Ἄρτεμις*.

[12] *χρῆσον da mutuo, χρῆσαι mutuo accipe.* SEIDLER.

[13] Observe the double construction of *κλύειν*.

[14] The apparent custom with wanderers, who probably gave their services as menials, as an equivalent for their temporary support and protection. Cf. Alcest. 2.

[15] But read *οὐρείας ἀν' ἐρίπνας*, with Musgr. Dind.

[16] This seems the best way of rendering *ἑφεστίους* in this passage.

the evil-doing men, you indeed by the road-way, but I into the house.

Or. Remain, O wretched one; fear not my hand.

Elec. O Phœbus Apollo! I fall on thy knees that I may not die.

Or. I would fain slay others more hateful than thou.

Elec. Away! touch not what thou shouldst not touch.

Or. There is not one whom I could more rightly touch.

Elec. And wherefore, sword in hand, dost thou lie in ambush for me?

Or. Tarry and listen, and perhaps thou wilt not say otherwise.[17]

Elec. I stand, and am altogether thine, for thou art the more powerful.

Or. I am come, bearing thee words from thy brother.

Elec. O dearest one, is it of him living or dead?

Or. He lives; I fain would first tell thee the good news.

Elec. Mayest thou be blest, as a reward for most pleasant words.

Or. I give this in common for both of us to possess.

Elec. Where on earth is the wretched one enduring a wretched banishment?

Or. He[18] is wandering, not respecting the law of one city.[19]

Elec. Ay, perhaps in want of daily sustenance.

Or. He possesses it indeed, but is weak as an exiled man.

Elec. But what message comest thou bearing from him?

Or. Whether thou art alive, and, living, what fortunes thou hast.

Elec. Dost thou not first see how dried up is my frame?

Or. Ay, wasted away with grief, so that I utter a groan.

Elec. And my head, and locks savage with being shorn.

Or. Thy brother, and thy father's death, I suppose, gnaws thee equally?

Elec. Alas! for what is dearer to me than these?

Or. Alas! alas! how indeed art thou thought of by thy brother!

Elec. He being absent, not present, is dear to me.

[17] Understand ἢ ἐγώ, after τάχ' οὐκ ἄλλως ἐρεῖς.

[18] On φθερεῖσθαι, to wander, see Helen, 780, and Seidler.

[19] i. e. not having a fixed abode in any city.

Or. But through what dost thou dwell here, far away from the city?

Elec. I have wedded, O stranger, a deadly wedding.

Or. I grieve for your brother. [Was it] to one of the Mycenians?

Elec. Not in such wise as my father at some time expected to bestow me.

Or. Tell me, that having heard I may tell your brother.

Elec. Far off from him, I dwell in this abode.

Or. Some husbandman or neatherd is worthy of such a dwelling.

Elec. A man poor, noble, and pious toward me.

Or. But what piety is present to thine husband?

Elec. He has never ventured to approach my bed.

Or. Having some divine feeling of chastity, or disdaining thee?

Elec. He did not think himself worthy to disgrace my parents.

Or. And how was he not delighted on receiving such a match?

Elec. He thinks, O stranger, that he who gave me had no right [to do so].[20]

Or. I understand, lest he should at some time pay the penalty to Orestes.

Elec. Fearing this very thing. Besides, he is by nature chaste.

Or. Alas! thou speakest of a noble fellow, and one that must be well treated.

Elec. Ay, if he who now is absent shall ever return to his home.

Or. But did the mother, who bore thee, suffer this?

Elec. Women, O stranger, are friends to men, not to children.

Or. But on what account did Ægisthus offer thee this insult?

Elec. He wished me to bring forth a weak race, having given me to such a man.

Or. That, forsooth, you might not bring forth children as avengers?

[20] Cf. Iph. Aul. 703, Ζεὺς ἠγγύησε, καὶ δίδωσ' ὁ κύριος. Seidler.

ELEC. Such things he planned, for which may he pay me the penalty.

OR. But does thy mother's husband know thou art [still] a virgin?

ELEC. He does not know; we have kept this from him in silence.

OR. Are these who overhear our words friends to thee?

ELEC. Ay, so as to well conceal my words and thine.

OR. What could Orestes do, if he should come to this Argos?

ELEC. Dost thou ask this? A foul thing thou sayest, for is it not now the crisis?

OR. But on his arrival how might he slay the murderers of his father?

ELEC. By daring such things as were dared against his father by his enemies.

OR. And wouldst thou endure to slay thy mother with him?

ELEC. Ay, with the same axe by which my father perished.

OR. Shall I tell these things to him, and is thy resolution firm?

ELEC. Oh might I die, having shed the blood of my mother.

OR. Alas! would that Orestes were near to hear this.

ELEC. But, O stranger, I should not know him, if I saw him.

OR. It is no wonder; for being young, thou wast separated from him while young.

ELEC. One only of my friends would know him.

OR. What, he who they say stole him away from death?

ELEC. Ay, the old man, the former pædagogue of my father.

OR. And has thy dead father obtained a tomb?

ELEC. Cast out of the house, he has obtained what he has obtained.

OR. Alas! What is this thou sayest? For the perception even of out-door evils pains mortals. But speak, that knowing, I may bear to thy brother unpleasant words indeed, but needful to hear. For there is a feeling of pity, not at all in the untaught, but in the wise of mankind; for it is not even free from harm that a too wise cleverness is in the wise.

CHOR. And I have the same longing at heart as this man. For being far from the city, I know not the ills in the city; but now I also wish to learn.

ELEC. I will speak, if it behooves me. And it behooves me

to tell to a friend the heavy fortunes of me and my father. But since thou hast stirred the subject, I beseech thee, O stranger, to tell Orestes my ills and his. First, indeed, in what garments I live, and with what filth I am weighed down, and under what a roof I dwell, after a royal house; I myself laboring mine own garments with the shuttle, or I should have my body naked and be destitute; and myself bearing the river stream, without a feast at holy rites, and deprived of the dance; and being a virgin, I am denied the rights of women, denied [the bed of] Castor, to whom, being of my family, they affianced me, before he went among the Gods. But my mother sits on a throne, amid Phrygian spoils, and by her seat the Asiatic captives, whom my father took, are standing with their Idæan robes bound with golden clasps. And my father's black blood still putrefies in the house; but he that slew him, mounting the same chariot as my sire, goes forth, and is puffed up, holding in his blood-stained hands the sceptre, with which he ruled the Greeks. But the dishonored tomb of Agamemnon has never received libations nor a bough of myrtle; but the funeral pile is barren[21] of adornments. And the famous spouse (as they call him) of my mother, steeped in drunkenness, leaps on the tomb, and with stones defaces the stone monument of my sire, and dares to utter this saying against us: "Where is the boy Orestes? Will he, being present, honorably defend thy tomb?" Thus is he mocked in his absence. But, O stranger, I beseech thee, tell this news. For many things are they, that lay this charge upon me, but I [am] their interpreter, my hands, my tongue, and wretched mind, and my shorn hair, and his father. For base is it, if my father indeed captured Troy, but he, being one, is unable to slay one man, being a youth, and of a better sire.

Chor. And truly I perceive this person (I mean your husband) approaching the house, having ceased from labor.

Pea. Hah! who are these strangers I see at the gate? And for what reason have they come near this rustic door? Is it in want of myself? surely it is unseemly for a woman to be standing with young men.

Elec. O dearest one, do not fall into a suspicion of me. But thou shalt know the real story; for these strangers are

[21] *χέρσος* is here an adjective—*ἔρημος, χηρεύουσα*. So *χέρσους παῖδας* for *virgins* in Soph. Œd. Tyr. 1501. Barnes.

come to me as heralds of the words of Orestes. And do ye, O strangers, excuse what has been said.

Pea. What say they? Is the man alive, and does he behold the light?

Elec. He is, at least by report. And they say things not discredited by me.

Pea. Does he at all remember the ills of thy father and of thee?

Elec. These matters are in [my hopes]. Weak is an exiled man.

Pea. But what words did they come telling from Orestes?

Elec. He has sent these men as spectators of my woes.

Pea. Some then they see, and others I suppose thou tellest.

Elec. They know [all]; they have no deficiency of these.

Pea. Long ago then should the doors have been opened to them. Go into the house; for ye shall obtain in return for your good news a hospitable reception in such things as my house contains. Take the baggage within the house, ye followers, and make no denial, having come as friends from a friend. For though I am born poor, I will never show a base-born disposition.

Or. By the Gods, is this the man, who joins in concealing your nuptials, not desiring to disgrace Orestes?

Elec. This man is called the husband of wretched me.

Or. Alas! there is no certain mark of manliness; for the natures of mortals exhibit a confusion. For already have I seen a man who was naught sprung from a noble sire, and good children [sprung] from bad [fathers], and hunger in the spirit of a rich man, and a great mind in a poor body. How then will any one, distinguishing, judge aright? By wealth? Then he will make use of an unjust judge. Or by those who have nothing? But poverty possesses [this] disease; through want it teaches a man evil. But shall I turn to [the consideration of] arms? But who, looking to the spear, could testify what person is good? It is best to leave these things to take their own course. For this man being neither great among the Argives, nor, on the other hand, puffed up with the reputation of his house, and being among the multitude, has been found most excellent. Will ye not be wise, who wander full of vain opinions? and by association and manners judge of the well-born among mortals. For such men as these well administer cities and houses; but flesh, destitute of sense, are the orna-

ment of the forum. For neither does the stronger arm better abide the spear than the weak; but this is in nature and in valor. But,—whether present or not present, the son of Agamemnon, for whose sake we are come, is worthy,—let us accept the hospitality of this house. We must go within this dwelling, servants. For I would rather have a willing, though poor host, than a rich one [unwilling]. I therefore accept this man's reception into his house. But I would have wished that your brother prospering could have led me into prospering abodes. But perchance he may come; for the oracles of Loxias are firm, but to the divination of men I bid adieu.

CHOR. Now, more than before, O Electra, we are warmed at heart with joy; for perhaps, though slowly progressing, fortune may [at length] settle well.

ELEC. O hapless one, knowing the scantiness of thine house, why hast thou received these strangers superior to thee?

PEA. But what? If they are, as they seem to be, noble, will they not be equally content with little or not?[22]

ELEC. Since then you, being in scant circumstances, have fallen into this mistake, go to the aged guardian of my dear father, who, around the river Tanaus,[23] that divides the confines of the Argive territory and the Spartan land, tends his flocks, having been cast out from the city. And bid him, having come homeward, to go and furnish something as a banquet for the strangers. He will be delighted, and will offer prayers to the Gods, when he hears that the boy is living whom he once saved. For we shall not obtain any thing from my mother out of my ancestral house, and we should be telling bitter news, should the wretched woman learn that Orestes is alive.

PEA. But, if it seems thus to thee, I will bear this message to the old man. But go thou into the house as quickly as possible, and make ready the matters within. A woman indeed, if willing, can find many things to bring for a banquet. And there is even now so much at home, so as to satisfy these

[22] Cf. Virg. Æn. viii. 364, "Aude, hospes, contemnere opes: et te quoque dignum Finge deo; rebusque veni non asper egenis."

[23] Or Tanos. It flows down from the mountain Parnon, through the Argive territory, into the Gulf of Thyrea.

men with food for one day at least. But when my mind falls upon this subject, I consider how great a power wealth has, both to bestow on strangers, and by expense to preserve one's body when fallen into sickness; but for one's daily food it comes to little. For every man once filled, rich or poor, bears an equality.

Chor. Ye renowned ships, which once on a time came to Troy with numberless oars, leading the dance with the daughters of Nereus, where the flute-loving dolphin leaped, whirled around the prows with dark blue beaks, escorting the son of Thetis, Achilles, light as to the leaping of his feet, with Agamemnon, to the Trojan shores of Simois. And the daughters of Nereus, quitting the Eubœan strand, bore the toils of shield [and] arms [forged] on the golden anvils of Vulcan, both over Pelion, and over the sacred groves of Ossa's height,[24] the nymph-dwelt summits † sought the virgins,†[25] where the equestrian sire[26] trained up the marine son of Thetis, a light for Greece, Achilles, swift of foot, for the Atridæ. And I have heard from some one, who came from Troy to the Nauplian ports, that in the circle of thy renowned shield, O son of Thetis, such effigies as these, Phrygian terrors,[27] were sculptured. On the circumference, indeed, of the shield, Perseus, [raised] above[28] the sea with winged slippers, was holding the throat-cut terror of the Gorgon, with Hermes, the messenger of Jove, the rustic[29] son of Maia. But in the midst of the shield the radiant circle of the sun shone with his winged steeds, and the ethereal dances of the stars,[30] the Pleiades, Hyades, terrible[31] to the eyes of Hector. But upon the golden-wrought crest Sphinxes were bearing their song-obtained prey in their claws. And on his cuirass the fiery lioness[32] was hastening in course [after] the Pirenian horse[33] with her hoofs, having

[24] Seidler quotes Suidas, *πρύμναι, αἱ ἄκραι.*

[25] This is thoroughly corrupt. See Seidler's note.

[26] i. e. Peleus.

[27] Although *δείματα* may with propriety refer to the images of the Gorgon, yet it was not a Phrygian wonder, nor does the term apply to the rest of the description. I think Euripides wrote *δείγματα*, images.

[28] Understand *ἀερθέντα.*

[29] Because educated in Arcadia. See Seidler.

[30] See my note on Æsch. Ag. 4. The reader may compare Il. Σ. 486 sqq. with Virg. Æn. i. 348; iii. 516; Georg. i. 138.

[31] Literally, "putting to flight."

[32] The Chimæra.

[33] Pegasus.

beheld it. But in a bloody fight four horses were rushing along, and round their backs the black dust went forth. The king of such spear-laboring men didst thou slay, thy husband, O evil-minded daughter of Tyndarus. Wherefore the powers of heaven will send thee down to death, and yet, yet shall I behold the blood poured out by the sword beneath thy gore-streaming neck.

Old Man. Where, where is my youthful, honored mistress, the daughter of Agamemnon, whom once I nurtured? How steep an approach it is to these dwellings for me, a wrinkled old man, to draw nigh with my foot! But nevertheless I must needs drag on my bent spine and crooked knee. O daughter, (for I but just now behold thee near the house,) I am come bearing to thee this young offspring of my fold, having taken it from the flocks, and garlands,[34] and cheese which I have taken out of the presses, and this old store of Bacchus, redolent of fragrance, little indeed, but still 'tis sweet to pour a cup of this into a weaker draught. Let some one go and bear these into the house for the strangers. But I, having bedewed mine eyes with tears, would fain wipe them away with this my tattered garment.

Elec. But wherefore, O aged man, hast thou thine eye thus wet? Have mine afflictions after a long interval awakened thy remembrance? Or dost thou bemoan the unhappy exile of Orestes, and my sire, whom once holding in thine arms, thou didst in vain nurture for thee and thy friends?

Old M. In vain. But nevertheless this at least I could not refrain from.[35] For I came to his tomb, aside from the road, and falling down, I wept, having met with solitude, and I poured out libations, having opened the skin which I bear for the strangers, and set myrtle garlands around the tomb. But upon the pile itself I saw the victim, a sable-fleeced sheep, and the blood but lately shed, and shorn locks of auburn hair. And I marveled, O daughter, whoever of men had dared to come to the tomb; for it certainly was none of the Argives. But perchance, I think, thy brother has come privily, and on his coming has honored the miserable tomb of his sire. And do thou examine the hair, placing it against thy hair, whether

[34] Recall the old reading *στεφάνους*, with Heath, Dind. *πελάνους* is Jacob's conjecture.

[35] Referring to what immediately follows.

the tint of the shorn tresses is the same. For in those who have the same father's blood, most parts of the body are wont to be naturally alike.

ELEC. Thou speakest words unworthy of a wise man, O aged one, if thou thinkest that my very bold brother would come by stealth into this land through fear of Ægisthus. Then how will the lock of hair[36] agree, the one belonging to a well-born man brought up in wrestling exercises, but the other to a female [brought up] amidst wool-combing? It is impossible. And thou wilt find similar hair among many persons, though not sprung from the same blood, old man.

OLD M. But do thou, stepping in his track,[37] consider the print of his slipper, whether it is of the same measure with thy foot, O child.

ELEC. But how could there be an impression of feet upon the stony surface of the ground? And if it were so, the foot of a brother and sister would not be equal, of a man and woman; but the male prevails.

OLD M. Is there no [evidence], by which, supposing your brother to have come to the land, you might discern the woof of thy shuttle,[38] in which I once concealed him, lest he should die.

ELEC. Knowest thou not, when Orestes was banished from the land, that I was a mere child? But if I did weave the vest, how would he, being then a child, be now wearing the same garments, unless the robes grew along with the body? But either some stranger, pitying his [undecked] tomb, or some one of this land, obtaining [the opportunity of] darkness, has shorn his own hair.

OLD M. But where are the strangers? for I wish to see, and ask them concerning thy brother.

ELEC. Hither with quick step they are coming out from the house.

OLD M. And they are noble indeed, but this is superficial; for many born noble, are base; but nevertheless I say to the strangers, hail.

OR. Hail thou! O aged man. Of what friend is this man the ancient relic, Electra?

ELEC. He nurtured my sire, O stranger.

[36] This is a sly hit at Æschylus. Cf. Choeph. 187 sqq.
[37] Cf. Choeph. 205 sqq. [38] Choeph. 233 sqq.

Or. What sayest thou? Was this he who privily removed thy brother?

Elec. This is he who saved him, if he indeed is yet in being.

Or. Ah! why has he gazed on me, as though viewing the clear stamp of silver? Does he liken me to any one?

Elec. Perchance he is pleased at looking on thee, a compeer of Orestes.

Or. Ay, of a well-loved man; but wherefore does he turn his step around me?

Elec. I too marvel as I behold this, O stranger.

Old M. O revered daughter Electra, adore the deities.

Elec. In respect of what things absent or present?

Old M. For holding the cherished treasure, which a God shows thee.

Elec. Lo! I call upon the Gods. Or what dost thou mean indeed, old man?

Old M. Look then upon this most beloved one, O child.

Elec. Long since I fear lest thou art no longer in thy right senses.

Old M. Am I not in my right senses, beholding thy brother?

Elec. How sayest thou this incredible saying, O aged man?

Old M. That in this man I see Orestes, the son of Agamemnon.

Elec. Perceiving what indication, by which I may be persuaded?

Old M. A scar near upon his forehead, by which once in his father's house he, falling, was stained with blood, pursuing with thee a hind.

Elec. How sayest thou? I see indeed the evidence of the fall.

Old M. And then dost thou delay to fall upon those most dear?

Elec. But no longer so, O aged man; for in mind I am persuaded by thy proofs. O thou who appearest after a long season, unexpectedly I hold thee.

Or. Ay, and by me thou art held after a long season.

Elec. Never did I expect it.

Or. Nor did I hope it.

Elec. Art thou he?

Or. Ay, thine only ally, if indeed I can but draw up [successfully] the net after which I am going. But I have a good trust; or it behooves one no longer to think that there are Gods, if unjust deeds get the advantage of justice.

Chor. Thou hast come, thou hast come, O day, after a long time; thou hast shone out, thou hast shone forth a clear torch to the city, which wretched during a long exile from an ancestral home has come wandering. Some God, some God again brings on our victory. Uplift your hands, uplift your voice, send forth prayers to the Gods, that thy brother may enter the city with good fortune, with good fortune.

Or. Be it so. I indeed have the sweet pleasure of embraces, but in time again we shall bestow them. But do thou say, O aged man, (for thou hast come in season,) by what doing shall I punish the murderer of my father, and my mother, partaker of an unholy marriage. Is there aught of friends well-disposed toward me? Or have I prepared all things, according to fortunes? With whom shall I confederate? By night, or by day? By what road shall I turn against mine enemies?

Old M. O son, to thee unhappy no one is a friend. For this thing is [indeed] a discovery, to share good and evil in common. But do thou (for thou art utterly undone from the very foundations, in respect to thy friends, nor hast thou left any hope) know this, hearing from me. In thy hand and fortune thou hast all the chance of recovering thy ancestral house and city.

Or. By doing then what, shall we reach this end?

Old M. By slaying the son of Thyestes and thy mother.

Or. I am come for this crown [of success], and how shall I obtain it?

Old M. Not by going indeed within the walls, even if you wished.

Or. Is he protected by the guards and their right hands?

Old M. Thou hast hit it; for he fears you, and sleeps not in certainty.

Or. Well! do thou then henceforward advise, old man.

Old M. And do thou hear me; for something has just come into my thoughts.

Or. Mayest thou give some good advice, and I hear it.

Old M. I saw Ægisthus as I was coming slowly hither—

Or. I attend to what you have said. In what place?

Old M. Near upon these horse-pasturing meadows.

Or. Doing what? For I see help out of things inextricable.

Old M. He was preparing a banquet for the nymphs, as it seemed to me.

Or. As a pavement for his son's nurturing, or for future offspring?

Old M. I know but one thing; he had armed himself for the slaughter of a bull.

Or. With how many companions? Or was he alone with his domestics?

Old M. No Argive was present, but his own band [of servants].

Or. Is there any one who will know me, when he sees me, old man?

Old M. His servants only are present, who have never seen thee.

Or. But would they be friendly to us, if we prevailed?

Old M. Ay, for this is peculiar to slaves, and useful to thee.

Or. How, then, should I even approach him?

Old M. Going [to a place] where he will see thee, as he is sacrificing.

Or. He is in the fields by the way itself, as it seems.

Old M. Ay, from whence espying thee, he will invite you to share his banquet.

Or. In truth a bitter fellow-banqueter, if God be willing.

Old M. Observe henceforward according to the occasion.

Or. Well hast thou spoken. But where is my mother?

Old M. At Argos; but she will come to the drinking and banquet.[39]

Or. But wherefore did not my mother set out at once with her husband?

Old M. She was left, dreading the reproach of the citizens.

Or. I understand. She knows that she is suspected by the city.

Old M. So it is; for an impious woman is hated.

[39] But we must evidently correct *ἐν τάχει*, with Reiske. *πόσει* came from the following line. If correct, *πόσει* is here "drinking," as Barnes observes.

Or. How then shall I slay at once both her and this fellow?

Elec. I indeed will contrive the death of my mother.

Or. And truly fortune shall set that matter right.

Elec. Let then this man help us, being two.

Old M. This shall be. But how wilt thou devise death for thy mother?

Elec. [Go and say thus, old man, to Clytæmnestra.] Bear word that I am brought to bed in labor of a male.

Old M. Whether having brought forth some time since, or lately?

Elec. Ten suns; during which the woman in labor is purified.

Old M. But what in truth does this tend to thy mother's death?

Elec. She will come, when she has heard of my child-birth sickness.

Old M. Whence? What dost thou think she cares, O child?

Elec. Yea, and she will bemoan the dignity[40] of my offspring.

Old M. Perhaps so; I lead thy discourse back to the point of turning.

Elec. It is plain that she will perish when she has come.

Old M. And truly let her come to the very gates of the dwelling.

Elec. Is it not a little thing to turn to Hades?[41]

Old M. Would that I might die, having sometime beheld this.

Elec. Then first of all lead the way for this person, old man.

Old M. [What to] where Ægisthus is now sacrificing to the Gods?

Elec. Then meeting my mother, deliver my message.

Old M. Ay, so that it shall seem to be spoken by thy own mouth.

[40] i. e. their fallen condition. But I think Woodhull is nearer the sense:

"Yes, and weep
To learn I am become a happy mother."

[41] Seidler: "*οὐκοῦν σμικρὸν* (*ἐστὶ*) *τραπέσθαι τόδε* (*δηλονότι ὃ λέγεις* ΕΙΣ ΔΟΜΩΝ *πύλας, ὥστε εἶναι*) ΕΙΣ ΑΙΔΟΥ." I am but half satisfied.

ELEC. 'Tis thy task now. Thou art allotted first to begin the slaughter.

OR. I will go, if any one will be leader of the way.

OLD M. And in truth I will escort thee not unwillingly.

OR. O thou ancestral Jove, putter to flight of mine enemies, pity us, for we have suffered pitiable things.

ELEC. Ay, pity those who are born thy descendants.

OR. And thou, Juno, who rulest over the Mycenian altars, grant us the victory, if we crave just things.

ELEC. Give indeed to us an avenging power for our sire.

OR. And thou who impiously dost dwell below the earth, O father, [and thou queen Earth, to whom I stretch forth my hands,] aid, aid these thy dearest children. Now come, taking all the dead as allies, as many as with thee destroyed the Phrygians with the spear, and as many as hate impious assassins. Hast thou heard, O thou that hast suffered dreadful things from my mother?

ELEC. Father hears all, I know; but it is time to go. And to thee I proclaim moreover that Ægisthus must die. So that, if in contest thou shalt fall a deadly fall, I also am dead; nor speak of me as living; for I will smite my head with a two-edged sword. But going within the dwelling, I will make ready, so that, should prosperous tidings of thee arrive, the whole house shall shout aloud; but if thou diest, the contrary of these things will be. I tell thee this.

OR. I know all.

ELEC. Therefore it behooves thee to be a man. But do you, O women, well light up the shout of this contest.[42] But I will keep guard, carrying in my hand a ready spear. For never, overcome by my enemies, will I pay the penalty for my body to be abused.

CHOR. A report remains in the ancient traditions of the Argive mountains,[43] that once on a time Pan, the guardian of

[42] Πυρσεύετε, i. q. σημαίνετε, quasi hodie diceres, *send me intelligence by telegraph.* DOBREE.

[43] Matthiæ would join ἀταλᾶς ὑπὸ ματέρος with χρ. ἄρνα πορεῦσαι, making ὑπὸ = ὑπέκ, as ὑπὸ πτερῶν σπάσας. Andr. 442. Regarding the legend of the golden fleece, see Orest. 812 sqq. "Iph. Taur. 196. The following passages are important: Senec. Thyest. 224 sqq., "Est Pelopis altis nobile in stabulis pecus, Arcanus aries, ductor opulenti gregis; Hujus per omne corpus effuso coma Dependet auro; cujus e tergo, novi Aurata reges sceptra Tantalici gerunt: Possessor hujus regnat; hunc

the fields, breathing forth a sweet-sounding song on the well-compacted reeds, conducted from its tender mother a ram with beauteous fleece of gold. And standing on a rocky bench, a herald exclaimed, "To the forum, to the forum come, O Mycenians, about to behold prodigies, [and] fearful visions of happy rulers." And choirs of the sons of Atreus adorned the dwelling, and the gold-decked temples[44] were opened, and on the altars through the city the fire offered by the Argives blazed. And the pipe, the minister of the Muses, sent forth a most beauteous sound, and delightful songs increased concerning the golden lamb, as praises of Thyestes.[45] For having seduced the dear wife[46] of Atreus to clandestine nuptials, he bears off the prodigy to his home, and returning to the assembly, he proclaims that he possessed the golden-fleeced horned flock in his dwelling. Then indeed, then Jove changed the shining paths of the stars, and the light of the Sun, and the white face of Morn, and to the western side he drives [them] with warm flames glittering from heaven, and the damp clouds [go] toward the north, and the dry seats of Hammon are parched for lack of moisture, deprived of the fairest showers from Jove.[47] It is said (but with me, at least, it has little credit) that the golden-visaged sun turned away, having changed his warm station through a mortal misfortune, on account of mortal justice.[48] But stories terrible to mortals are a gain for the worship of the Gods; of which thou being unmindful, hast slain thy husband, thou joint mother[49] of noble children.[50] Hold, hold, my friends, heard ye a noise? or has a vain opinion possessed me, like as the

tantæ domus Fortuna sequitur." A poet in Cicer. de N. D. iii., "Addo huc, quod mihi portento cœlestum pater Prodigium misit, regni stabilimen mei; Agnum inter pecudes aurea clarum coma. Quondam Thyestem clepere ausum esse e regia: Qua in re adjutricem conjugem cepit sibi."

[44] I see little difficulty in understanding *θυμέλαι* as put for the temples themselves, a part for the whole.

[45] But read *ὡς ἐστὶ λόγος, Θυέστου*, with Seidl. Dind.

[46] Aërope. Cf. Serv. on Æn. xi. 262. Hygin. Fab. 86. Columna on Ennius, Fragm. p. 272 sq. ed. Hessel.

[47] *Διόθεν=ἐκ Διός*, (Cf. Hel. 2, *Δίας ψακάδος*. Alcæus, Fragm. 1.) from the supposition that rain was sent by Jove.

[48] i. e. the Thyestean banquet, in revenge for the seduction of Aërope.

[49] Merely equivalent to *γενέτειρα*, unless we understand, with Musgrave, "*quæ simul procreavit*, i. e. simul cum marito."

[50] Electra and Orestes.

nether thundering of Jove? Behold! these sounds are wafted not indistinct. My mistress Electra, pass out of this dwelling.

ELEC. My friends, what is the matter? To what peril are we come?

CHOR. I know but one thing, I hear a shriek of death.

ELEC. I also heard it, far off indeed, but yet [I heard it].

CHOR. Ay, for sound comes a long distance, and still clear.

ELEC. Is it the groan of an Argive, or of my friends?

CHOR. I know not; for all the tone of the cry is confused.

ELEC. Thou enjoinest this as a death to me; why do we hesitate?

CHOR. Stop! that thou mayest clearly learn thy fortunes.

ELEC. It can not be. We are vanquished; for where are the messengers?

CHOR. They will come; it is no easy task to kill a king.

MESSENGER. O ye victorious Mycenian virgins, I pronounce to all his friends that Orestes is victorious, and that the murderer of Agamemnon, Ægisthus, lies on the ground; and it is meet to adore the Gods.

ELEC. And who art thou? How dost thou signify to me things certain?

MESS. Knowest thou not that thou beholdest in me an attendant on thy brother.

ELEC. O dearest one, through fear indeed I had a difficulty in recognizing thy face; but now indeed I know thee. What sayest thou? Is my father's hated murderer dead?

MESS. He is dead; I tell thee twice, what thou indeed wishest.

CHOR. O Gods, and Justice, that beholdest all things, thou hast come at last.

ELEC. But in what manner and by what system of slaughter he slew the son of Thyestes I desire to learn.

MESS. After we had withdrawn our footsteps from these dwellings, we entered upon a dividing wagon-road, where was the renowned king of the Mycenians. And he chanced to be walking in his well-watered gardens, cropping for his head branches of tender myrtle. And on seeing us, he cries out: O strangers, who are ye? Whence come ye, and of what land are ye? And Orestes replied: "We are Thessalians, and are come to Alpheus in order to sacrifice to Olym-

pian Jove." And Ægisthus, hearing this, speaks thus: "Now indeed ye must be as my hearth-sharers in the feast; for I happen to be sacrificing a bull to the Nymphs; but having risen in the morning from bed ye will go the same way.[51] But let us go within the house." And, thus saying, he took us by the hand, and led us on; nor was it right to refuse. But when we were within the house, he speaks thus: "Let some one with all speed bring lavers for the guests, that they may stand round the altar near the lustral vessels." But Orestes answered: "We are but lately purified in pure baths from river streams. But if it befit strangers to join with the citizens in sacrifice we are ready, king Ægisthus, and refuse not." This conference then they both broke off in the middle; and the servants, having laid down the spears, the protection of their master, all set their hands to work. Some bore a vessel to catch the blood; others uplifted the canisters; others kindled the fire, and placed the caldrons round the hearth; and the whole roof echoed. But the partner of thy mother's bed, taking the salted cakes, cast them on the altar, speaking such words as these: "Ye Nymphs of the rock, [grant] that I may often sacrifice a bull, as also my wife within the house, the daughter of Tyndarus, faring as we do now; but that my enemies [may fare] ill"—meaning Orestes and thee. But my master prayed the opposite—not speaking aloud—that he might recover his ancestral home. And Ægisthus, taking a straight knife out of the canister, cut off [some of] the bullock's hair, and placed it on the pure flame with his right hand; then he slew the bullock on the shoulders of the servants, as they lifted it with their hands, and speaks thus to thy brother: "They boast that this is among the noble deeds of the Thessalians, to dissect a bull skillfully, and to rein in horses. Take the steel, O stranger, and prove that the report concerning the Thessalians is true." But he, having seized in his hands the well-wrought Doric blade, stripping off the well-fastened robe from his shoulders, took Pylades, indeed, as an assistant in the toil, and pushed away the domestics. Then seizing the foot of the bullock, he laid bare the white flesh, stretching out his hand, and more quickly stripped off the skin than a horse courser could finish twice twelve hundred paces,[52]

[51] The sense is, "you will come to the same thing," i. e. you will not be hindered on your way.

[52] See Barnes.

and he opened the flank. And Ægisthus, taking the entrails in his hands, examined them. But the lobe was not in the entrails; and the entrance [of the liver] and the receptacle of the bile denoted evil attacks upon the searcher. And he indeed knit his brow; but my master asked, "Wherefore art thou sad, O stranger?" [He replied]: "I fear some foreign plot; for the son of Agamemnon is most detested, and is hostile to mine house." But he replied: "Dost thou dread the stratagem of a wanderer, being ruler over the city? Will not some one exchange for us a Phthian chopper[53] instead of a Dorian, that we may celebrate the banquet of inspection?[54] I will cleave open the breast."[55] Then holding, he cleaves it; and Ægisthus, taking the entrails,[56] contemplated them, having separated them. But as he stooped down, thy brother, standing on tip-toe, smote him on the spine, and broke the joints of his back. And all his body was convulsed up and down, and he howled, dying with difficulty from the death-blow. But when the servants beheld it, they forthwith rushed to arms, being many to fight against two; but through their valor Pylades and Orestes stood brandishing their weapons before their faces. And he (Orestes) said: "I am not come as an enemy to this city, nor to my subjects, but I, the hapless Orestes, have avenged myself on the murderer of my sire. Slay me not then, ye ancient domestics of my sire." But they, after they heard his words, restrained their spears; and he was recognized by some aged veteran in the house. And straightway they crown the head of thy brother, rejoicing, shouting. And he comes to thee to show the head, not bearing that of the Gorgon, but of him thou hatest, Ægisthus. But blood for blood has come upon him, who now dies, as the bitter payment for a debt.

Chor. Place thy step for a dance, O dear one, like a fawn, with delight lightly moving its bounding aloft. Thy brother conquers,[57] having accomplished a garland-bearing better than by the streams of Alpheus. But chant a strain of victory for my dance.

[53] Because Orestes pretended to be a Thessalian.
[54] With *πενστηρίαν* understand *θοίνην* or *θυσίαν*.
[55] Called a tortoise from its similar shape. Reiske.
[56] i. e. of the breast, the heart, lungs, etc.
[57] I read *νικᾷ*, with Canter, Musgr., Dind.

ELEC. O light, O splendor of the four-horsed sun, O earth, and night,[58] which I before beheld, now mine eye, and ye folds [of heaven][59] now free, since Ægisthus, my father's murderer, has fallen. Come, I must bring out whatever ornaments for the hair I [possess][60] and my dwellings conceal, O friends, and I will crown the head of my victorious brother.

CHOR. Do you then bring forth ornaments for the head; but on our part the dance loved by the Muses shall proceed. Now our former well-beloved kings rule our land, having justly put down the unjust; and let a shout go forth, attuned to joy.

ELEC. O thou with a glorious victory, born of a sire victorious in the war under Troy, Orestes, receive fillets for the locks of thine hair. For thou art come to thy home, not as having run an useless contest of six plethra,[61] but having slain the enemy Ægisthus, who destroyed thine and my sire. And do thou, Pylades, a shield companion, [and] nursling of a most pious man,[62] receive a garland from my hand; for thou too bearest an equal share of the contest with this man; and may ye ever appear to me fortunate.

OR. Think in the first place, Electra, that the Gods are the leaders of this fortune, and then commend me, the minister of the Gods and of fortune. For I am come, having slain Ægisthus not in word, but in deed; and to give any one the power of knowing this clearly, I bring the dead himself to thee; whom, if thou wilt, expose as a prey to wild beasts, or, fixing to a stake, stick him down, a booty for birds, the children of the sky. For he is now thy slave, having before been called thy master.

ELEC. I am ashamed, yet wish to speak.

OR. What is it, speak; since thou art far off from fear.

ELEC. [I fear] to insult the dead, lest some one smite me with invidiousness.

OR. There is no one who could blame thee.

ELEC. Our city is hard to please, and fond of slander.

[58] i. e. her former misery.

[59] This is but harsh, and Reiske's *ἀμπνοαι* is very elegant. However, Euripides is very fond of the other expression.

[60] Read *'χω* for *'γὼ*, with Canter, Dindorf.

[61] i. e. a stadium = a furlong.

[62] Strophius, the Phocian. *παίδευμα* = *παῖς*.

Or. Speak, if thou desirest, sister; for we have entered upon enmity with this person upon terms that admit of no treaty.

Elec. (*to the corpse of Ægisthus*) Well then, what beginning of reproaches shall I address to thee? What end? what middle discourse shall I draw out? And truly from the dawn I never ceased muttering what I wished to say to thy face, had I indeed been free from my former fears. Now then I am so; and I will repay thee those words of ill which I would have said to thee living. Thou didst destroy me, and, naught injured, didst make me and this man bereft of a dear father, and didst shamefully marry my mother, and murder her husband, the leader of the Grecian army, not having [thyself] gone against the Phrygians. And to such an extent of folly didst thou come, that thou didst hope to find my mother not wicked toward thee, but thou didst injure my father's bed. But let a man know, when after having corrupted a man's wife with secret nuptials, he is subsequently compelled to take her, that he is a wretched being, if he thinks that she in the one case will be unmindful of chastity, but will be mindful of it with him. And most miserably didst thou live, not thinking to live ill; for thou knewest indeed that thou hadst made an unholy marriage, and my mother [knew] that she in thee possessed an impious husband. But being an evil pair, ye obtained your fortune, she thine evil one, and thou hers. And among all the Argives thou didst hear such words as these: "See that woman's slave," not "the husband's wife." But surely this is base, for the woman, not the man, to rule the household; and I loathe those children, who are named in the city not from the male sire, but from the mother. For when a man marries a conspicuous and superior match, of the man there is no account, but of the woman. Which thing has most deceived thee, not knowing it. Thou didst boast to be somebody, relying on thy wealth; but wealth is naught, except to tarry with us for a little time. But nature is stable; not money: since the one ever remaining uplifts her head; but wealth unjust, and dwelling with the foolish, is wont to flit from the house, having flourished for a short season. But for the matters regarding women I am silent; for it is not seemly for a virgin to speak [of them], and knowingly I will but hint. Thou didst wanton, as possessing, forsooth, a regal palace, and as being firm in beauty. But

may my husband be he, who has not the face of a virgin, but of manly manner. For their children depend on Mars; but mere prettiness is an ornament only in the dance. Perdition seize thee, ignorant of all; for which, in time detected, thou hast paid the penalty, being thus an evil-door. Let not a man, if he run the first course well, think he will win the victory, before he comes nigh the line, and turns the end of life.

Chor. He has done dreadful deeds, and a dreadful retribution has he paid to thee and this man. For a mighty strength does justice possess.

Or. Be it so. It behooves you, servants, to bear the body of this man within, and to give it to darkness, that when my mother comes, she may not see the corse before [her own] death.

Elec. Stop! Let us throw ourselves upon another topic.

Or. What? dost thou see auxiliary troops from Mycenæ?

Elec. No, but the mother, who gave me birth.

Or. Opportunely indeed, she comes into the midst of the snare.

Elec. And truly she is brilliant in her chariot and robes.

Or. What then shall we do? shall we murder our mother?

Elec. Does pity possess thee, as soon as thou seest thy mother's person?

Or. Alas! for how shall I slay her, who bore and nourished me?

Elec. Like as she destroyed thy sire and mine.

Or. O Phœbus, much folly indeed hast thou prophesied—

Elec. But where Apollo is foolish, who are wise?

Or. Who hast bidden me to slay my mother, whom it is not fitting.

Elec. But in what art thou harmed, avenging thy father?

Or. Having been then[63] pure, I shall now be accused of my mother's murder.

Elec. Ay, and not avenging thy father, thou wilt be impious.

Or. But I shall pay to my mother the penalty of death.

Elec. But to whom, on the other hand, shouldst thou abandon the avenging of thy sire?

Or. Did not some demon, likened to the God, enjoin that?

Elec. What, sitting on the sacred tripod? I opine not.

[63] Viz. when I was ordered to slay her.

Or. I can not be persuaded that this was a genuine response.

Elec. Thou shalt not through cowardice fall into unmanliness.

Or. Shall I then contrive the same artifice against her?

Elec. Ay, by which thou also didst destroy her husband Ægisthus, having slain him.

Or. I will enter in; but I am beginning a dreadful attempt. Ay, and I shall do dreadful things; but if this seems fit to the Gods, let it be; but the contest is for me [at once] bitter and sweet.

Chor. Ho! thou royal lady of the land of Argos, daughter of Tyndarus, and sister of the twin noble sons of Jove, who inhabit the flaming ether, amid the stars, having honors from mortals as protectors amidst the waves of the sea. Hail! I reverence you equally with the Gods, because of your wealth and great happiness. And it is now the season for thy fortunes, O queen, to be respected by all.

Cly. Descend from the chariot, ye Trojan damsels, and lay hold of my hand, that I may place my foot outside this car. For the houses indeed of the Gods are adorned with Phrygian spoils; but I possess in my house these, chosen from the Trojan land, in place of the daughter whom I lost, a small but honorable gift.

Elec. Shall I not then, O mother, (for I am a slave cast out of my ancestral home and inhabit an unhappy dwelling,) take hold of thy happy hand?

Cly. These slaves are present. Do not thou labor for me?

Elec. What, hast thou not dislodged me, in truth, as a slave from the house? for when mine house was taken, I was taken, like as these women, being left destitute of a father.

Cly. Such plans indeed did thy sire devise against those friends against whom it least behooved him. But I will speak, although, when a wrong opinion possesses a woman, there is a certain bitterness upon her tongue, (as indeed is the case with us,) not fitly indeed; but it is just that we hate, when we have learned the matter, if indeed one has right grounds for hating. But if not, why should one hate? Now Tyndarus bestowed me on thy sire, not that I nor my children should perish. But that man, having persuaded my daughter by the [pretended] nuptials of Achilles, went from home leading her from the ship-receiving Aulis, where stretching her above the

pile, he cut through the fair cheek of Iphigenia. Now if, to prevent the capture of a city, or to benefit his house, and save his other children, he had slain one on behalf of many, it would have been pardonable; but now because Helen was a wanton, and he who had recovered her knew not how to chastise a traitorous wife, on this account he (Agamemnon) destroyed my child. At this, then, although injured, I was not rendered savage, nor would I have slain my husband. But he came to me bringing a raving God-possessed girl, and introduced her to his bed, and would have had two wives at once in the same dwelling. Now women are foolish, I will not deny it; but when this being the case, a husband errs, by neglecting the bed in his home, a wife is wont to imitate her husband, and possess another love. And then the blame shines forth upon us; but the men, who are the cause of this, are in no bad repute. But if Menelaus had been privily carried off from home, must I needs have slain Orestes, that I might preserve Menelaus my sister's husband? And how would thy sire have tolerated this? Was it then right that he indeed should not die, having slain my [children], but that I should suffer at his hands? I slew him; I turned myself the way that lay open to his enemies. For who of your father's friends would have shared the deed with me? Say, if thou desirest aught, and lay down with freedom, on the other side, that thy father died not justly.

ELEC. Thou hast spoken justly; but even justice has something of disgrace; for it behooves a woman who is in her senses to yield to her husband in all things. But if this seems not so, neither does it come into the account of my words. Remember, mother, the last words thou didst say, in permitting me to speak to thee with freedom.

CLY. Ay, and I say so now, and deny not, child.

ELEC. But wilt thou, O mother, treat me ill, when thou hast heard?

CLY. Not so; but I will add what is pleasant to thy feelings.

ELEC. I will speak then; and this is the beginning of my prelude. Would that, O mother, thou hadst possessed a wiser mind. For the form indeed both of Helen and thee is worthy to bear commendation; but ye were born twin sisters, both wanton, and not worthy of Castor. For she indeed being carried off, willingly was lost; but thou hast destroyed the best

man of Greece, alleging a pretense, that thou didst slay thy husband on thy child's account (for they know not well the facts, as I do); thou who, before the sacrifice of thy daughter was completed, and when thy husband had but lately set out from home, didst adorn the auburn tresses of thine hair before a mirror. But a woman who, while her husband is absent from home, decks herself out for beauty, writes herself down as evil. For it behooves her to show not at all her fair face out of doors, unless she is seeking some wickedness. But I know that thou alone of all the Grecian women didst rejoice, if the Trojan affairs prospered; but, if they had the worst, that thou didst wear a clouded look, not wishing Agamemnon to return from Troy. And yet there were good reasons for thee to be chaste. Thou hadst a husband not worse than Ægisthus, whom Greece chose for her general; and when thy sister Helen had done such deeds, it was in thy power to obtain great renown; for evil deeds furnish an example and contemplation to the good. But if, as thou sayest, my father slew thy daughter, how have I and my brother injured thee? Why then didst thou not, having slain thy husband, unite to us ancestral houses? but thou carried off stranger nuptials, purchasing a husband for hire. And neither is thy husband (Ægisthus) banished on account of thy son (Orestes), nor is he dead on my account, twice having slain me on account of my sister (Iphigenia)? But if slaughter shall requite slaughter, I and thy son Orestes must slay thee, avenging our father. For if those deeds were just, these are just likewise. But whosoever, looking to wealth or nobility, marries a wicked woman, is a fool; for an humble, yet modest partner is better in one's house, than a powerful one.

Chor. There is a fatality in the nuptials of women; for I perceive that among mortals some marriages fall out well, some not well.

Cly. O daughter, thou wert born to love ever thy sire. And this is the case: some side with the males; but others love their mother rather than their father. I will pardon thee; for in truth, my child, I do not so very much rejoice in what I have done. But thus unwashed, and with thy form thus badly clothed, hast thou just ceased from thy throes in childbirth? Alas! wretched me for my devices; how have I stirred my husband to wrath more than was fitting!

ELEC. Thou mournest late, when thou hast no remedy. My father is dead; but why dost thou not recall thy son who is wandering out of this land?

CLY. I have a fear, and consider my own interests, not his. For he is angered, as they say, at the death of his father.

ELEC. Why then dost thou keep thy husband furious against us?

CLY. Such are his manners; and thou also art self-willed.

ELEC. For I am pained; but I will cease being wroth.

CLY. And truly he shall no longer be harsh to thee.

ELEC. He is very proud, for he dwells in my house.

CLY. Dost thou see? Thou art again fanning new quarrels.

ELEC. I will be silent, for I fear him, as I fear him.[64]

CLY. Cease from these words. But wherefore didst thou call me, child?

ELEC. Thou hast heard, I suppose, of my being brought to bed. On this account do thou offer sacrifice for me, (for I know not how,) on the tenth day of the month from the child's birth,[65] as is the custom. For I am not experienced, being hitherto childless.

CLY. This is the task of another, who has acted as midwife.

ELEC. I myself was my midwife, and alone brought forth an infant.

CLY. Dost thou inhabit a home so neighborless of friends?

ELEC. No one desires to possess the poor as friends.

CLY. But I will go, that I may sacrifice for the accomplished number of the child's [days]; but after I have done this favor for thee, I will go to the field where my husband is offering sacrifices to the Nymphs. But ye, attendants, leading these harnessed steeds, place them in the stalls; but when ye think that I am released from this sacrifice to the Gods, be at hand; for it behooves me also to do favor to my husband.

[64] Aliuding to his death. Woodhull:

"For I dread him, as far as there is cause
To dread Ægisthus."

[65] Cf. Aristoph. Av. 494, *ἐς δεκάτην γάρ ποτε παιδαρίου κληθεὶς ὑπέπινον ἐν ἄστει*, where the Scholiast remarks that the birth-day festival and the naming of the child was celebrated on the tenth, by others, on the seventh day after birth. Among the Romans the lustration-day was the eighth for girls, the ninth for boys. LOMEIER de Lustrat. § 27.

Elec. Enter into our poor abode; but take care lest the smoky roof discolor thy robes, for thou shalt make such a sacrifice to the Gods as behooves thee. (*Clytamnestra goes in.*) For the canister is ready, and the knife whetted, which has already destroyed the bull, near whom thou stricken shalt fall. And even in the house of Hades thou shalt be united to him with whom thou didst sleep during life. So great a favor will I bestow on thee; and thou on me an atonement for my father.

Chor. A requital for evils, changed gales for the house are blowing. Then indeed in the bath my lord, my lord fell, and the house shrieked, and the stone-pinnacles of the house, as he spake thus: "O wretched woman, why dost thou slay me returning to my dear country after ten corn-seasons?" But a changing tide of justice secretly leads on this woman, wretched on account of her changed bed; who having taken an axe in her hands, slew with the sharp-whetted blade by her own hand her wretched husband, returning after a long season to his house and the Cyclopeian sky-capping walls. A wretched husband, in that he had a wretched woman for a bane! Like as a mountain lioness, pasturing amidst the oak-thickets of the woods, she wrought these deeds.

Cly. O children, by the Gods, slay not your mother.

Chor. Dost thou hear the noise beneath the roof?

Cly. Alas! for me, for me!

Chor. I also bewail her murdered by her children. In truth the deity regulates justice, when there is a chance. Wretchedly hast thou suffered; but impious deeds hast thou done to thy husband, unhappy one. But hither these direct their foot from the house, defiled with the new-shed blood of their mother, terrible evidences of her hapless addresses [to them]. There is not, nor ever was a house more wretched than that of the descendants of Tantalus.

Or. O earth and Jove, that surveyest all mortal things, behold these bloody, horrid deeds, two bodies prostrate on the ground, by a blow from my hand, a requital of mine ills.

Elec. Mournful matters indeed, O brother, but I am the cause. Through fire I have wretched gone against this my mother, who gave me, her daughter, birth. Alas! for thy fortune, thy fortune, O mother that didst give me birth; thou that hast suffered accursed things, wretched and more than

[wretched], at the hands of thy children. But justly hast thou atoned for my father's murder.

Or. Alas! Phœbus, thou didst enjoin justice; thou hast wrought publicly griefs not to be told, and hast given bloody nuptials from Greece. But to what other city can I go? What host, what pious friend will look upon the face of me a matricide?

Elec. Alas! alas for me! And whither shall I? to what dance, to what nuptials, shall I go? What husband will receive me to a bridal bed?

Or. Again, again has thy disposition changed [with the gale];[66] for thou now hast pious thoughts, not having them then; but thou, O dear one, hast done dreadful things toward thy unwilling brother. Didst thou see how the wretched woman threw aside her robes, and showed her bosom during the slaughter, alas! for me, bending her knees to the earth? But I was like to faint.[67]

Elec. I well know thou wast in grief, hearing the piteous groan of the mother who bore thee.

Or. And she uttered such a cry as this, placing her hand on my beard, "My child, I beseech thee;" and she hung upon my cheeks, so that the sword fell from my hands.

Chor. Oh! wretched one, how hast thou had the heart to behold in thy sight the slaughter of thy mother breathing her last?

Or. I indeed casting my robes upon mine eyes, began [the slaughter] with my sword, driving it into my mother's neck.

Elec. And I indeed encouraged thee; and at the same time laid hands on the sword. You have done[68] the most dreadful of deeds.

Or. Take hold, take hold, cover the limbs of my mother with garments, close up her wounds. Murderers in truth didst thou give birth to for thyself.

Elec. See, thee a friend, yet not a friend, we cover with garments, a finish of the great ills in the house.

Chor. But hither above the summit of the house appear some demons, or of the heavenly Gods; for this is no path for mortals. Why come they into the clear sight of mortals?

[66] Dindorf would omit *πρὸς αὔραν*.
[67] *τακόμαν* for *τὰν κόμαν*. Seidl. Dind.
[68] But Seidler reads *ἔρεξα*.

Castor and Pollux. (*appearing*) O son of Agamemnon, listen; for the twin brothers of thy mother, the sons of Jove, call upon thee, Castor, and this his brother Pollux. But having lately appeased a terrible storm of the ocean, we have come to Argos, when we saw the slaughter of this our sister, thy mother. She then has what was just, but thou dost not so; and Phœbus, Phœbus—but I will be silent, for he is my king—but being wise, he prophesied to thee things not wise. But we must needs acquiesce in this. But henceforth it behooves thee to perform what Fate and Jove have decreed concerning thee. On Pylades, indeed, bestow Electra as a wife for his house; but do thou leave Argos, for it is not for thee to tread this land, having slain thy mother. But the dreadful Furies, the dog-visaged Goddesses, will drive thee maddened to roam astray. And when thou shalt arrive at Athens, embrace the hallowed image of Minerva; for she will drive them off, terrified by her terrible dragons, so as not to touch thee, stretching forth the Gorgon-faced circle over thine head. Now there is a certain hill of Mars, where the Gods first sate in vote concerning blood, when savage Mars, in wrath for the impious nuptials of his daughter,[69] slew Halirrothius, the son of the ruler of the ocean, where from that [time] there is a most pious and firm judgment for the Gods. Here it behooves thee also to run the gauntlet concerning murder. But votes being placed equal will preserve thee from dying by justice; for Loxias will take the blame upon himself, having commanded the murder of your mother. And to those hereafter this law shall be fixed, that the defendant shall always escape by equal votes. The fearful Goddesses indeed, stricken with this vexation, will sink into a chasm of the earth near the hill itself, a sacred pious oracle [hereafter] for mortals. But thee it behooves to dwell in a city[70] on the streams of Alpheus, near the Lycæan inclosure; and the city shall be called after thy name. To thee indeed I have thus spoken; but this corse of Ægisthus the citizens of Argos shall conceal in a tomb of earth. But Menelaus, who has just arrived at Nauplia, since he has conquered the Trojan land, and Helen, will bury thy mother.

[69] Alcippe, the daughter of Mars, was violated by Halirrothius. Cf. Apollod. iii. 13. See Meurs. Areop. § 10, p. 85 sq.

[70] Cf. Orest. 1645 sqq. It was before called Ἀζανία, and formed a district of Arcadia, Pausan. viii. 4. Steph. Byz. s. v.

For [Helen] is come from the house of Proteus, having left Egypt; nor did she go to the Phrygians. But Jove, in order that strife and slaughter of mortals might arise, sent an image of Helen to Troy. Let Pylades then, having this damsel as his wife, return to his home in the Achaian land, and bear him who is nominally thy brother-in-law[71] into the land of the Phocians, and give him weight of wealth. But do thou, passing with thy foot over the neck of the Isthmian land, go toward the prosperous house of Cecropia; for having fulfilled thy destined fate [resulting] from this murder, thou wilt be happy, being freed from these ills.

Chor. O sons of Jove, is it lawful for us to approach thy converse?

Cas. and Pol. It is lawful, for those not polluted by these murders.

Or. And may I share in speech, sons of Tyndarus?

Cas. and Pol. Thou mayest. I will lay this deed of blood upon Phœbus.

Chor. How, being Gods and brothers of this woman who hath perished, did ye not avert the calamities from these houses?

Cas. and Pol. Destiny of necessity led on her fate, and the unwise words of the tongue of Phœbus.

Elec. But what Apollo [compelled] me? What oracles pronounced that I should be the murderess of my mother?

Cas. and Pol. Common was the deed, and common the fate; and one curse of your sires has harassed both.

Or. O sister mine, seeing thee after a long time, I am immediately deprived of thine endearments, and, left by thee, I leave thee.

Cas. and Pol. She has a husband and home. She has not suffered things to be pitied, save that she leaves her Argive city.

Or. And what other greater cause is there for groaning, than to leave the boundaries of one's country? But I shall go out from my father's house, and undergo the charge of murder of my mother at the votes of others.

Cas. and Pol. Be of good cheer. Thou wilt come to the holy city of Pallas. But bear up.

Elec. Join thy breast to my breast, O dearest brother; for

[71] Meaning the old peasant.

the bloody curses of our mother disjoin us from our ancestral home.

Or. Throw thy body closely, hug me; and weep, as on the tomb of me dead.

Cas. and Pol. Alas! alas! thou hast uttered this a terrible thing even for Gods to hear. For in me and in the inhabitants of heaven there is pity for much-toiling mortals.

Or. No more shall I behold thee.

Elec. Nor shall I approach thine eye.

Or. This is my last address to thee.

Elec. O fare thee well, city, and fare ye well, and greatly well, my female citizens.

Or. O most faithful sister, art thou now on thy way?

Elec. I am on my way, bedewing my tender cheek.

Or. Pylades, go rejoicing, wed the form of Electra.

Cas. and Pol. The marriage shall be their care; but do thou, fleeing from these dogs,[72] wend thy way to Athens, for with their snaky hands, these black-skinned [Furies], fraught with the fruit of dreadful woes, cast their dread footstep upon thee. But we [hie] to the Sicilian Sea in haste, to save the marine prows of ships. And passing through the ethereal plain, the wicked indeed we aid not; but to whom holiness and justice is dear in their life, these we preserve, releasing them from heavy toils. Thus let no one be willing to act unjustly, not let him sail together with the perjured. I, a God, proclaim this to mortals.

Chor. Farewell; but whosoever of mortals is able to fare well, and bends not under some misfortune, fares happily.

[72] The Furies appear.

CYCLOPS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SILENUS.
CHORUS OF SATYRS.
ULYSSES.
CYCLOPS.

THE ARGUMENT.

On the return of Ulysses from Troy, he was driven to Sicily, where Polyphemus and the Cyclops dwelt. Meeting with Silenus and the Satyrs, who had been enslaved to Polyphemus, he sought to purchase meat and cheese in exchange for wine. Polyphemus entering, Silenus accused Ulysses of stealing, and offering violence to himself and companions. All would have perished, but that Ulysses and his sailors bored out the one eye of the sleeping Polyphemus, and thereby escaped, liberating the Satyrs. The plot is entirely Homeric.

CYCLOPS.

SILENUS.

O BROMIUS, through thee I have ten thousand toils, both now, and when my body was hale in youth. First indeed, when, maddened by Juno, thou wentest away, deserting thy nurses, the mountain nymphs; and afterward being an assistant to thee on thy right hand in the conflict of the spear with the earth-born race, having smitten Enceladus on the midst of his shield, I slew him with my spear. Come, let me see, do I speak of this, having seen a dream?[1] No, by Jove, since indeed I showed even the spoils to Bacchus. And now I am exhausting a labor greater than those. For after Juno had excited against thee a Tyrrhenian race of pirates, that thou mightest be[2] sold far off, I, having learned the news, sail with my children in quest of thee. But myself taking the two-handled tiller at the extremity of the stern, steered, and my children sitting at the oars, whitening with oars the deep-blue sea,[3] sought thee, O king. But just as we had sailed near to Malea, an Eastern blast, blowing down upon our ship, drove

[1] The full point of this proverbial saying may be well estimated from the swaggering of Bacchus in Arist. Ran. 49 sqq. After boasting of his exploits, the pot-valiant hero observes, *καὶ κατεδύσαμέν γε ναῦς τῶν πολεμίων ἢ δώδεκ' ἢ τρισκαίδεκα.* To which the hero Hercules quietly responds, *σφώ*; Bacchus, *νὴ τὸν Ἀπόλλω.* This being too much even for Hercules, he exclaims, *κἄτ' ἐγωγ' ἐξηγρόμην.* I need scarcely observe that Silenus' account of his valor and that of his accomplished pupil must be taken "cum grano salis," perhaps with some still larger allowance for Satyric notions of mythology.

[2] Cf. Hesych. *Οδηθείη.*

[3] Cf. Virg. Æn. i. 39, "spumas salis ære ruebant."

us upon this rock of Ætna, where the one-eyed sons of the ocean God, the Cyclops, dwell in desert caves, slayers of men.[4] Being taken captives by one of these we are slaves in his house; and they call him, whom we serve, Polyphemus. But instead of Bacchanalian revels we feed the flocks of the impious Cyclops. My children indeed, youths born, are tending sheep on the distant downs; but I remaining [at home] am appointed to fill the troughs,[5] and sweep this house, as the servant to the unholy Cyclops at his impious feasts. And now the enjoined command must needs be [done], that I sweep the dwelling with this iron rake, [and] that we may receive my absent master, the Cyclops, and his sheep, in clean caves.

But already I perceive my sons draw nigh, tending upon[6] their flocks. What is this? Is this your noise now like that of the Sicinnides,[7] when, accompanying me in Bacchic revelry to the house of Althæa, ye drew nigh, wantoning in strains of the lyre?

Chorus. Whither indeed for me dost thou, born of noble sires, and sprung from noble parents, whither indeed for me dost thou bound o'er the rocks?[8] Here is no gentle gale, or grassy herbage; but the eddying water of the rivers lies in the troughs near the caves, where[9] are the bleatings of thy young. Ho! ho! not here, not here shalt thou feed? Wilt thou not rather to the dewy slope? Ho! I will soon cast a stone at thee, get thee gone, O get thee gone, thou horned one, to the stall[10] of the sheep-pasturing wild Cyclops. Relax for me your swollen udders, receive to your breasts your offspring whom ye leave in the beds of the lambs.[11] The bleatings

[4] I need hardly refer the reader to the story of Achæmenes in Virg. Æn. iii. 616 sqq., and the third voyage of Sinbad the Sailor (we *will* call him so) in the Arabian Nights, vol. iii. p. 25 sqq., Lane's Translation.

[5] "Alveos, unde pecora bibebant. Ilignos canales vocat Virgil, Georg. iii. vs. 330." Musgr.

[6] Literally, "feed hither their flocks," i. e. "feed them, coming in this direction."

[7] The Σικιννὶς was a dance probably more lively than graceful, peculiar to the Satyrs. See Barnes and Musgrave.

[8] As this address is made to a goat or kid, we must suppose a little of the dithyrambic loftiness introduced *animi gratia*.

[9] *οὗ* for *οὖ* is the necessary correction of Casaubon.

[10] *στασίωρον*, "stabuli custodem." Musgrave.

[11] So Dindorf, but, with Musgrave, I prefer joining *ἀρνῶν σπορὰς*, like *βοσκήματα μόσχων*, Bacch. 677.

of your little young ones day-slumbering yearn for you. Will you ever return[12] within the Ætnean rocks, having quitted the grassy pastures? These things are not Bacchus, these are not dances and thyrsus-bearing Bacchants, not the clang of cymbals by stream-pouring fountains, not the fresh drippings of wine, or Nesa with the nymphs. To Venus I sing a hymn, Iacchus, Iacchus! [Venus,] whom chasing I flew with the white-footed Bacchants. O friend, O thou dear Bacchus, whither dost thou saunter alone, waving thy auburn locks? But I, thy attendant, am a slave to a one-eyed Cyclops, wandering a slave in this wretched goat's-skin vest, reft of thy friendship.

Sil. Keep silence, O children, and bid your followers collect the flocks into the caves with rocky roofs.[13]

Chor. Go. But why hast thou this haste, father?

Sil. I see on the shore the hull of a Grecian ship, and the rulers of the oars with some chieftain drawing nigh to this cave; and on their necks they carry empty vessels, being in lack of food, and water-pitchers, O unhappy strangers! Who can they be? They know not our master Polyphemus, what manner of man he is, having approached this inhospitable roof, and unhappily arrived near this Cyclops' man-devouring jaw. But be quiet, that we may learn whence they are come to the Sicilian rock of Ætna.

Ulysses. (*entering*) Can ye, strangers, tell whence we may obtain a river draught, a remedy for thirst? Or is any one willing to sell food to mariners in need? What is this? We seem to have entered the city of Bacchus; I behold this troop of Satyrs near the cave. I bid the oldest first "all hail!"

Sil. Hail! O stranger; but say who thou art, and what is thy country.

Ulys. I am Ulysses of Ithaca, king of the land of the Cephallenians.

Sil. I know the babbling fellow, the sharp son of Sisyphus.

Ulys. That very man am I. Don't be abusive.

[12] But ἀμφιβαλεῖς can hardly bear this meaning. Dindorf reads ἀμφιθαλεῖς—εἶσαι, with Seidler.

[13] Virg. Æn. i. 170, "scopulis pendentibus antrum." Ennius apud Cic. Tusc. Q. i., "per speluncas saxeis structas aspercis pendentibus;" where see Columna, p. 244, ed. Hessel.

Sil. From whence sailing comest thou to this Sicilian land?

Ulys. From Troy, and the labors at Troy.

Sil. How? Didst thou not know the passage to your own father-land?

Ulys. A storm of winds drove me hither by violence.

Sil. By the Gods! you're exhausting the same fortune as I.

Ulys. What, was you, too, brought hither by force?

Sil. Pursuing the pirates who carried off Bacchus.

Ulys. And what country is this, and who inhabit it?

Sil. The Ætnean hill, the highest spot in Sicily.

Ulys. And where are the walls and fortifications of the city?

Sil. There are none; the heights are destitute of men, O stranger.

Ulys. And who possess the land? Is it a race of wild beasts?

Sil. The Cyclops dwelling in caves, not in roofed houses.

Ulys. Obeying whom? Or is the power with the people?

Sil. Wandering shepherds; and no one obeys any body in any thing.

Ulys. But do they sow the wheat of Ceres? or on what do they live?

Sil. On milk, and cheeses, and the flesh of sheep.

Ulys. And have they the cup of Bacchus, the juice of the vine?

Sil. By no means. Therefore they inhabit a graceless earth.

Ulys. But are they guest-loving and pious in respect to strangers?

Sil. They say that strangers furnish the sweetest meat.

Ulys. What sayest thou? Do they rejoice in the flesh of slaughtered men?

Sil. No one has come hither who has not been slaughtered.

Ulys. But where is the Cyclops himself? Is he within the house?

Sil. He is gone toward Ætna, hunting wild beasts with hounds.

Ulys. Knowest thou then what thou mayest do, that we may escape from the land?

Sil. I know not, Ulysses; but I would do any thing for you.

Ulys. Sell us food, of which we are in need.

Sil. There is no other, as I said, except flesh.

Ulys. But even this is a sweet preventive of hunger.

Sil. And there is coagulated[14] cheese, and cows' milk.

Ulys. Bear it out; for the light [of day] is fitting for dealings.

Sil. But tell me, how much gold wilt thou give instead?

Ulys. I carry not gold, but the cup of Bacchus.

Sil. O thou that tellest of the dearest things, which we long since lack.

Ulys. And truly Maro, the son of the God, gave me the drink.

Sil. He whom I once nursed in these arms?

Ulys. The son of Bacchus, that thou mayest learn more clearly.

Sil. Is it aboard the ship, or dost thou bring it?

Ulys. This wine-skin, which conceals it as you see, old man.

Sil. This would not fill even my mouth.

Ulys. Ah! but [I have] even twice as much as flows from this skin.

Sil. A lovely fountain thou tellest of, and pleasant to me.

Ulys. Wilt thou that I first give thee a taste of wine unmixed?

Sil. It is just; for taste will induce the purchase.

Ulys. And truly I bring a cup together with the skin.

Sil. Come, pour forth, that I may recollect as I drink.

Ulys. See!

Sil. O Gods! how sweet an odor it has!

Ulys. What, didst thou see it?

Sil. No, by Jove, but I smell it.

Ulys. Taste then, that thou mayest not praise it from report alone.

Sil. O Gods! Bacchus invites me to dance. Hah! hah! hah!

Ulys. Did it trickle through thy throat nicely for thee?

Sil. Ay, so that it came to the very tips of my nails.

Ulys. Besides this we will also give coin.

Sil. Only open the wine-skin; let the money alone.

Ulys. Bring out then some cheeses, or the offspring of sheep.

Sil. I will do this, caring little for my masters. For I

[14] From Athenæus xiv. p. 658, c., τυρὸς ὀπίας appears to be cheese curdled by the juice of figs.

would readily drain a single cup, giving the cattle of all the Cyclops in exchange, and cast myself off the White Rock[15] into the sea, having once got drunk, and bringing down mine eyelids. For he, who rejoices not when drinking, is mad, where it is for this to stand erect, and a handling of breasts, and a garden is prepared for hands to touch, and dancing too, and forgetfulness of ill. Shall I then not adore such a cup as this, bidding the ignorant Cyclops and the eye mid-head weep to his cost?

Chor. Listen, Ulysses; let us hold some converse with thee.

Ulys. And truly as friends ye confer with a friend.

Chor. Did ye take Troy and Helen into your hands?

Ulys. Ay, and we have sacked the whole house of the sons of Priam.

Sil. Did ye not then, when ye took the young lady, embrace her all in turn; since indeed she is fond of being married to many? The traitoress! who, when she saw a person wearing embroidered drawers around his legs, and a golden collar around his neck, was all in a flutter, leaving her good little man Menelaus. Never should this same race of women have been born—save for me only. See, here is for you food of sheep, O king Ulysses, a banquet of bleating lambs, and no scarcity of cheeses of pressed milk. Bear them away; go as quickly as possible from the cave, having given me in return the juice of Bacchic clusters.

Ulys. Alas! hither comes the Cyclops; what shall we do? For we are undone, O old man; whither must we fly?

Sil. Within this rock, where indeed ye may lie hid.

Ulys. This is terrible that thou sayest, to go within the toils.

Sil. It is not terrible. There are many retreats in the rock.

Ulys. Not so indeed. For greatly indeed would even Troy moan, if we fly from one man; for I have often with my shield withstood an innumerable crowd of Phrygians. But if we must die, we will die nobly; or living, will well preserve our former renown.

Cyclops. Hold! give way! what is this? What is this idle riot? Why are ye raving in Bacchic guise? Here is not Bacchus, nor cymbals of brass, nor beatings of drums. How

[15] The well-known "lover's leap."

are my young lambkins in the cave? Are they at the breast, or running under the sides of their dams; and is there plenty of cheese pressed out in the wicker vats? What do you say? What speak you? Soon shall some one of you shed tears with [a blow of] this stick. Look up, not down.

Chor. See! we are looking up to Jove himself, and I behold the stars and Orion.

Cyc. Is my dinner well got ready?

Chor. It is ready. Only let your jaws be ready.[16]

Cyc. Are the bowls also full of milk?

Chor. Ay, so that you may suck up a whole tubful, if you wish.

Cyc. Of sheep's milk, or cow's, or both mixed?

Chor. Of whatever you please. Only don't swallow me.

Cyc. By no means; for dancing in the middle of my paunch, ye would destroy me by cutting your figures.[17] Ah! what crowd is this that I see by the stalls? Some pirates or thieves have landed in the country. I at all events see these lambs from my caves bound as to their bodies with bent osiers, and the cheese-vats scattered about, and this old man with his bald head swollen with blows.

Sil. Alas! I wretched am being beaten into a fever.

Cyc. By whom? Who has been pummeling thy head, old man?

Sil. These men, O Cyclops; because I would not allow them to plunder your property.

Cyc. Knew they not that I was a God, and sprung from Gods?

Sil. I told them so; but they carried off your goods, and eat the cheese, when I did not allow it, and dragged away the lambs. And they said that, after they had bound you with a collar three cubits long, they would by force drill out your entrails through your central eye,[18] and tan[19] your back well

[16] A tolerable parallel to the heartless conduct of the waiter, who in answer to the question of the testy gentleman, whether his steak was ready? wantonly replied, "No, but your chops are." See Albert Smith's "Bowl of Punch."

[17] The reader will probably call to mind Baron Munchausen's exploit in the belly of the fish.

[18] But *ὀμφαλὸν*, Scalig. Dind.

[19] *ἀπολέψειν* and *μυλῶνα* are the excellent emendations of Ruhnk. Ep. Crit. 2, p. 208, for *ἀποθλίψειν* and *πυλῶνα*. Heath and Woodhull

for you with a scourge; and then, having bound you, they would cast you into the deck of their ship, and sell you to somebody, to heave up stones, or put you to the mill.

Cyc. Indeed! Will you not with all haste go and sharpen the knives, and collecting a mighty pile of fagots, set it on fire? that being slaughtered forthwith, they may fill my belly as I eat flesh warm from off the coals for the carver,[20] and some boiled and sodden in a caldron; for I am sick of the mountain-haunting deer; I have banqueted enough on lions and stags, and it is a long time since I tasted any human flesh.

Sil. And truly new things after customary are more pleasant, O master. For certainly other strangers have not lately come to these caves.

Ulys. O Cyclops, hear too the strangers in their turn. We, desiring to meet with the purchase of food, came nigh thy caves from our ship. But this man sold and gave us lambs in return for a vessel of wine, having received it to drink, willing to us willing; and none of these things was done by violence. But this man says nothing true in what he says, since he was caught selling your goods without your knowledge.

Sil. I? A murrain on thee!

Ulys. If I speak falsely—

Sil. By Neptune, who begat thee, O Cyclops, by the great Triton and Nereus, by Calypso and the daughters of Nereus, by the sacred waves and all the race of fishes,[21] I swear, O dearest one, O little Cyclops, O dear little master, that I never

defend *πυλῶνα*, thinking that the breaking of doors (cf. Hor. Od. i. 25, I sqq. Theocrit. ii. 127) at the houses of popular ladies is facetiously alluded to by Silenus.

[20] If this reading is correct, the construction must be, *πλήν. νηδ. τ. ἐμὴν ἔδοντος* (ventrem meum comedentis) *δαῖτα θερμὴν ἀπ' ἀνθρακος* [*ἐμοὶ*] *τῷ κρεανόμῳ*, making *τῷ κρεανόμῳ* the dativus commodi, (cf. vs. 345, *τῷ θεῷ*,) and supplying some such participle as *παρασκευασμένην* with *ἀπ' ἀνθρακος*. This is more clear than Matthiæ's explanation; but I believe Dindorf is right in considering it as a corrupt passage, and reading, partly with Musgrave, partly with Dobree, *ἑλόντος δαῖτ' ἄτερ κρεανόμου*. The term *κρεανόμου* ought certainly to be applied to the servant, (Pollux vii. 6,) not to the person eating. The office answers to that of the "diribitores." (Apul. Met. ii. p. 123, ed. Elm.)

[21] This seems almost like the origin of the phrase, "Gods and little fishes."

sold thy goods to the strangers. Or evilly may perish these evil children mine, whom I most love.

Chor. Keep thyself quiet! I myself saw thee selling the goods to the strangers. And if I speak falsely, may my father perish, but do not wrong these strangers.

Cyc. Ye lie. I believe this man more than Rhadamanthus, and say that he is more just. But I wish to ask some questions. From whence have you sailed, O strangers? Of what country are ye? What city has trained you up?

Ulys. We are of Ithaca by race; and departing from Troy, having sacked the city, we have been cast out, O Cyclops, by the waves of the sea, and are come to thy land.

Cyc. What, are ye they who went to the city of Troy, neighboring on the Scamander, in a pursuit after the rape of worthless Helen?

Ulys. The same, having toiled through the terrible trouble.

Cyc. A base expedition, forsooth; ye who for one woman's sake sailed away to the land of the Phrygians.

Ulys. It was the will of the deity;[22] charge none of mortals with it. But we implore thee, O noble son of the marine God—and we speak like freemen—do not thou endure to slay friends who have come to thy caves, and place an impious food in thy jaws; we who have enshrined[23] thy sire, O king, to have the station of his temple in the recesses of the Grecian land. And the haven of Tænarus, an unviolated temple, awaits him; and the extreme recesses of Malea, and the rock of Sunium, with its silver under it, preserved for Jove-born Minerva, and the retreats of Geræstus; but we pardoned not to the Phrygians the foul reproach of Greece. In which matters thou also sharest, for thou dwellest in Grecian[24] recesses beneath Ætna, the fire-streaming rock. But turn thou away to the consideration of human laws, [so as] to receive shipwrecked suppliant mariners, and to bestow gifts, and furnish raiment, and not that they, fixed upon bull-piercing spits, may fill thy belly and jowls. For enough has the land of Priam

[22] *θεοῦ τὸ πρᾶγμα* from the following *αἰτιῶ*, must be nearly equivalent to *ἀιτία θεοῦ*, in Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 3.

[23] I read *ἱδρυσάμεσθα*, with Steph. Dobr. Dind. On the places here mentioned see Barnes and Musgrave.

[24] Alluding by a prolepsis to the subsequent colonization of the Greeks in Sicily.

emptied Greece, drinking the blood of many dead, slain by the spear, and has destroyed widowed wives, and childless grandams, and hoary sires. But if thou, having burned these relics, devour a bitter banquet, whither shall any one turn? But be persuaded by me, O Cyclops; relax the gluttony of thy jaw, and prefer piety to impiety; for to many has base gain brought punishment in exchange.

Sil. I wish to give this advice. Leave not a morsel of this fellow's flesh; but if thou eatest his tongue, thou wilt become a most clever talker, O Cyclops.

Cyc. Wealth, my little man, is the deity of the wise; the rest is a mere brag and fine words. And I bid farewell to the sea-shore promontories, on which my father is enshrined. Why hast thou set these forward in thy speech? Nor do I dread the thunder-bolt of Jove, O stranger; nor do I know that Jove is a more potent deity than myself, nor will I care [for him] in future; and why I care not, hear. When he pours down rain from above, I have a secure shelter in this rock, feasting on either a roasted calf, or some savage beast, and well moistening my supine belly, drinking up a pitcher of milk, I smite the plain,[25] making a noise in contest with the thunders of Jove. But when Thracian Boreas pours forth snow, clothing my body in skins of wild beasts, and kindling a fire, I care not for the snow. And the earth of necessity, whether she will or not, bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks, which I sacrifice to no one but myself, and not to the Gods, and to this my belly, the greatest of Gods; for to drink and eat each day, and to give one's self no trouble, this is [the God] Jove for wise men. But they who enacted laws, checkering the life of men, I bid to weep; but I will not cease from indulging my spirit, and eating up thee. And thou shalt receive this hospitable gift, that I may be free from blame; the fire, and this mine ancestral caldron, which bubbling shall pleasantly receive thy tough[26] flesh. But go ye within, that, standing round the altar [prepared] for the deity within the cave, ye may feast me.

Ulys. Alas! From the labors of Troy, indeed, and of the sea I have escaped, but now I have met with the disposition and inhospitable heart of an impious man. O Pallas, O mistress,

[25] I read *πέδον*, with Musgr. Dind.
[26] Such seems to be the meaning of *δυσφόρητον*.

daughter of Jove, now, now give me your aid; for I have come to greater toils and depths of danger than at Troy. And thou, who dwellest in the habitation of the shining stars, O Jove, the guardian of strangers, behold these things; for if thou regardest them not, thou, O Jove, being naught, art vainly esteemed a God.

CHOR. Open the lips of thy wide jaw, O Cyclops, since there is ready for thee [meat] boiled, and roast, and from the coals, to devour, to grind, to mince the limbs of the strangers, cut up on dishes of shaggy hide. Do not, do not, I pray you, betray [me] alone; for [me] alone bring[27] a ship's hull. Adieu to this dwelling, and to the sacrifice which the godless[28] Cyclops of Ætna possesses, rejoicing in the food of strangers' flesh. Cruel the daring wretch, who sacrifices the suppliant hearth-guests of his home, cutting, mincing, and feasting with accursed teeth on the flesh of men warm from the coals.[29]

ULYS. O Jove, what shall I say? seeing dreadful things within the cave, and not to be believed, like the tales, not the deeds of mortals.

CHOR. What is it, Ulysses? has the most impious Cyclops been banqueting on thy dear companions?

ULYS. Ay, having looked at two of them, and weighed them in his hands,[30] which had the best-fed thickness of flesh.

CHOR. How, O wretched one, did ye suffer these things?

ULYS. After we entered into this rocky cave, he first kindled a fire, casting fagots of the lofty oak upon the wide hearth, sufficient weight for three wagons to carry. He then spread his bed of beech leaves on the ground near the flame of the fire; and filled a cup holding about ten gallons, pouring in the white milk, after having milked the heifers. And he set a cup formed of the ivy-tree, of the width of three

[27] I am but ill satisfied respecting this passage. Matthiæ regards the preceding words as spoken reproachfully, and vs. 361, as referring to Ulysses, not to the Cyclops. The saying, *μόνος—σκάφος*, is by some regarded as a proverbial phrase = "take care of yourself alone." I must confess my inability to satisfy the reader in this instance.

[28] *ἀποβώμιος, ἄθεος, καὶ θυσίαι ἀποβώμιοι, αἱ μὴ ἐν τοῖς βωμοῖς*, Hesych., evidently referring to this passage, since the adjective may be referred either to *Κύκλωψ* or *θυσία*. MATTHIÆ.

[29] Utterly corrupt, as is evident from the tame repetitions in vs. 370 sq. and the confusion of sense in *ἐφθά—ἀπ' ἀνθράκων*, which ought to be distinguished, as in vs. 244 sqq., 358.

[30] This must be the meaning of *βαστάσας*.

cubits, but the depth appeared to be of four. Then he made the brazen caldron bubble with fire, and [he got ready] spits with the points burned with fire, and the other parts polished with the bill, [formed] of boughs of the christ-thorn,[31] and Ætnean vessels to receive the blood shed by the jaw of the axe. But when all things were ready for the God-detested cook of Hades, having seized on two men of my companions, he slaughtered them in a certain order,[32] one against the brazen-wrought hollow of the caldrons, but seizing the other by the farthest tendon of his foot, striking indeed against the sharp nail-like point of a rocky stone, he caused to flow the brain; and having seized upon the flesh with a savage knife, he roasted it in the fire; and put some of the limbs into the caldron to boil. But I wretched, pouring forth tears from mine eyes, approached, and ministered to the Cyclops. But the rest, like birds, kept crouched down in the recesses of the rock, and no blood was in their skin. But when, sated with the food of my companions, he fell down, sending forth heavy breathings from his jaws, some divine counsel inspired me. Having filled Maro's cup with pure wine, I bring it to him to drink,[33] speaking thus, "O Cyclops, son of the ocean God, look at this, how divine a draught Greece obtains from the vine, the juice of Bacchus." But he, being filled with his shameless repast, received it, and emptied it, drawing it in without fetching his breath.[34] And lifting up his hand, he commended [me]: "O dearest of strangers, a glorious cup for a glorious banquet dost thou give me." But when I perceived that he was delighted, I gave him another cup, knowing that the wine would do for him, and that he would soon pay the penalty. And then he betook himself to singing. But I, pouring out one cup after another, warmed

[31] I read *δρεπάνῳ τἄλλα, παλιούρου* (cf. interpp. on Virg. Ecl. v. 39) *κλάδων*, with Scal. Dind. On vs. 395, cf. Curt. iii. 2, "lignum igne duraverant." So Virg. Æn. vii. 524; xi. 894; Ovid, Met. xii. 299.

[32] *ῥυθμῷ τινι* well expresses the cool deliberation with which the Cyclops prepared his delicate banquet. With the description that follows the reader will do well to compare the parallel passages in Homer, Od. i. 288 sqq.; Virg. Æn. iii. 623 sqq.; Ovid, Met. xiv. 205 sqq.

[33] *αὐτῷ τοῦδε.* L. Dindorf, referring *δεικτικῶς* to the wine-skin he carried.

[34] i. e. at a single draught. See on Hor. Od. i. 36, 14. Pollux, vi. 3, *ἀμναὶ πίνειν ἀμναίζειν, χανδὸν πίνειν*, and 16, *οὐ μόνον τὴν ἀθρόαν πόσιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐκπώματος σχῆμα δηλοῖ.*

his heart with drink. And he sang all out of tune close to my weeping fellow-sailors, and the cave echoed. But I, stealing out in silence, wish to preserve thee and me, if thou art willing. Say then, whether ye wish or do not wish to escape from this unsocial man, and to dwell in the home of Bacchus along with the Naiad Nymphs? For thy father within approves of this; but[35] he is weak, and caring for naught, through drink, he wavers, having his wing caught by the cup, as if by bird-lime. But do you (for you are a sturdy youth) be saved along with me, and recover your old friend Bacchus, not like to the Cyclops.

CHOR. O dearest one, could we but see this day, escaping from the accursed person of the Cyclops; since for a long time we are widowed as to our beloved wine,[36] not being able to escape from this man.

ULYS. Hear then the revenge I plan against this wicked beast, and the escape from thy slavery.

CHOR. Speak, for I should not hear more pleasantly the twang of the Asiatic lyre than that the Cyclops was undone.

ULYS. Delighted with this draught of Bacchus, he wishes to go to a revel with his brothers.

CHOR. I understand. You think to slay or cast him down from a precipice, having seized on him alone with ropes.

ULYS. Nothing of this kind; my device is a crafty one.

CHOR. How indeed? We have long since heard that thou art clever.

ULYS. I will keep[37] him from this revel, saying, that it is not well to give this wine to the Cyclops, but to keep it to himself, and to pass his life pleasantly. But when, overpowered by Bacchus, he sleeps, there is a certain bough of olive in the house, which having sharpened at the tip with this sword, I will put into the fire. And when I see it red hot, taking it up, and driving it hot into the central orb of the Cyclops, I will burn out his eye with the fire. And as a man, in fitting together a ship, drives round and round by the handle the auger with its doubled thongs,[38] so will I whirl round the

[35] The force of *ἀλλ' ἀσθενὴς γαρ* would be, "but [he is of no use to assist us], for he is weak," etc.

[36] A double entendre. See Musg. [37] *ἀπαλλάξω*, CASAUB. DIND.

[38] Cf. Hom. Od. X. 384, *ὡς δ' ὅτε τις τρυπᾷ δόρυ νήϊον ἀνὴρ Τρυπάνῳ, οἱ δέ τ' ἔνερθεν ὑποσσείουσιν ἱμάντι 'Αψάμενοι ἑκάτερθε, τὸ δὲ τρέχει ἐμμενὲς αἰεί.* MUSGRAVE.

brand in the light-bearing eye of the Cyclops, and dry up his pupil.

Chor. Ho! ho! I rejoice, I am mad with thy contrivances.

Ulys. And then having embarked thee, and thy friends, and the old man[39] in the hollow hull of the dark ship, I will with a double tier of oars convey you from this land.

Chor. Can I then, as if after a libation to a God,[40] take hold also of the brand that blinds his eye? For I wish to take part in this slaughter.

Ulys. You must do so; for the brand of which we have to take hold together, is great.

Chor. I would raise it, were it a hundred wagon-loads in weight, if I could tear out, like a swarm of wasps, the eye of the Cyclops about to perish.

Ulys. Be silent then, for thou knowest well my stratagem; and when I bid, obey the prime mover of the scheme. For I will not alone be saved, having left my dear friends who are within. And yet I might fly, since I have passed out of the cave's recess; but it is not just to be saved alone, deserting my friends with whom I came hither.

Sem. Come! Who first? And who appointed after the first, having laid fast hold of the handle of the brand, and driven it within the eyelids of the Cyclops, shall tear out his brilliant eye?

Sem. Peace! peace! and now drunk, singing an unpleasant tune, the unskilled songster is about to weep, coming out of the rocky dwelling. Come,[41] let us with revels teach the untaught [savage]. By all means shall he soon be blind.

Chor. Blest is he who revels like a Bacchanal, extended out for a revel through the pleasant streams of the grape, fondling in his arms a beloved youth, and on a couch, perfumed with ointment, handling the anointed auburn tresses of a delicate mistress, while he cries out, "Who will open the door for me?"[42]

[39] Silenus.

[40] A reference to the brand dipped in the lustral water. Matthiæ.

[41] I should prefer making a different division of these lines, assigning vss. 492, 493, to one half of the chorus, and 494 to the other.

[42] The probable commencement of a serenade. A specimen will be found in Tibull. i. 2, "Janua difficilis domini, te verberet imber, Te Jovis imperio fulmina missa petant. Janua jam pateas uni mihi victa querelis, neu furtim verso cardine aperta sones."

Cyc. Hah! hah! hah! full indeed [am I] with wine, and am pleased with the joy[43] of the banquet. Freighted, like a bark of burden, up to the top deck of my belly. But the pleasant grass invites me to the revel in the spring-time, to my brother Cyclops. Bear me, O stranger, bear, and give me the wine-skin.

Chor. Looking pleasantly from his eyes, pleasantly he passes from the house. * * Some one loves us. But a hostile brand awaits thy person, and like a tender nymph is within the dewy cave.[44] And not one tint of crowns shall shortly surround thy head.[45]

Ulys. Cyclops, listen; for I am experienced in the wine which I gave thee to drink.

Cyc. And what God is Bacchus held to be?

Ulys. The greatest to men for delight of life.

Cyc. I therefore throw him up[46] pleasantly.

Ulys. Such is the God; he hurts none of mortals.

Cyc. But how can a God rejoice at having his abode in a skin?

Ulys. Wherever any one places him, there he is well suited.

Cyc. It behooves not the Gods to have a habitation in skins.

Ulys. But what matter, if it delight thee? Is the skin disagreeable to thee?

Cyc. I hate the skin, but I love this cup.

Ulys. Remain then and drink, and please yourself, O Cyclops.

Cyc. Must I not share this drink with my brothers?

Ulys. [No,] for by keeping it yourself, you will appear more honorable.

Cyc. But more useful, by giving it to my friends.

Ulys. A revel loves fisticuffs, and abusive strife.

Cyc. Granted I am drunk. But no one on earth would touch me.

Ulys. My good friend, it behooves one who has been drinking, to remain at home.

Cyc. A dolt is he, who having drunk, loves not reveling.

Ulys. But whoever being drunk remains at home, is wise.

[43] ἥβη voluptatem significat, quæ e conviviis capitur. Matthiæ.
[44] A sorry heap of corruption. See Dind.
[45] Alluding to his burned and mauled appearance.
[46] Lit. "I belch him up."

Cyc. What shall we do, O Silenus? Do you think we should remain?

Ulys. I think so; for what need is there of fellow-wassailers, O Cyclops?

Cyc. And truly the ground of the flowery grass is covered with down.

Sil. Ay, and 'tis delightful to drink in the warmth of the sun. Sit down then by me, resting thy side on the ground.

Cyc. See! why indeed dost thou set the cup behind me?

Sil. That no one should come and lay hold of it.

Cyc. No, it is that you want to drink by stealth. Set it in the midst. But do thou, O stranger, say by what name I must call thee.

Ulys. No-man. But obtaining what favor, shall I commend thee?

Cyc. I will banquet on thee the last of all thy companions.

Ulys. A pretty honor, indeed, thou grantest to a stranger, O Cyclops.

Cyc. Ho you! what doest thou? art thou drinking the wine by stealth?

Sil. Not so, but this [wine] kissed me, because I look fair.

Cyc. Thou shalt pay for it, kissing the wine that kisses not thee.

Sil. Yes, by Jove, since it says that it loves me, being fair.

Cyc. Pour forth, and give me only a full cup.

Sil. How is it mixed. Come, let me see.

Cyc. Perdition seize you! give it here.

Sil. Not, by Jove, before I see you put on a crown, and I taste it further.

Cyc. My cup-bearer is a cheat.

Sil. Ay, by Jove, the wine is sweet. But thou oughtest to wipe thy mouth, that thou mayest receive it to drink.

Cyc. See! my lips and beard are clean.

Sil. Place then your elbow gracefully, and then drink as thou seest me drinking, or not.[47]

Cyc. Ah! ah! what wilt thou do?

Sil. I took a delightful draught without drawing breath.

Cyc. Do thou, O stranger, taking it, yourself become my cup-bearer.

Ulys. [The juice of] the vine is [well] known to my hand.

[47] i. e. imitate me, both when I am drinking, and when not.

Cyc. Come, pour it out then.

Ulys. I pour it out; only be silent.

Cyc. Thou speakest of a difficult matter to him who drinks much.

Ulys. See! taking it, drink it up, and leave nothing. For it behooves a person to take a draught and to die with his cup.

Cyc. O Gods, wise indeed is the tree of the vine.

Ulys. And if indeed you drink much, in addition to an abundant repast, having moistened your not-thirsting stomach, thou wilt fall asleep. But if thou leavest aught, Bacchus will make thee dry.

Cyc. Ho! ho! with what difficulty I have swum out—this is unmixed delight. But the heaven appears to me to be borne along mingled with the earth, and I perceive the throne of Jove and all the holy glory of the Gods. I will not kiss you—the Graces are tempting me. Having this Ganymede, enough for me, I shall rest most sweetly, by the Graces. For somehow I am more pleased with boys than women.

Sil. For am I the Ganymede of Jove, O Cyclops?

Cyc. Ay, by Jove, whom I carry off from Dardanus.

Sil. I am undone, children; I shall suffer wretched ills.

Chor. Dost blame thy lover, and wanton over him fallen.

Sil. Alas! I soon shall see wine most bitter.

Ulys. Come then, ye sons of Bacchus, noble children; the man indeed is within. But relaxed in sleep soon will he vomit forth lumps of flesh from his shameless maw. And the brand sends forth smoke within the hall, and nothing remains to be got ready, but to burn out the Cyclops' eye. Take care then to act like a man.

Chor. We will have a mind of rock and adamant. But go into the house, before thy father suffer aught unbeseeming, since things here are ready for thee.

Ulys. O Vulcan, king of Ætna, release thyself at once from thine evil neighbor, having burned out his shining eye. And thou too, sleep, the nursling of black night, fall with thy full strength upon this God-detested brute, and do not, after the most glorious labors of Troy, destroy Ulysses himself, and his sailors, at the hands of a man who cares naught for Gods or mortals. Or it is necessary that one esteem fortune a deity, and the power of the Gods inferior to fortune.

Chor. Firmly will a crab-like grapple seize the neck of the

feaster on strangers; for by fire he will soon lose his light-bearing eyes. Already the fire-hardened brand, the mighty branch of a tree,[48] is hidden in the cinders. But go forth, Maro, let it maddened work revenge. Let it take out the Cyclops' eye, that to his cost he may drink. And I desire to see beloved, ivy-loving Bacchus, quitting the solitude of the Cyclops. Shall I then come to so great a thing?

Ulys. By the Gods! be silent, ye savages,[49] keeping close your mouths. I can not allow one of you even to breathe, nor wink, nor cough; lest this evil thing should wake—until that the sight of the Cyclops' eye be taken away by fire.

Chor. Let us keep silence, snuffing the air in with your jaws.

Ulys. Come then, and seize the brand in your hands, going within. For it is heated nicely red hot.

Chor. You must then appoint those, whom it first behooves to take the burned lever, and burn out the eye of the Cyclops, that we may share in one fortune.

Sem. We indeed before the portals are too far off to stand and drive the fire into his eye.

Sem. And we have just become lame.

Sem. Ye have suffered just the same thing with me; for as we stood, our feet were convulsed, I know not how.

Sem. Ye were convulsed as ye stood?

Sem. Ay, and our eyes from somewhere or other are filled with dust or ashes.

Ulys. These allies are worthless cowards, and naught.

Chor. Because, forsooth, we have compassion for our back and spine, and because, being beaten, I do not wish to lose my teeth, this is cowardice? But I know a most excellent incantation of Orpheus, so that the brand of its own accord entering his skull, may burn the one-eyed son of earth.

Ulys. I have long since known that thou wert such by nature; and now I know it still better; I needs must then make use of mine own friends. But if thou hast no strength of hand, at least cheer [us] on, since we shall obtain courage by the cheers of you our friends.

Chor. I will do this. We will run a Carian[50] risk. And

[48] *δρῦς, πᾶν ξύλον καὶ δένδρον.* Hesych.

[49] Hesych. *θῆρας: τοὺς σατύρους.*

[50] As the Carians were the earliest mercenary soldiers, the chorus fa-

as far as our encouragement goes, let the Cyclops burn. Ho! ho! most nobly push on, hasten, burn out the eyelid of the monster that feeds on strangers. Burn, O burn, O the shepherd of Ætna. Drive, push, lest in his pain he do you some vain deed.

CYC. Alas! I am burned to ashes as to my bright eye. (*from within the cave.*)

CHOR. Sweet is the pæan. Sing this to me, O Cyclops.

CYC. Alas! again, how am I injured, how am I undone! But ye shall not with impunity escape from out of this rock, ye men of naught; for standing at the gates of this opening, I will thus fix my hands. (*he comes to the entrance.*)

CHOR. Wherefore dost thou cry out, O Cyclops!

CYC. I am undone.

CHOR. Ay, thou appearest in base plight.

CYC. Ay, and wretched to boot.

CHOR. Drunk didst thou fall into the midst of the cinders?

CYC. No-man[52] has ruined me.

CHOR. Why, then, no man has harmed thee.

CYC. No-man has blinded mine eye.

CHOR. Then thou art not blind.

CYC. As would that you were.[53]

CHOR. And how could No-man make thee blind?

CYC. Thou mockest me. But where is No-man?

CHOR. Nowhere, Cyclops.

CYC. The stranger, that thou mayest rightly know, has destroyed me, the wicked rascal, who having given me the cup, overthrew me.

CHOR. For wine is terrible, and heavy to strive against.

CYC. By the Gods, have they escaped, or do they remain within the house?

CHOR. They stand in silence, having the rock as a shade.

CYC. At which hand?

CHOR. At thy right.

CYC. Where?

CHOR. Close by the rock. Hast thou got them?

cetiously say, that they run a Carian risk, in allowing others to fight for them. See Musgrave.

[52] This pun upon οὖτις is Homeric.

[53] So Barnes. Dindorf thinks the whole line spurious.

Cyc. Evil indeed upon evil! I have struck my skull and broken it.

Chor. Ay, and they have escaped thee.

Cyc. Not by this road; where you said they were.

Chor. I say not by this road.

Cyc. Where then?

Chor. They surround thee on your left hand.

Cyc. Alas! I am laughed at; ye mock me in my disaster.

Chor. But no longer; for this man stands before thee.

Cyc. O thou most base one, where ever art thou?

Ulys. Far from thee I am keeping this body of Ulysses under guard.

Cyc. How sayest thou? changing thy name, dost thou mention a new one?

Ulys. Ay, Ulysses, the one my father named me. But thou wast destined to pay a penalty for thy impious banquets; for in vain indeed I had burned Troy, had I not avenged on thee the slaughter of my comrades.

Cyc. Alas! the old oracle is fulfilled. For it was said that I should obtain a blinded sight from thee on thy sailing from Troy. But it also foretold that thou shouldst undergo punishment for this, being tossed at sea for a long space of time.

Ulys. I bid thee weep! and I have done as I say. But I will go to the shore, and will launch the bark of my ship upon the Sicilian Sea, and toward my country.

Cyc. Not so; since breaking off [a piece] of this rock, I will hurl it, and shatter thee, crew and all. And I will mount high up on the cliff, although being blind, moving on with my foot through this crannied rock.

Chor. But we indeed, being the fellow-voyagers of Ulysses, will hereafter serve Bacchus.

RHESUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CHORUS OF TROJAN
GUARDS.
HECTOR.
ÆNEAS.
DOLON.
MESSENGER.
RHESUS.
ULYSSES.
DIOMEDE.
MINERVA.
PARIS.
MUSE.
CHARIOTEER OF RHESUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE action of this piece takes place by night in the Trojan camp. Rhesus, king of Thrace, comes to the assistance of Hector, and is confident of obtaining an immediate victory over the Greeks, who are supposed to be on the point of leaving Troy. But Dolon, who had gone forth as a spy, being intercepted, Ulysses and Diomede discover the Trojan pass-word, and, by the advice of Minerva, slay him. The Muse, his mother, appears, and her lamentations conclude the play.

RHESUS.[1]

CHORUS.

Go to the tent of Hector, some sleepless henchman of the king, [to inquire] whether he has received a report of new intelligence from the armed soldiers, who sit in watch over the whole army for the fourth part of the night. Uplift your head, resting on your elbow, relax the gorgon-looking seat of thine eyelashes, quit thy leaf-strewn couch, O Hector, for it is the time to hear.

HECTOR. Who is this? is it the voice of a friend? What man? What is the watch-word? Pronounce. What men by night approach my bed? You must speak out.

CHOR. The guards of the camp.

HEC. Why art thou borne along in confusion?

CHOR. Be of good cheer.

HEC. I am so. Is there some nightly ambuscade?

CHOR. Not yet.

HEC. Why then dost thou, having quitted thy post, already

[1] Since the days of Scaliger (Prolegg. in Manil. p. 6) and Petitus (Miscel. iii. 22) the genuineness of this play has been impugned by various authors, especially by Harduin, Valckenaer, (Diatr. ix. and x.) Beck, (Diatr. in Rhes.) and Matthiæ. Dindorf is rather inclined to consider it as a juvenile work of our poet's, on the authority of a Scholiast in the Cod. Vat. on vs. 515, and would assign it to Olymp. 81, making it about fifteen years older than the Alcestis. He is also disposed to regard it as a satyric drama, or rather as a species of mixed domestic drama, akin to the Alcestis and Heraclidæ (Annot. p. 560 sqq.). Schlegel (Lect. 10) leaves the question undecided, observing: "If the piece is to be taken from Euripides, I should be disposed to attribute it to some eclectic imitator, but one of the school of Sophocles rather than that of Euripides, and who lived only a little later than both."

stir the army, unless having some nightly tidings?[2] Knowest thou not that we, armed cap-a-pie, are keeping our nightly rest close to the Argive spear?

Chor. Arm thy band, go to the tents[3] of your allies, O Hector. Encourage them to wield the spear, wake them. Send friends to go to thy battalion; fit the horses to the harness. Who will go to the son of Panthus,[4] or to the son of Europa,[5] the leader of the Lycian warriors? Where are the presidents of the sacrifices? and where the monarchs of the light-armed troops?[6] And ye bow-bearers of the Phrygians, join your horn-bound bows to the strings.

Hec. Some things thou tellest terrible to hear; but in others thou givest good cheer, and nothing unmixed. But art thou terrified by the trembling scourge of Saturnian Pan,[7] and having left thy station, puttest the army in motion? What sayest thou? What news shall I say thou bearest? In having said many things, thou hast shown nothing clearly.

Chor. The Argolic army has kept its beacon-fires lighted, Hector, through the whole night, and the stations of the ships are brilliant[8] with torches, and all the army in tumult rush by night to the tent of Agamemnon, seeking some new orders. For never before was the ship-wafted armament so terrified. And suspecting the future, I have come as a messenger to thee, that thou mayest never speak any blame against me.

Hec. Thou hast come in time, although announcing a fear; for the men are about to betake themselves to flight from this land, by a nightly sailing, lying hid from mine eye; and the beacon-lights by night are pleasing to me. O thou deity, who hast deprived me, a successful lion, of my banquet, before that I

[2] Cf. Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 28, Δέγει μεγίστην προσβολὴν Ἀχαΐδα Νυκτηνορεῖσθαι.

[3] Literally, "their couches," as in vs. 1.

[4] Euphorbus. [5] Sarpedon.

[6] Pollux, i. 10, 5, γυμνῆτες, κοῦφοι, ἐλαφροί—ψιλοί, σφενδονῆται, λιθοβόλοι.

[7] All sudden terrors were attributed to the influence of Pan. On his parentage it is observed by the Schol. Theocrit. i. 123, τὸν Πᾶνα οἱ μὲν Πηνελόπης καὶ Ὀδυσσέως, ἢ Ἑρμοῦ, ἄλλοι δέ Διὸς καὶ Καλλιστοῦς, ἕτεροι δὲ Αἰθέρος καὶ Οἰνηΐδος, ἢ Νηρηΐδος, ἔνιοι δέ Οὐρανοῦ καὶ Γῆς. But the Scholiast on this passage in Cod. Vat. 909, quotes Æschylus as an authority for distinguishing between Pan the son of Jove, and Pan the son of Saturn. So also Joannes Lydus de Mensibus, 4, 74, quoted by Dindorf.

[8] διΐπετὴς, διαφανὴς. Etym. Magn. See Musgrave.

had utterly destroyed the whole host of the Argives with this spear. For if the shining beams of the sun had not contracted, I would not have restrained my prospering spear, till I had burned their ships, and made my way through the tents, slaying the Argives with this much-slaughtering hand. And I indeed was willing to hurl the spear by night, and use the prospering course of fortune; but the wise prophets, skilled in things divine, persuaded me to await the light of day, and then not to leave a single Greek upon the land. But they wait not for the plans of my soothsayers; in darkness a runaway has mighty strength. But it behooves you with all haste to bear orders to the army to take their arms in hand, and cease from sleep; that some of the [enemy] leaping even upon the ships, nay, wounded in the back, stain the ladders with blood, and some, being caught and bound in fetters, may learn to till the land of the Phrygians.

CHOR. Hector, thou art hastening, before thou learnest what is done; for we do not clearly know whether the men are taking flight.

HEC. But what reason is there for the army of the Argives to kindle beacon-fires?

CHOR. I know not; but to my mind it is very suspicious.

HEC. Know that, this fearing, thou wouldst fear every thing.

CHOR. Never before did the enemy kindle so great a light.

HEC. Nor did they ever so basely fall in the flight of battle.

CHOR. Thou didst achieve this; therefore consider present matters.

HEC. There is against foes a simple word,—"Arm hands."

CHOR. And truly hither comes Æneas, and with much haste of foot, having some new matter to inform his friends.

ÆNEAS. Hector, wherefore do the nightly guards throughout the army, having come in terror to thy tents, hold converse by night, and [why] is the army in disturbance?

HEC. Attire thy body in arms, Æneas.

ÆN. What is the matter? Is any secret stratagem of our enemies announced to be settled during night?

HEC. The men are taking flight and embarking in the ships.

ÆN. What safe evidence of this canst thou allege?

Hec. Through all the night they are burning beacons of fire; and they seem to me not likely to remain till morning; but having kindled torches upon their well-banked ships, they will in flight set sail homeward from this land.

Æn. But as being about to do what under these circumstances dost thou arm thine hand?

Hec. As they are flying and leaping upon their ships, I will restrain them with my spear, and will press heavy upon them; for it is base for us, and besides the baseness an evil, that, when the deity favors, we should without a battle let the enemy escape, who have done many ills.

Æn. Would thou wert a man of good counsel, as [thou art good][9] to use thine hand. But the same one of mortals is not born to know all things, but one gift belongs to one person, [another to another]; to thee, indeed, to fight; but to others to take good counsel. Thou who forsooth, on hearing of the beacon-fires, wast elated with the idea that the Greeks were taking flight, and wast about to lead the army, having passed over the ditches during night. And yet, having once passed the hollow depth of the trenches, if you do not find the enemy flying from the land, but facing thy spear, shouldst thou be conquered indeed, thou canst not return hither to the city; for how wilt thou pass the palisades in the flight of battle? and how again will the charioteers pass the bridges, unless they break the axles of their chariots? But if victorious, you have the son of Peleus as an adversary, who will not allow thee to hurl flames upon the ships, or to carry off the Greeks in the manner thou thinkest. For he is a fierce man, and towered up with boldness. But let us suffer the army to sleep quiet by their shields after their toils in war; and to me it seems good to send a scout toward the enemy, whosoever shall be willing; and if indeed they are taking to flight, let us go and fall upon the army of the Argives; but if these watch-fires are leading to any stratagem, let us, having learned the contrivances of the enemy from the scout, take counsel. This is the opinion I have, O king.

Chor. This seems good [to us]; this do thou, changing thy opinion, consider; for I love not the strength of commanders that stumbles. For what is better than for a swift scout to

[9] Supply εὖ πεφυκὼς, or ἱκανὸς, with Matthiæ. For the sentiment cf. Il. N. 729 sqq.

go nigh the ships, [to see] why indeed the flame is being lighted up along the drawn-up prows of the ships of the enemy?

Hec. Ye prevail; since these matters please all. But go and arrange thine allies; perhaps the army may move, having heard the nightly advice. But I will send a scout against the enemy. And if indeed we learn any contrivance of the enemy, thou shalt hear all, and present shalt learn the reason; but if they go away setting off for a flight, do thou, awaiting the voice of the trumpet, tarry, as I am about to; but I will mingle this night with the hulls of the ships against the host of the Argives.

Æn. Send with all haste; for now thou thinkest safely. And thou shalt see me doing bravely with thee, when there is a need.

Hec. Who then of the Trojans, who are present at this conference, is willing to go as a scout to the ships of the Argives? Who will be a benefactor of this land? who says [he will]? I can not assist in all things my ancestral city and my allies.

Dolon. I am willing, running this hazard for the country, to go as a scout to the ships of the Argives; and I will come back, having learned all the plans of the Greeks. On these terms I undertake this task.

Hec. Dolon[10] is rightly named, and loves the city. But thou hast now rendered the house of your father, before glorious, twice again as glorious.

Dol. I must therefore labor, and laboring, bear off a worthy reward. For the gain that is added to every deed brings forth a double pleasure.

Hec. Yea, and I say that this is just, and not otherwise. But fix your reward, save only my royal power.

Dol. I covet not thy troublesome power.

Hec. But do thou, by marriage, become a kinsman of the sons of Priam.

Dol. I do not wish to marry out of families greater than myself.

Hec. Gold is at hand, if thou askest this as a reward.

Dol. But I have it at home. I lack not means.

Hec. What then dost thou desire of the things that Troy contains?

[10] i. e. the crafty one.

Dol. When thou hast conquered the Greeks, promise me gifts.

Hec. I will give them; but do thou ask aught, save the [captive] generals of the ships.

Dol. Slay [them], I do not ask for thine hands to be restrained from Menelaus.

Hec. Thou dost not crave of me to receive the son of Oileus?

Dol. Useless for agriculture are delicately trained hands.

Hec. Whom then of the Greeks dost thou wish to possess alive for thy reward?

Dol. I have before said, there is gold in mine house.

Hec. And truly you yourself, being present, shall take choice of the spoils.

Dol. Nail them upon the houses of the Gods.

Hec. What greater reward wilt thou ask me than these?

Dol. The horses of Achilles; for it behooves me to labor for a worthy object, risking my life upon the dice of fortune.

Hec. And truly thou art a rival to me of the horses I love; for they, being born immortal from immortals, bear the valiant son of Peleus. But the marine king Neptune, having broken them in, bestows them on Peleus, as they say. But having excited thee [with hope], I will not deceive thee; but I will give to thee the chariot of Achilles, a most glorious possession in thine house.

Dol. I commend [thy words]; and having received them, I say that I shall receive the fairest gift of the Phrygians for my strong heart. But thou must not be envious; thou hast ten thousand other things, in which thou wilt be delighted, being the best man of this land.

Chor. Great is the peril; and great are the things thou dost think to obtain. Blest indeed wilt thou be, having attained thine end; and the labor is glorious; and great it is to be a kinsman of kings. May justice look down from heaven; but mortal matters appear in thee to be perfect.

Dol. I will go then; but having gone to my home and hearth, I will becomingly fit my body with armor, and thence I will direct my foot to the ships of the Argives.

Chor. Say whether thou wilt have any other garb instead of this.

Dol. Such as becomes the deed, and my stealthy walk.

Chor. From a wise man it is fitting to learn something wise. Say what will be the equipment for thy body.

Dol. I will fit a wolf's skin around my back, and will place the wide mouth of the beast upon my head, and having fitted its fore feet to my hands, and limbs to limbs, I will imitate the four-footed path of a wolf,[11] difficult to be discovered by the enemy, approaching the trenches and the bulwarks of the ships. But when I tread the clear country with my feet, I will walk on two legs. Thus is the stratagem arranged.

Chor. And well may the son of Maia, Hermes, the king of cheaters, escort thee thither and back again. But thou hast the [fashion of the] deed; thou needest only be fortunate.

Dol. I shall both be preserved, and having slain him, I will bring to thee the head of Ulysses; and having a clear evidence, thou shalt say that Dolon has indeed gone to the ships of the Greeks. Or [I will slay] the son of Tydeus, nor with unstained hand will I return home, before that light visits the earth.

Chor. O thou of Thymbra, and Delos, and who dwellest in the temple at Lycia, Apollo; O thou of a divine head, come bow in hand, come by night, and be a preserving conductor to this man on his way, and aid the sons of Dardanus; O thou all-potent, O thou that didst build the ancient walls of Troy. And may he arrive at the ship-stations, and come as a spy of the Grecian army; and may he again return to the Trojan foundations of his father's house. Then may he ascend the chariot of Phthian steeds, having destroyed the Grecian valor of their Achæan master, [the steeds] which the deity of the sea gave to Peleus, the son of Æacus; since he [Dolon] has for his house and country dared alone to go and spy the ship-stations. I marvel at his courage. Surely there is not a scarcity of the brave. When a city [like a ship] is on the sea, without the sun, and is tossed about, there is, there is one brave among the Phrygians; and there is boldness in war. He is on the side of the Mysians who despised our alliance. What man of the Greeks will the foot-traveling slaughterer wound in the tents, having the four-footed imita-

[11] Valckenaer is not particularly pleased with Dolon's ingenuity. At best, it is much less entertaining than Sancho Panza's adventure among the asses. See also Woodhull's note.

tion of a beast along the ground? May he kill Menelaus, and may he bring the head of Agamemnon, a luckless relation, having slain him, [and place] in the hands of Helen a subject for groans, who against our state, who against the Trojan land, came, having an armament of a thousand ships.

Messenger. O king, may I hereafter be a messenger to my masters of such things as I now bear to thee to learn.

Hec. In truth there are many foolish things inherent in the minds of rustics; and you indeed seem to be come to tell something about the good state of the flocks to thy masters, at an unfitting season. Dost thou not know my house, or my father's throne, where it is thy duty to proclaim thy good fortune in the flocks?

Mess. We are simple shepherds, I deny it not; but none the less I bear the good intelligence.

Hec. Cease telling me the fortunes of the fold, [for] I have battle and strife in hand.

Mess. Such matters, too, have I come to relate. For a man, commanding a force of ten thousand valiant soldiers, is wending hither as a friend to thee and an ally to this land.

Hec. Having deserted the plain of what ancestral land?

Mess. Of Thrace; and he is called [the son] of his father Strymon.

Hec. Thou sayest that Rhesus has planted his foot on Troy.

Mess. Thou hast hit it, and hast lightened me of twice as many words.

Hec. And why is he making his way toward the sacred grove of Ida, straying from the broad and level wagon track?

Mess. I know not accurately; yet one may conjecture. For by night it is not a trifling thing to lead on an army, after hearing that the country is full of a hostile band. And he caused a terror to us rustics, who on the Idæan height inhabit the original[12] dwelling, coming by night to the thicket haunted by wild beasts. For the Thracian army went along, flowing with a loud noise; and, smitten with fear, we drove our flocks to the heights, lest any one of the Argives should come to pillage and plunder thy folds. Before, indeed, we heard in

[12] Referring to the fable that Ida was inhabited before Troy was built on the plain. *αὐτόρριζον* therefore means that it was the first settlement of the aboriginal inhabitants. Musgrave.

our ears a voice not Grecian, and ceased from fear; and going, I inquired of the van-guard of the king's army in a Thracian speech, who is the general, and after whom named, who was going toward the city as an ally to the sons of Priam. And having heard all I desired to learn, I stood still; and I beheld Rhesus, like some God, standing amid the Thracian chariot-steeds. And a golden balance-beam shut in the yoke-bearing neck of the steeds, whiter than snow. And a small shield with gold-wrought devices shone upon his shoulders, and a brazen Gorgon, as on the ægis of the Goddess (Minerva), was bound to the foreheads of the horses, and with many bells sounded a fear. But the number of the army you could not put down by a calculation in pebbles, so immense was it to see; many were the horsemen; many the ranks of small shield-bearers; and many the bowmen with arrows; and a great multitude following without armor, having a Thracian dress. Such a man is present as an ally to Troy, whom neither flying, nor standing in battle, will the son of Peleus be able to escape.

Chor. Whenever the deities are well-disposed toward citizens, fortune glides downhill toward good.

Hec. Many friends I shall find, since my spear is prosperous, and Jove is on our side. But I lack none of their support, who labored not with us of old, when war, like a violent wind, shivered the sails of this land,[13] blowing stiffly. But Rhesus has shown what manner of friend he was; for he is come to the feast, not having been present with the hunters, when they took their prey, nor toiling [with them] in the battle.

Chor. Deservedly thou blamest and art angry with thy friends; but receive those who wish to benefit the city.

Hec. We are sufficient, who have preserved Troy of old.

Chor. Art thou confident that thou hast already captured the foe?

Hec. I am confident; the coming light of day shall make it manifest.

Chor. Look to the future; the deity overturns many things.

Hec. I hate to come late to the assistance of friends.

Mess. O king, it is an invidious thing to reject allies.

[13] A very bold metaphor.

[This man Rhesus] would cause terror to the enemy, merely being seen.[14]

CHOR. Let him then, since he has come, come not as an ally, but as a stranger to the table of a host; for gratitude toward him from the sons of Priam has perished.

HEC. Thou (*to the Chorus*) dost advise well; and thou (*to the Messenger*) art a scout opportunely. But on account of the messenger's words let Rhesus with his golden armor be present as an ally to this land.

CHOR. May Adrastea, then, daughter of Jove, restrain envy from my lips;[15] for I will speak as much as is pleasant to my soul to utter. Thou art come, O son of the river (Strymon), thou art come; thou hast drawn nigh to the Phrygian court, most welcome; since after a long season thy Pierian mother[16] and the fair-bridged river Strymon sends thee on, [Strymon,] who once in watery guise, eddying through the pure bosom of the tuneful muse, begat thy lovely form. Thou to me an appearing[17] Jove art come, careering with thy swift[18] steeds. Now, O country, O Phrygian realm, now, by the grace of God, mayest thou say that a Jove of deliverance is nigh. And shall ancient Troy again all day celebrate the quaffing feast of love, with songs, and with contests of cups passing to the right hand and leading astray through wine,[19] the Atridæ having betaken themselves to Sparta by sea from the Trojan beach? O friend, mayest thou, having accomplished these things for me with thine hand, and thy spear, return home. Come, appear, present thy all-golden shield before the face of the son of Peleus, raising it obliquely by the opening of thy chariot,[20] goading on thy horses, and brandishing thy twofold

[14] Vater compares Aristid. vol. i. p. 124, 8, *τοσαύτη δ' ἦν ὑπερηφανία τῆς παρασκευῆς καὶ τῶν ποιουμένων—ὥστε ἐξαρκεῖν ἐδόκει τοῖς βαρβάροις ὀφθῆναι μόνον.* See the description of the giant Gram in Saxo Grammaticus, Hist. Dan. i. p. 6 sq.

[15] i. e. prevent my uttering any thing that may excite envy, while I enlarge on the praises of Rhesus and my confidence in his powerful aid. See Matth.

[16] There is much doubt which of the Muses had this honor. See Vater in Prolegg. p. 27 (apud Dind.).

[17] Cf. vs. 370, *ἔλθε, φάνηθι.*

[18] Not "dappled," for from vs. 304, it appears that they were white. [Read *πολιαῖσι*, "white." G. B.]

[19] *ταῖς διὰ τοῦ οἴνου παραγούσαις τὸν νοῦν.* SCHOL.

[20] *παρὰ τὴν σχιστὴν αὐτῆς περιφέρειαν.* SCHOL. The opening in the

dart. For no one, having withstood thee, will ever [again] dance on the level sward sacred to the Argive Juno;[21] but this land will bear him a most pleasant burden, perishing by a Thracian death. Io! Io! O mighty king, O Thrace, that hast nurtured for thy ruler a [lion's] cub fair to behold. Regard the gold-armed might of his frame, and hear the proud rattling of bells tinkling from the handles of his shield. A God, O Troy, a God; Mars himself, the Strymonian foal of the tuneful Muse breathes down on thee.

RHE. Hail! thou good son of a good sire, ruler of this land, Hector; I accost thee after a long season. And I rejoice that thou art prospering, and sittest at the towers of the enemy; and I am come to aid in overturning their walls and burning the hulls of their ships.

HEC. Son of a tuneful mother, one of the Muses, and of the Thracian river Strymon, I ever love to speak the truth, and am not by nature a double-meaning man. Long, long since it behooved thee to come and toil with this land, and not, as far as thou wast concerned, to leave Troy to fall by the spear of Argive enemies. For thou canst not say that, because thou wast uncalled, thou didst neither come, nor help, nor draw nigh to your friends. For what herald or senate of the Phrygians did not come and request thee to aid our city? And what ornament of gifts did we not send? But thou, being a native and a barbarian, hast, as far as thou wast concerned, by a pledge-cup betrayed us barbarians to the Greeks. And yet with this hand I made thee a mighty king of the Thracians instead of a small principality; when, around the Pangæan [hills] and the territory of the Pæonians, falling face to face upon the bravest of the Thracians, I broke through their small shields, and having enslaved the people, bestowed them on thee. Yet thou, having spurned the great favor of these things, comest late to aid thy friends in trouble. But they

chariot, by which the warrior mounted, is meant. Woodhull has expressed the general sense thus:

> "Before him wave thy golden shield
> Obliquely raised, that meteor of the field,
> Vault from thy chariot with unrival'd might
> And brandish with each dexterous hand a lance."

[21] On Juno as the patroness of Argos, the reader may compare Virg. Æn. i. 28. Silius, i. 25. Apul. Met. vi. p. 458.

who are no relations to us, being long since present, some, having fallen, lie in heaped-up graves, [a proof of] no small fidelity to our city; but others in arms and by the horse chariots abide, enduring the cold blasts, and the thirsty heat of the God, not pledging each other on couches with frequent drinkings[22] of cups, as didst thou. Thus I reproach and speak to thee face to face, that thou mayest know that Hector is sincere.

Rhe. Such too am I, cutting the straight path of discourse, and I am not by nature a man of duplicity. And I too was worn away, bearing a deeper pang at heart[23] than thou, at being absent from this land. But in a neighboring land the Scythian people went to war with me as I was about to set out on a journey toward Troy; and I came to the shores of the Euxine Sea, having ferried over my Thracian troops. There a blooty clot[24] of Scythian blood was shed by my spear, and Thracian slaughter was mingled. Such an accident indeed hindered me from reaching the Trojan plain, and coming as an ally to thee. But now that I have conquered them, taking their children as hostages, [and] having ordained an annual tribute [for them] to bring to my house, I am come, having passed through the mouth of the Pontus in ships; but, for the rest, passing on foot over the boundaries of the land; not, as[25] thou proudly vauntest of my wassailings, nor resting in all-golden abodes, but sleepless in this clasped cloak I have known and felt such ice-congealing blasts as come violently upon the Thracian Sea and the Pæonians. And I have come late indeed, but yet opportunely; for thou hast already been fighting for ten years, and hast accomplished nothing; but from day to day art hazarding the dice-throws of war against the Greeks. But for me one sun's light shall suffice to destroy their bulwarks, and fall upon their ship-stations, and to slay the Greeks; and on the next [day] I will return home, having cut short thy labors. And let none of you raise a shield with his hand; for I will restrain

[22] On the *ἀμυστις* see my note on Cycl. 417.

[23] Cf. Æsch. Choeph. 266, *ἄτας ὑφ' ἦπαρ θερμὸν*. Theocrit. xx. 17, *ὑποκάρδιον ὀργάν*. Nonnus, x. 287, *ὑποκάρδιον ἰὸν*. xv. 243, *ὑποκάρδιον ἕλκος*.

[24] Æsch. Pers. 816, *πέλανος αἱματοσταγὴς—Πλαταιῶν*. See also Vater.

[25] I prefer Vater's correction, *οὐχ ἃς σύ*, with Dindorf.

the Greeks who vaunt greatly in the spear, subduing them, although I have arrived late.

Chor. Io! Io! thou utterest pleasant things; thou art a friend from Jove, only let the supreme Jove be willing to avert unconquerable envy at thy words. But the fleet of ships from Greece neither before, nor now, has ever conveyed any man more mighty than thou. How, I pray, shall Achilles, how shall Ajax be able to endure thy spear? I wish I could see this day, O king, that thou mightest with the spear reap the fruits of thy many-slaughtering hand.

Rhe. I will make thee to do such things after my long absence—but I speak it with Adrastia—and when we render this city free from the enemy, and thou obtainest the spoils, I am willing with thee to lead an army against the land of the Argives; and coming there, to lay waste the whole of Greece with the spear, that they in turn may learn how to suffer evilly.

Hec. If, released from this present evil, I shall inhabit the city secure as before, in truth I shall acknowledge great gratitude to the Gods. But in respect to Argos, and the district of Greece, it is not so easy to ravage it, as thou sayest.

Rhe. Do they not say that these who have come are the best of the Greeks?

Hec. Ay, and I do not find fault with them; but we have sufficiently repelled them.

Rhe. Shall we not, having slain these, have done the whole work?

Hec. Do not consider things far off, letting go what is near at hand.

Rhe. It seems enough for thee to suffer, but not to do.

Hec. For I, being here, rule a large dominion. But either on the left or the right wing, or among the allies in the middle, thou mayest plant and post thy army with light shields.

Rhe. Hector, I desire to fight with the enemy alone; but if thou thinkest it base not to join in burning the sterns of the ships, having labored during the long time already passed, place me in front against Achilles and his army.

Hec. It is not possible to place the hostile spear against him.

Rhe. And yet there was a report that he sailed to Troy.

Hec. He sailed, and is present; but being full of wrath against the generals, he raises not his spear with them.

Rhe. Who then after him is second in glory of the army?

Hec. Ajax and the son of Tydeus seem to me to be naught inferior; but there is that most crafty rattler Ulysses, a man sufficiently bold in spirit, and who has most insulted this land. He, having come by night into the shrine of Minerva, stole away the statue [of the Goddess],[26] and carries it off to the ships of the Greeks. And then as a wanderer, having a beggar's garb,[27] he entered the fortifications; and invoked many evils upon the Argives, being sent as a spy over to Troy. And having slain the guards and keepers of the gates, he went off; but he is always found in ambuscades, sitting around the Thymbræan altar near the city; and we contend with a mischievous plotter.

Rhe. No man of high soul deigns to kill his enemy privily; but going face to face. But for this fellow, who, thou sayest, sits in ambush, and contrives devices, I, having taken him alive, will impale his spine, and place him at the outlets of the gates, a banquet for winged vultures. For being a thief, and having pillaged the temples of the Gods, it behooves him to perish by this fate.

Hec. Now indeed pitch your tents; for it is night. And I will show you a place where your army may pass the night apart from the ranks. And "Phœbus" is the watch-word, if there be any need; remember, having heard it, and tell it to the Thracian host. But it behooves you, going a little before the ranks, to keep guard on the alert, and to receive Dolon the spy of the ships. For truly, if indeed he is safe, he is already approaching the Trojan camp.

Chor. Whose is the guard? Who takes my turn? The first signs are setting, and the seven Pleiades[28] are in the sky, and the Eagle glides midway through heaven. Awake! Why do ye delay? awake from your beds to watch. See ye not the brilliancy of the moon? Morn, morn indeed is approaching, and hither is one of the forerunning[29] stars.

[26] In company with Diomede. Cf. Virg. Æn. ii. 164 sqq. On the image in question see Electr. 1254. Iph. Taur. 87 sqq. Callimach. in Pallad. 39.

[27] Cf. Hecub. 239, Οἰσθ' ἡνίκ' ἦλθες Ἰλίου κατάσκοπος, Δυσχλαινίᾳ τ' ἄμορφος, ὀμμάτων τ' ἄπο Φόνου σταλαγμοὶ σὴν κατέσταζον γένυν; There is a poetical anachronism in the mention of these circumstances, as they took place after the death of Rhesus.

[28] Cf. Iph. Aul. 7 sqq. [29] I read προδρόμων, with Musgr. Dind.

SEM. Who has been appointed to the first watch?

SEM. They say Corœbus, the son of Mygdon.

SEM. And who after him?

SEM. The Pæonian troop awake up the Cilician.

SEM. But the Mysians us.[30]

SEM. Is it not then time for us to go and awake up the Lycians to the fifth watch, according to the falling of the lot?

CHOR. And truly I hear [how] the tuneful nightingale, destroyer of her children, sits near Simois[31] hymning, with a voice like a many-stringed lyre, the bloody cares of her bed. And still do the flocks browse on Ida: I hear the sound of a night-wandering pipe. But sleep softens the seat of mine eyes; for most sweetly does it come upon the eyes at dawn.[32]

SEM. Why does not the scout draw nigh, whom Hector urged on as a spy of the ships?

SEM. I fear, for he is a long time absent.

SEM. But has he fallen in with a hidden ambushment? † This would perchance be fearful. †[33]

SEM. I proclaim that we rouse the Lycians to the fifth watch, according to the turn of their lot. (*Exit* CHORUS.)

[*Enter* ULYSSES *and* DIOMEDE.]

ULYS. Diomede, didst thou not hear—or is it an empty noise that drops on my ears—a certain sound of arms?

DIOM. No, but the iron traces hanging by the horse-chariots cattle; and fear indeed possessed me, until I perceived that it was the clang of horse traces.

ULYS. Beware, lest in the gloom you encounter the guards.

DIOM. I will take care of this, making my way through darkness.

ULYS. But if however thou shouldst stir [any one], dost thou know the watch-word of the army?

[30] See Dindorf.

[31] I have followed the Scholiast and Heath. There is no difficulty except in the government of Σιμόεντος, with which the Scholiast would understand ἐπὶ. Dindorf denies this, and joins ἡμένα κοίτας, (cf. Annot. on Soph. Œd. Tyr. 2,) reading μελοποιὸν—μέριμναν. Perhaps no alteration whatever is needed, if we translate ἡμ. κ. φ. "sitting on the blood-stained banks of Simois." Cf. Virg. Æn. i. 104.

[32] Cf. Moschus ii., ἐγγύθι δ' ἠὼς Ὕπνος ὅτε γλυκίων μέλιτος βλεφάροισιν ἐφέζων.

[33] But τάχ' ἂν δ' εἴη φανερὸν, Hermann, with the approbation of Dindorf. I am by no means satisfied.

Diom. I know that "Phœbus" is the watch-word, hearing it from Dolon.

Ulys. Ha! I perceive these tents deserted by the enemy.

Diom. And yet Dolon said that these were the tents of Hector, against whom this sword is drawn out.

Ulys. What can it be then? Has the troop gone away?

Diom. Perhaps in order to set up some device against us.

Ulys. For Hector now is bold, bold, since he is victorious.

Diom. What then shall we do, Ulysses? for we do not find the man in his tent, but we have failed of our expectations.

Ulys. Let us go with all haste nigh to the ship-stations; for some one of the Gods who renders him fortunate, preserves him; but we can not compel fortune.

Diom. Must we not then go against Æneas, or Paris, the most hateful of the Phrygians, and behead them with the sword.

Ulys. And how, searching amid the gloom through the army of the enemy, wilt thou be able to slay these without risk?

Diom. Yet it is base at least to return to the ships of the Argives, having done no new deed against the enemy.

Ulys. How hast thou done nothing? Do we not preserve these spoils, having slain Dolon, the spy of the ship-stations? Do you think to destroy the whole army? Be persuaded; let us return. And may fortune be well.

Minerva. (*appearing*) Whither[34] indeed do ye go from the Trojan ranks, leaving [them], being bitten at heart, because the deity grants not for you to slay Hector or Paris? And have ye not learned that a warrior ally, Rhesus, has come to Troy in no trivial guise? Whom, if he lives out this night till dawn, the spear of neither Achilles nor Ajax will restrain from ravaging all the ship-stations of the Argives, having undermined their walls, and made a wide passage through the gates with his spear. Him having slain, thou wilt possess all. But let alone the tents of Hector, and the cutting off of his head; for death will befall him at another's hand.

Ulys. Minerva, my mistress, for I perceived the accustomed sound of thy voice; for being present in my toils, thou ever aidest me. But tell us where is the man resting, and where in the barbarian army is he stationed?

[34] The construction is, ποῖ δὴ χωρ. Τρ. ἐκ τάξ. λιπ. αὐτάς. Dind.

Min. Here he rests near at hand, and is not mingled with the army; but Hector has given him a resting-place without the ranks, until the night shall be changed into day. And close by, his white steeds are fastened to the Thracian chariot, conspicuous in the gloom; and they shine like the wing of a river swan. Having slain their master, bear these away to your house, a most glorious spoil; for there is no place where the earth contains such a yoke of steeds.

Ulys. Diomede, do you either slay the Thracian people; or let me do so, and be it thy task to take care of the steeds.

Diom. I will slay him, and thou shalt subdue the steeds; for thou art skillful in clever tricks, and wise to think; and it behooves one to place a man where he can be of most avail.

Min. And truly I see coming hither toward us Alexander, having heard from some scout an uncertain report about the enemy having arrived.

Diom. Goes he alone, or with others?

Min. Alone, and, as it seems, he is going to the tents of Hector, to announce that spies over the army are come.

Diom. Must not this man die, then?

Min. Thou canst not do more than fate; and it is not lawful for this man to die by thine hand. But haste against him to whom thou bearest fatal slaughter. And I, seeming, as his ally, Venus, to stand by this man in trouble, will give answers to your enemy with insincere words. And this indeed I have spoken; but he, whom it behooves to suffer, neither knows nor has heard my words, although near.

Paris. Thee, Hector, I address, the general, and my brother. Art thou asleep? Is it not thy duty to be awake? Since an enemy draws nigh to our army, either thieves or spies.

Min. Be of good cheer; I, benignant Venus, guard thee; and thy war is a care to me, nor do I forget the honor [I received from thee], and I commend thee, having been treated well at thine hands. And now I am come to the prosperous Trojan army, escorting a man, who is a great friend to thee, the Thracian son of the poetic Goddess Muse, and he is called [the son] of his father Strymon.

Par. Ever indeed art thou well-disposed toward the city and myself, and in thee I judge and say that I have procured for this city the greatest treasure in life. But I am come, not having distinctly heard; but a certain report has fallen

among the guards, that scouts are come from the Greeks. But he who knows them not, says so; and he, who saw them come, can not say [for certain]; on which account I have come to the tents of Hector.

Min. Fear nothing; there is nothing new in the army, and Hector has gone away to arrange the Thracian troops.

Par. Thou indeed persuadest me, and trusting to thy words, I, freed from apprehension, will go to guard my ranks.

Min. Go; for consider that all thine affairs are my charge, so as to see my allies successful; and thou too shalt know my good-will. (*Exit* Paris.) But you I bid, my very hearty friend, O son of Laertes, to put up your sharpened swords. For the Thracian general lies [dead], and his steeds are taken, and the enemy, having perceived it, are coming against you. But you must with all haste fly to the stations of the ships. Why do ye delay to save your life from the descending bolt of the enemy? (Chor. *re-enters.*)

Chor. Ha! ha! strike, strike, strike, strike; smite, smite; who is this man? Behold, I mean this one. The thieves, who in the gloom are rousing this army. Hither, hither, every one. These I have, and these I have seized. What is thy speech? whence comest thou? of what country?

Ulys. It is not for thee to know; for this day[35] shalt thou die, if thou doest [me] harm.

Sem. Wilt thou not speak the watch-word, before the spear passes through thy breast?

Ulys. Stop;[36] be of good cheer.

Sem. Draw nigh. Strike, strike.

Sem. Didst thou then slay Rhesus?

Ulys. No, [I slew] him who would have slain thee.

Sem. Stop, every one.

Sem. I will not tarry.

Sem. Ha! smite not a friendly man.

Sem. What then is the watch-word?

Ulys. Phœbus!

Sem. I take it. Restrain each man his spear.

Sem. Knowest thou whither the men have gone?

Sem. I saw them hereabout.

[35] Implying a threat, as in Virg. Æn. ii. 670, "nunquam omnes *hodie* moriemur inulti." Cf. Plaut. Curc. v. 3, 11. Ter. Andr. i. 2, 25.

[36] I read *ἴσχε*, with Reiske.

SEM. Go each one after their footsteps, or a cry must be raised.

SEM. But it is dreadful to disturb one's allies in the terror of the night.

CHOR. What man has gone? What [man], who, having escaped my hand, vaunts his great courage? Where shall I meet with him? To whom shall I liken him? who indeed has penetrated through the gloom with intrepid foot, and through the ranks and the stations of the guards. Was he a Thracian, or one inhabiting the sea-coast city of the Locrians? Or does he possess a wandering life on the islands? Who, whence was he? Of what country? What supreme power of the Gods does he worship?

SEM. Is this the deed of Ulysses, or of whom?

SEM. Why not, if one may judge by previous acts?

SEM. What, dost thou think so?

SEM. Why not, indeed?

SEM. At least [he was] bold toward us.

SEM. Whose courage, [and] whom dost thou commend?

SEM. Ulysses.

SEM. Do not praise the crafty spear of a thief.

CHOR. He came likewise before, having his eyes obscured,[37] arrayed in tattered garments, secretly armed with a sword in his garments. And craving sustenance, he wandered as some beggar-slave, having his head close shorn and squalid with filth. And as though an enemy to the general, he uttered many evil imprecations against the royal house of the Atridæ. May he perish, perish with all justice, before he plants his footprint on the land of the Phrygians.

SEM. Whether it were Ulysses, or not, fear possesses me.

SEM. For Hector will find fault[38] with us guards.

SEM. Saying what?

SEM. Suspecting—

SEM. That we have done what? Why art thou afraid?

SEM. That he passed by us.

SEM. What man?

SEM. They who this night came into the army of the Phrygians.

[37] ὕπαφρος ὁ μὴ φανερὸς, ἐκ μεταφορᾶς τῶν ὑπ' ἀφρὸν νηχομένων, ἢ τῶν ὑφάλων πετρῶν, αἷς ἐπανθεῖ ἀφρός. SCHOLIAST.

[38] Correct Dindorf's typographical error to *μέμψεται*.

[*Enter the* CHARIOTEER *of* RHESUS.]

CHAR. Alas! alas! heavy mischance of fortune! Alas! alas!

CHOR. Ah! Be silent all. Sit down; for perchance some one falls into the net.

CHAR. Alas! alas! heavy calamity of the Thracian allies.

CHOR. Groaning at what?

CHAR. Alas! alas! Wretched I, and thou too, king of the Thracians, O thou who hast seen most hateful Troy; what an end of life has seized thee!

CHOR. Who art thou of our allies; amid the gloom our night is obscure, and I do not perceive you clearly.

CHAR. Where shall I find some one of the Trojan chiefs? Where then does Hector enjoy sleep under his shield? To which of the inspectors of the army shall I make it known? Alas! alas! what things have we suffered, what obscure deeds some one has done to us, and disappeared, having placed as in a coil the manifest grief for the Thracians!

CHOR. Some evil is like to have befallen the Thracian army, as far as I learn by hearing from this man.

CHAR. The army has perished, the king has perished by a stealthy blow. Alas! alas! what pain of a deadly wound within is wasting me. Would that I might perish; for it was fated for me and Rhesus to die ingloriously, having come as allies to Troy.

CHOR. These ills he shows forth not in riddles; for he clearly proclaims that our allies are undone.

CHAR. It is ill done, and besides ill, most basely; and in truth this a twofold evil. For to die with glory, if one needs must die, I think is painful indeed to the dying; for how not? But to the living it is a pride and a fair renown for one's house. But we have perished without a plan or renown. For when the hand of Hector had sent us to rest, having given the pass-word, we slept lying on the ground, overcome with fatigue; nor was the army guarded by nightly watches, nor were our arms laid ready in the ranks, and the bells[39] were not fastened to the yokes of the horses, since our king had heard that you were victorious, and sitting down before the sterns of the ships; and we had carelessly fallen asleep.

[39] See Barnes.

But I, ceasing from sleep, was, through my anxious heart, measuring out corn for the horses with unsparing hand, expecting that I should yoke them for the morning's engagement. And I saw two men traversing around our army through the dense gloom; but when I was on the move, they crouched down, and retired back. And I gave them warning not to approach the army, thinking that some thieves of our own allies were at hand. But they [answered] nothing; nor do I know aught more; and I retired, and went to rest again. But during my sleep, a certain vision appeared to me. For on the mares which I, standing by Rhesus, was wont to tend and drive, I saw wolves jump on the stout backs of the animals, and lashing with their tails the hair of the horse-hides, they (the wolves) drove them (the horses) on; who snorted, breathing wrath from their nostrils,[40] and shook their manes with terror. And I was roused up, driving off the wild beasts from the steeds; for night-terror excited [me]. And raising my head, I hear the groan of dying persons; and a warm stream from the slaughter of my master besprinkles me with the young blood of him as he lay dying sadly. And I leap up on my feet with my hand empty of a spear; and, as I seek and hunt after my sword, some strong man standing by strikes me under the ribs; and I felt[41] I had received the deep furrow of a wound. And I fall prostrate; but they, seizing the chariot and horses, turned away their feet in flight. Alas! alas! pain wears me, and no longer can I wretched stand. And the calamity indeed I know by having seen it; but in what manner they who are fallen have perished, I can not say, nor by whose hand. But yet I can conjecture that we suffered these sad things at the hands of our friends.

Chor. Thou charioteer of the Thracian who has fared thus ill, do not suspect that it was not the enemy who did these things. But Hector himself, having heard the calamity, is coming; and, as it seems, grieves at your troubles.

Hec. How, O ye who have done most dreadful ills, did spies coming from the enemy thus shamefully escape your no-

[40] The Vatican Scholiast explains *ἀντηρίδων* (lit. "windows") by *μυκτήρων*. Vater remarks, that *θαλάμαι* is applied to the nostrils by a similar metaphor.

[41] Would not *τεμὼν* be more correct?

tice, and how has the army been destroyed; and ye neither repelled those entering the camp, nor going out? Who but thyself shall pay the penalty of this? For thee indeed I appointed to be a watch over the army. But they are gone off unscathed, laughing heartily at the cowardice of the Phrygians and at me the general. Know then this well, and father Jove is my witness, that either the scourge or the death by beheading shall await thee, having done such things as these; or think that Hector is nothing and a coward:

Chor. Alas! alas! a great contest, O thou city-ruling power, then came to me, when I came to thee as messenger, that the army of the Argives had kindled fires around their ships; for I have neither closed my sleepless eye, nor gone to sleep during the night; no, by the streams of Simois. Be not thou wrath with me, O king, for I am guiltless of the whole matter. But if in time thou learnest aught of offense in deed or word, send me alive beneath the earth: I ask no mercy.

Char. Why dost thou threaten these men, and being a barbarian, seek to deceive the senses of me a barbarian, weaving mere words? Thou hast done this thing; we would receive no other account, we who have suffered, and they who are wounded. There is a need, indeed, of a long and clever harangue, by which thou wilt persuade me that thou didst not slay my friends, being in love with the steeds, for the sake of which thou murderest thine allies, having enjoined them much to come. They came; they are dead. With better seeming did Paris violate hospitality, than dost thou murder thine allies. For do not say that some one of the Argives came and destroyed us; for who, having passed by the detachments of the Trojans, could have come to us, so as to escape notice? Thou and the Trojan army were stationed before us. Who then is wounded, who is dead of thy allies, when the enemy came, as thou sayest? But both we are wounded, and they, who have suffered worse, behold not the light of the sun. In a word, I lay no charge against any of the Greeks. For who of the enemies coming by night could have found out the tent of Rhesus, except some one of the Gods had informed his murderers? They did not even know that he was come; but these matters thou hast contrived by stratagem.

Hec. For all the time the Grecian host has been in this land, we have made use of allies; and I know I have not heard any complaint from them; and should we begin from thee? Never may such a love of steeds seize on me, so as to lead me to murder friends. But this Ulysses has done; for what other man of the Argives could ever have done or plotted it? But I dread him; and something disturbs my mind, lest he shall have met with Dolon, and slain him; for having been already a long time absent, he does not appear.

Char. I know not this Ulysses of whom thou speakest; but we were stricken by no one of the enemy.

Hec. Then think thou so, since it seems good to thee.

Char. O land of my country, would that I might die in thee.

Hec. Die not; for enough is the crowd of those who have died.

Char. Whither then shall I turn, bereft of my master?

Hec. My house shall hide and heal thee.

Char. And how shall the hands of the murderers care for me?

Hec. This man will not cease repeating the same story.

Char. May the doer perish! for my tongue tends not toward thee, as thou boastest, but justice knows.

Hec. Take hold [of him], and lead him into my house; and take care that he has no cause of complaint. But it behooves you to go to those within the walls, to Priam and his elders, and command that they bury the dead at the turnings of the public ways.

Chor. Why does a changed power lead Troy back from its great good fortune to mourning? What is it designing? Alas! alas! oh! oh! what deity above our heads, O king, is bearing funeral-wise in her arms a fresh corse? I dread as I behold this ill.

Muse. It is for you to perceive, O Trojans; for I, being one of my sister Muses, having honor among the wise, am present, beholding this my dear son piteously dying at the hands of the enemy, whom crafty Ulysses having slain, shall in time hereafter pay the fit penalty. With a lament proceeding from myself, I bewail thee, O child, thou grief to thy mother. What a journey didst thou make to Troy, ill-fortuned and wretched, setting out in despite of myself, who re-

fused [thy going], and of thy sire who begged thee. Woe is me, for thee, O darling, darling head, my child, alas!

Chor. As far as befits one, who not sharing in the family, I with grief commiserate thy son.

Muse. Perish the grandson of Oeneus,[42] and perish the son of Laertes, who has made me childless of a most noble-born offspring; and Helen, who left her home, and sailed away, having approached a Phrygian bed. Beneath Troy she destroyed thee indeed † at Troy †,[43] O dearest one, and emptied innumerable cities of brave men.

Ah! much didst thou pain my soul, both living, and descending into Hades, thou son of Philammon. For the insult which caused thee to stumble, and thy strife with the Muses, has made me to bring forth this unhappy son. For as I passed through the river stream, I approached the genial couch of Strymon; when we Muses came to the golden-grained crag of Pangæum, equipped with instruments for a mighty contest of melody with the too clever Thracian bard, and we deprived Thamyris[44] of sight, who had much reviled our art. And when I brought thee forth, being ashamed of my sisters and mine own virginity, I sent thee to the eddies of thy watery sire; and Strymon gives thee not to a mortal hearth to educate, but to the fountain nymphs. There being most excellently brought up by the virgins, thou wast as the first of men, king over Thrace, my child. And I feared not that thou wouldst fall, while marshaling blood-loving valor in defense of thy country-land; but I forbade thee ever to approach the city of Troy, foreseeing thy fate; but the embassies of Hector and innumerable meetings of old counselors persuaded thee to come and assist thy friends. And of all this death Minerva is the cause, and naught did[45] Ulysses, nor the son of Tydeus, when they did this. Think not that this is unknown to me. And yet we sister Muses honor thy city

[42] Diomede, the son of Tydeus.

[43] An absurd and hopeless interpolation. See Dindorf.

[44] "Of the punishment of Thamyris there are different accounts among the ancients; for Homer states that he was blinded by the Muses, but the later poets feigned that he paid the penalty of his offense in Hades. Plato, on the contrary, asserts that he chose the life of a nightingale in the shades." Vater.

[45] i. e. what they did was not by their own design, but by the suggestion of the Goddess.

chiefly, and frequent thy land, and Orpheus, kinsman[46] of this unhappy youth, whom thou hast slain, showed forth the rites of the hidden mysteries; and Phœbus, and we his sisters, have trained up Musæus, thy venerable citizen, and one above all advanced [in art]. Yet, as a reward for these things, I mourn, holding my son in mine arms; and I will charge no other contriver [than Minerva] with the blame.[47]

CHOR. In vain indeed has the Thracian charioteer[48] rebuked thee, Hector, as having plotted death against this man.

HEC. I knew this; there was no need of seers to tell one that he had perished by the devices of Ulysses. But perceiving the army of the Greeks stationed against my country, how could I hesitate to send heralds to my friends, to come and aid this land? I sent, and [he], as was due, came to toil with me. Yet I am in no wise happy at his death; and now I am ready both to erect a tomb for him, and to burn with him the splendor of ten thousand robes; for having come as a friend, he has departed by an unlucky chance.

MUSE. He shall not go beneath the dark-vested plain of the earth, so earnestly will I beseech the nymph beneath, the daughter of the fruitful Goddess Ceres, to give up his soul. For she is a debtor to me, so as to wish to seem to honor the friends of Orpheus. And for me, indeed, he will hereafter be as one dead, and not beholding the light; for he will never come into the same place, nor see his mother's form; but hidden in the caves of this silver-mined earth, he will lie as a man-dæmon,[49] beholding the light, like as the interpreter of Bacchus[50] inhabits the Pangæan rock, a venerable deity to those who are wise. But I will bear with ease[51] the grief of the marine Goddess; for it behooves him also to die, who is

[46] For Orpheus was the son of the sister of Rhesus' mother, i. e. of Calliope. BARNES.

[47] This is the right interpretation, established by Dindorf. The commentators usually understood "no other minstrel," as Woodhull has rendered it.

[48] So Dind. in Not.

[49] So Hesychius has *βροτοδαίμων, ἡμίθεος*. Rhesus would be worshiped as a hero, perhaps as something greater, on account of his divine origin.

[50] Lycurgus is probably meant. See Musgrave.

[51] *ῥᾷον* for *βαιὸν*. MUSGR. DIND. The sense is: "I shall bear with ease the calamity of Thetis in losing her son Achilles, since I have myself suffered the same misfortune."

sprung from her. But first indeed we sisters will celebrate thee with lamentations, and then hereafter with grief Achilles, the son of Thetis. Pallas, who slew thee, shall not deliver him; such a dart does the quiver of Apollo preserve. O calamities of child-bearing, labors of mortals, since, whoever does not correctly sum you up will live childless, and will not beget children and bury them.[52]

CHOR. He then is now the care of his mother to inter; but if, Hector, thou desirest to do any of the matters placed before thee, there is the power; for the light of day dawns.

HEC. Go, and command our allies to be quickly armed, harness the necks of the coupled steeds. But it behooves them, having fire-brands, to await the sound of the Tyrrhenian[53] trumpet, since, having passed the army and fortresses of the Greeks, I have good hope that I shall hurl fire against their ships, and that the coming rays of the sun will bring the day of freedom to the Trojans.

CHOR. Obey the king; let us go forth, clad in arms, and let us proclaim these commands to our allies; and perchance the deity who is on our side may grant victory.

[52] "*Qui vos novit, sine liberis vivet, neque ut ii, quibus liberi sunt, eos sepeliet, οὐ θάψει* fere est quod *felix erit, carens funere liberorum.*" VATER.

[53] Cf. Lobeck on Soph. Aj. 17.

THE END.

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